# A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS.

Corrected from the beſt and moſt Ancient Copies Extant.

WITH

## INTRODUCTIONS HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, or HUMOROUS.

*Illuſtrated with* COPPER PLATES.

*Let no nice Sir deſpiſe the hapleſs Dame,*
*Becauſe Recording* BALLADS *chaunt her Name.*
*Thoſe Venerable Ancient* Song-Enditers
*Soar'd many a Pitch above our modern Writers.*
*With rough Majeſtick Force they mov'd the Heart,*
*And Strength and Nature made amends for Art.*
ROWE.

*LONDON:*
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a. 3272

MVSEVM
BRITAN
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# THE PREFACE.

THERE *is not a more ungrateful Tribute any where paid, than what is generally expected by the Publick, from an Author in his Preface. Something he must say, tho he cannot say any thing to the Purpose; and a half Sheet of Paper at least must be taken up, with pointing*

*ing out the Beauties of his Book, and begging the courteous Reader not to damn it: Which probably the poor Writer does not know where to find out these Beauties in, if he has not the least Reason to expect, but what his Book will be damned.*

*The fulsome Praises which a Modern Author is often obliged to bestow in a Dedication, must certainly be very grating to a generous Soul; but then the Hopes of being well paid for his Pains, is some Ease to his Conscience: But to court and flatter every Reader — and not have a Farthing the more for one's Trouble — is hard, is unconscionable.*

*As for my Part, I have not been accustomed to servile Fawning, and begging the Question; and am fully determin'd not to begin now. I would always put my self upon the Level with a Reader, and think my self under no manner of Obligation: I have his Money, and he has my Works; and I am sure he may keep the one in his Study, much longer than I shall the other in my Pocket. If there*

*there be any Beauties in the Book, 'tis certainly his Buſineſs to find them out; and if there ben't — why, he can't ſay I cheated him: I never pretended to give him any thing more than an* old Song.

*But as the greateſt Part of this Book is not my own, and ſeveral things in it written Ages ago, I may, I hope, without either Vanity or Offence enter upon the Praiſes of* Ballads, *and ſhew their Antiquity.*

*I would not be thought to ridicule any thing in Sacred Writ, and therefore I will paſs over in Silence, what I might ſay of the Times of* Moſes, Jephthah *and* David, *and go directly amongſt the Pagans. And here the very Prince of Poets, old* Homer, *if we may truſt ancient Records, was nothing more than a blind* Ballad-ſinger, *who writ Songs of the Siege of* Troy, *and the Adventures of* Ulyſſes; *and playing the Tunes upon his Harp, ſung from Door to Door, till at his Death ſomebody thought fit to collect all his Ballads, and by a little con-*

nicking Time, gave us the Iliad and Odyssey, which since that Time have been so much admired. And in those very Days, if we may trust the succeeding Poets, no Entertainment was thought compleat, unless whilst the Company was carousing, there was a Harper in the Room singing old Songs; at least written upon old Subjects. Thus we find Virgil in the Account he gives of Dido's treating Æneas,

——Cithará crinitus Iopas
Personat aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit.

And this the Archbishop of Cambray has imitated, when he makes Calypso entertain Telemachus and Mentor in the Grotto. His Words are these.

"At the same time were brought in "Baskets, all sorts of Fruits promised "by the Spring, and ripened by the "Autumn. And then four youthful "Nymphs began to sing. At first "they sung, the Combat of the Gods

" *against the Giants*; then *the Amours*
" *of* Jupiter *and* Semele; *the Birth of*
" Bacchus, *and old* Silenus's *Care in*
" *educating him*; Hippomenes *and*
" Atalanta's *Race*; she who was van-
" quish'd by the enticing Hue of Ap-
" ples from the *Hesperian Garden* cull'd.
" And last the *Trojan War* was also
" sung; Ulysses's *Fights and Counsels*
" *rais'd to Heaven*: The chief of all
" the Nymphs, *Leucothoe*, to those
" melodious Voices join'd the sweet-
" ness of her Lute.

*It would be endless, to prove that the several Poets whose Busts I have put in my Frontispiece, were* Ballad-Writers: *For what else can we make of* Pindar's *Lyrics?* Anacreon *would never sit down contented without his Bottle and his Song.* Horace *could drop the Praises of* Augustus *and* Mæcenas, *to sing the Adventures of his Journey to* Brandusium, *and the* * *Baulk he met with from a Servant*

* Book I. Satyr 5.

Wench

*Wench in a Country Alehouſe; and this Song of his it was, which gave Occaſion to a modern Ballad amongſt us, called,* The Coy Cook-maid. Cowley *has left too many Works of this Kind to need quoting; and* Suckling's *Wedding will never be forgot.*

*The* Ballad-Makers *are a more ancient, more numerous, and more noble Society than the boaſted* Free-Maſons; *and* Duke upon Duke *will witneſs, that People of conſiderable Faſhion have thought it no Diſgrace to enroll themſelves in this Worſhipful Society.*

*Nor have theſe antique Songs ever been without their Admirers. When* Thebes *was ſack'd,* Pindar *was ſpar'd for the Sake of his Works; and* Alexander *wept, to think his Age did not afford ſo clever a* Ballad-ſinger *as* Homer *had been, to record his Actions to Poſterity.*

*It was the Cuſtom of theſe* Song-Enditers *thus to tranſmit to their Children the glorious Actions which happen'd in their*

*their Days. And I believe it never was uſed more than amongſt the* Engliſh *in Times of old. For we may very reaſonably ſuppoſe, that one half at leaſt of their Works are loſt; and we have ſtill one half of whatever is remarkable in Hiſtory, handed down to us in Ballads.*

*The Uſe of theſe Songs too is very great. I have known Children, who never would have learn'd to read, had they not took a Delight in poring over* Jane Shore, *or* Fair Roſamond; *and ſeveral fine Hiſtorians are indebted to* Hiſtorical Ballads *for all their Learning. For had not Curioſity, and a Deſire of comparing theſe Poetical Works with ancient Records, firſt invited them to it, they never would have given themſelves the Trouble of diving into Hiſtory: And in this I have endeavoured to make our old Songs ſtill more uſeful, by the Introductions which I have prefix'd to 'em; and in which is pointed out what is Fact and what Fiction. Should my Deſign ſucceed, a Second Collection, and in which there are ſeveral Songs more antique than*

*the Generality of these, will soon make its Appearance; if not, I'll sit down contented with my present Loss, and, like several of my* Grubstreet *Brethren, rail at the ignorant World, and resolve to write no more for its Instruction.*

A TA-

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BRITISH MUSEUM

# A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS.

## I. The *Unfortunate Concubine*; or, *Rosamond's* Overthrow:

Occasion'd by her Brother's unadvisedly praising her Beauty to Two young Knights of *Salisbury*, as they rid on the Road.

To the Tune of *The Court Lady.*

Rosamond, *the Daughter of* Walter *Lord* Clifford, *was, as the Writers of that Age assure us, a young Lady of infinite Beauty; on the bare Report of which, King* Henry *the Second fell in Love with her, and having*

debauch'd her, built the famous Bower at Woodstock, to keep her out of the Reach of his jealous Queen Eleanor; of which I shall in one of my following Introductions have Occasion to speak. 'Tis but a few Years since there were some Remains of this Bower to be seen, hard by that Noble Palace of the late Duke of Marlborough, Bleinheim-Castle; and in one of the adjacent Meads they still shew us Rosamond's Pond, where (they say) she was wont to bathe her self. However, this is a Point (if I may dwell on such a Trifle) scarce to be believ'd, unless she made use of Cold Baths; for the Waters are some of the coldest I ever felt; issuing directly out of a Rock, or flinty Mountain, and falling into a Square Bason some Three or Four Foot deep. However, the jealous Queen found the Means of compassing her Ends even in this Place: For King Henry the IIId, who by his Father's Indulgence had been crown'd in his Life-time, rebell'd in Normandy; and the Queen perswaded Two more of her Sons to join their Brother, which they did; and Henry II. was obliged to cross the Seas, to quell the rebellious Princes. During this Time, the Queen (who resided at the Royal Palace in Oxford) undertook to see Rosamond; which she effected, not by murdering the Guards of the Bower, and being then guided into it by a Clue

*Clue of Thread, as has erroneously been believ'd; but by a subterraneous Way, digg'd from* Godstow *Nunnery to* Woodstock *Bower, tho' Five Miles distant from each other, and carried even under the* Isis, *a navigable River. The Plot of Mr.* Addison's *Opera on this Subject, is generally believ'd a Poetical Fiction, because he does not kill* Rosamond, *but supposes her to be carry'd away to the Nunnery alive: However, I believe, he has better Authority for this, than most People have for affirming that the Queen poison'd her, and that she dy'd on the Spot. Certain it is, she did not live long, at least not in the Bower, after this Visit; for, dead or alive, she was brought by the same subterraneous Passage into the Nunnery, the Entrance of which is still to be seen amongst its Ruins. The Walls of the Chapel Choir (where she lies interr'd) are standing: Her Grave is mark'd round with a narrow Ridge of Stone, and on the Wall is writ,*

Hic jacet in Tumulo Rosa mundi, non Rosa Mundi;
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

*And several of the Letters having (thro' Injury of Time) been defaced, have lately been repair'd. This Lady had Two Sons by the King: The Eldest,* William, *marry'd the Daughter and sole Heiress of the Earl*

of Salisbury; *the other*, Geoffrey, *was first made Bishop of* Lincoln, *afterwards Archbishop of* York; *and died in Banishment during the Reign of his Brother, King* John.

SWEET, youthful, charming Ladies fair,
Fram'd of the pureſt Mold,
With roſy Cheeks, and ſilken Hair,
Which ſhine like Threads of Gold:
Soft Tears of Pity here beſtow
On the unhappy Fate
Of *Roſamond*, who long ago
Prov'd moſt unfortunate.

When as the Second *Henry* reign'd
On the Imperial Throne,
How he this beauteous Flower gain'd,
To you I ſhall make known:
With all the Circumſtances too
Which did her Life attend;
How firſt ſhe into Favour grew,
And of her fatal End.

As Three young Knights of *Salisbury*
Were riding on the way,
One boaſted of a fair Lady,
Within her Bow'r ſo gay:
I have a Siſter, *Clifford* ſwears,
But few Men do her know;
Upon her Face, the Skin appears
Like Drops of Blood on Snow;

My Sifter's Locks of curled Hair
Outſhine the golden Oar;
Her Skin for Whiteneſs may compare
With the fine Lilly Flow'r:
Her Breaſts are lovely to behold,
Like to the driven Snow:
I would not, for her Weight in Gold,
King *Henry* ſhould her know.

King *Henry* had a Bower near
Where they were riding by,
And he did *Clifford* overhear;
Thought he immediately,
Tho' I her Brother ſhou'd offend
For that fair White and Red;
For her I am reſolv'd to ſend,
To grace my Royal Bed.

The King, who was of high Renown,
Wou'd not his Fancy pall;
For having writ his Pleaſure down,
He did young *Clifford* call;
Come here to me now out of hand,
Come hither unto me;
I am the King of fair *England*,
My Meſſenger thou'lt be:

I to your Siſter here have writ
Three Letters ſeal'd with Gold;
No Meſſenger I think ſo fit
As you: Therefore, behold,
Convey them to her Hand with ſpeed;
Make not the leaſt delay:
My Will and Pleaſure let her read,
And my Commands obey.

Young *Clifford* then the Letters took
From *Henry*'s Royal Hand,
Tho' with a melancholy Look,
And mounted out of hand;

Soft Tears bedimn'd his noble Sight,
His grieved Heart was ſad;
Altho' he was as brave a Knight
As any *Henry* had.

With that, this noble Knight of Fame
Rode on without delay,
Until he to the Bower came,
Which was both rich and gay;
She cry'd, when he knock'd at the Ring,
Who raps ſo fierce and bold?
Siſter, I've brought you from the King
Three Letters ſeal'd with Gold.

Then with her Fingers, long and ſmall,
She broke the Seals of Gold,
And as ſhe did to reading fall
At firſt, you might behold
The Smiles of pleaſant ſweet Delight,
As if well ſatisfy'd;
But e're ſhe had concluded quite,
She wrung her Hands, and cry'd:

Why did you boaſt beyond your Bounds,
When *Oxford* you did ſee?
You might have talk'd of Hawks and Hounds,
And never bragg'd of me.
When by the King I am deſir'd,
My Father's Griefs begin.
He'll have no Comfort of his Child,
Nor come to my Wedding.

Go, fetch me down my Planet-Book
Straight from my private Room;
For in the ſame I mean to look,
What is decreed my Doom.
The Planet-Book to her they brought,
And laid it on her Knee,
She found that all would come to nought,
For poiſon'd ſhe ſhould be.

I curſe

I curſe you, Brother, then ſhe cry'd,
Who caus'd my Deſtiny;
I might have been ſome Lord's fair Bride,
But you have ruin'd me.
With that, ſhe call'd her Waiting-Maid,
To bring her Riding Weed;
And to her Groom ſhe likewiſe ſaid,
Saddle my milk-white Steed.

Some rid before her, to report
Her coming to the King:
As ſhe approach'd the Royal Court,
Sweet Peals of Bells did ring.
A Garland o're her Head they bore,
To magnify her Charms;
And as ſhe came the King before,
He claſp'd her in his Arms.

With Bluſhes then ſhe did beſeech
The King on her bare Knee;
Her Words were theſe, I pray, my Liege,
What is your Will with me?
Said he, I ſent for thee, my *Roſe*,
To grace my Royal Bed:
Now, as he did his Mind diſcloſe,
She bluſhed Scarlet red.

Bluſh not, my faireſt *Roſamond*;
Fear no unhappy Fate;
For, by my Kingly Pow'r, I can
Place thee in happy State:
No Lady in this Court of mine
Can purchaſe thy Deſert;
Whoſe pleaſant Looks, and Charms divine,
Have won my Royal Heart.

The Gifts and Preſents of a King,
Soon caus'd her to comply;
Thinking there was not any Thing
Like Royal Dignity.

But as her bright and golden Scene
In Court began to ſhine,
The News was carry'd to the Queen
Of this new Concubine:

At which ſhe was enraged ſo
With Malice in her Breaſt,
That till ſhe wrought her Overthrow,
She could not be at Reſt.
She felt the Fury of the Queen,
E're ſhe had flouriſh'd long;
And dy'd, juſt as ſhe had foreſeen,
By Force of Poyſon ſtrong.

The angry Queen, with Malice fraught,
Cou'd not her ſelf contain,
Till ſhe fair *Roſamond* had brought
To her ſad fatal Bane.
The ſweet and charming precious *Roſe*,
King *Henry*'s chief Delight!
The Queen ſhe to the Bower goes,
And wrought her hateful Spite:

But when ſhe to the Bower came,
Where Lady *Clifford* lay,
Enraged *Ethinor* by Name
She could not find the Way;
Until the ſilken Clue of Thread
Became a fatal Guide
Unto the Queen; who laid her dead,
E're ſhe was ſatisfy'd.

Alas! it was no ſmall Surprize
To *Roſamond* the fair,
When Death appear'd before her Eyes,
No faithful Friend was there,
Who could ſtand up in her Defence,
To put the Potion by;
So, by the Hands of Violence,
Compell'd ſhe was to dye.

O moſt renowned, gracious Queen,
Compaſſion take of me
I wiſh that I had never ſeen
Such Royal Dignity.
Betray'd I was, and by degrees
A ſad Conſent I gave;
And now, upon my bended Knees,
I do your Pardon crave.

I will not pardon you, ſhe cry'd;
So take this fatal Cup:
And you may well be ſatisfy'd;
I'll ſee you drink it up.
Then, with her fair and milk-white Hand,
The fatal Cup ſhe took;
Which being drank, ſhe could not ſtand,
But ſoon the World forſook.

Now when the King was well inform'd
What *Elline* had done,
His Breaſt he ſmote, in wrath he ſtorm'd,
As if he would have run
Beſides his Senſes; and he ſwore,
For this inhuman Deed,
He never would bed with her more;
His Royal Heart did bleed.

The King did not ſtand pauſing long,
How to reward her Spleen;
But ſtraight in a cloſe Priſon ſtrong
He caſt his cruel Queen:
Where ſhe lay Six and twenty Years,
A long Captivity,
Bathed in Floods of weeping Tears,
Till his Death ſet her free.

Now when her Son he had ſucceed
His Father, Great *Henry*;
His Royal Mother ſoon he freed
From her Captivity:

And she set many more at large,
Who long for Debt had lain;
Her Royal Pity did discharge
Thousands in *Richard's* Reign.

## II. A Lamentable Ballad of Fair *Rosamond*, King *Henry* the Second's Concubine.

*The following Song is much older, and more beautiful than the former; and I should rather have chosen to have begun my Collection with this, had not the Order of History (for it begins with a much earlier Account of* Rosamond*) requir'd the other to be plac'd first. I have nothing to add by way of* Preface *here, save that having taken the Liberty to contradict the Truth of several Facts, I must (to the Honour of our Ballads) say, that Mr.* Addison *(than whom no one could be suppos'd to be better acquainted with History) seems in his Opera of* Rosamond, *to have as much Regard to the Authority of these Old Songs, as to that of the best Historians.*

WHen as King *Henry* rul'd this Land,
The Second of that Name,
Besides the Queen, he dearly lov'd
A fair and comely Dame.

Moſt peerleſs was her Beauty found,
Her Favour, and her Face;
A ſweeter Creature in this World
Could never Prince embrace.

Her criſped Locks, like Threads of Gold,
Appear'd to each Man's Sight;
Her ſparkling Eyes, like Orient Pearls,
Did caſt a heav'nly Light.
The Blood within her cryſtal Cheeks
Did ſuch a Colour drive,
As tho' the Lilly and the Roſe
For Maſterſhip did ſtrive.

Yea, *Roſamond*, fair *Roſamond*,
Her Name was called ſo,
To whom our Queen, Dame *Ellenor*,
Was known a deadly Foe.
The King therefore, for her Defence,
Againſt the furious Queen,
Did ſuch a Bow'r at *Woodſtock* build,
The like was never ſeen.

Moſt curiouſly that Bow'r was built
Of Stone and Timber ſtrong,
An Hundred and fifty Doors
Did to this Bow'r belong;
And they ſo cunningly contriv'd
With turning round about,
That none, but with a Clue of Thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Lady's Sake,
That was ſo fair and bright,
The keeping of this Bow'r he gave
Unto a valiant Knight.
But Fortune, that doth often frown
Where ſhe before did ſmile,
The King's Delight, the Lady's Joy
Full ſoon ſhe did beguile.

For

For why, the King's ungracious Son,
Whom he did high advance,
Againſt his Father raiſed Wars
Within the Realm of *France*.
But yet before our gracious King
The *Engliſh* Land forſook,
Of *Roſamond*, his Lady fair,
His Farewel thus he took:

My *Roſamond*, my only *Roſe*,
That pleaſeſt beſt mine Eye,
The faireſt Flow'r in all the World,
To feed my Fantaſy,
The Flow'r of my affected Heart,
Whoſe Sweetneſs doth excel
My Royal *Roſe*, a Thouſand times
I bid thee now Farewel!

For I muſt leave my faireſt Flow'r,
My ſweeteſt *Roſe*, a ſpace,
And croſs the Seas to famous *France*,
Proud Rebels to abaſe.
But yet, my *Roſe*, beſure thou ſhalt
My Coming ſhortly ſee,
And in my Heart, when hence I am,
I'll bear my *Roſe* with me.

When *Roſamond*, that Lady bright,
Did hear the King ſay ſo,
The Sorrow of her grieved Heart
Her outward Looks did ſhow;
And from her clear and cryſtal Eyes
The Tears guſh'd out apace,
Which, like the ſilver-pearled Dew,
Ran down her comely Face.
Her Lips, like to the Coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale;
And for the Sorrow ſhe conceiv'd,
Her vital Spirits fail;

And falling down all in a Swoon,
Before King *Henry* he lay;
Full oft he in his pitiful arms
Her Body did embrace,
And Twenty times, with watry Eyes,
He kiss'd her tender Cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again
Her Senses mild and meek:
Why grieves my *Rose*, my sweetest *Rose*,
The King did often say,
Because, quoth he, to bloody Wars
My Lord must pass away?
But since your Grace on foreign Coasts,
Amongst your Foes unkind,
Must go to hazard Life and Limb,
Why should I stay behind?
Nay rather, let me, like a Page,
Thy Sword and Target bear,
That on my Breast the Blows may light,
Which would offend you there.
O let me, in your Royal Tent,
Prepare your Bed at Night,
And with sweet Baths refresh your Grace,
At your Return from Fight.
So I your Presence may enjoy,
No Toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my Life is Death,
Which doth true Love abuse.
Content thy self, my dearest Love,
Thy Rest at Home shall be,
In *England*'s sweet and pleasant Soil,
For Travel fits not thee.
Fair Ladies brook not bloody Wars,
Sweet Peace their Pleasures breed;
The Nourisher of Hearts Content,
Which Fancy first did feed.

My *Rose* shall rest in *Woodstock* Bowre,
With Musick's sweet Delight;
Whilst I amongst the piercing Pikes,
Against my Foes do fight.
My *Rose* in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
With Di'monds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliards of my Love,
Whilst I my Foes do smite.

And you, Sir *Thomas*, whom I trust
To be my Love's Defence;
Be careful of my gallant *Rose*,
When I am parted hence.
And therewithal he fetch'd a Sigh,
As tho' his Heart would break:
And *Rosamond*, for very Grief,
Not one plain Word could speak.

And at their Parting well they might
In Heart be grieved sore:
After that Day fair *Rosamond*
The King did see no more.
For when his Grace had pass'd the Seas,
And into *France* was gone;
With envious Heart, Queen *Elinor*,
To *Woodstock* came anon.

And forth she calls this trusty Knight,
In an unhappy Hour,
Who with his Clue of twined Thread,
Came from this famous Bow'r.
And when that they had wounded him,
The Queen this Thread did get,
And went where Lady *Rosamond*
Was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with steadfast Eye
Beheld her beauteous Face,
She was amazed in her Mind
At her exceeding Grace.

And falling down all in a Swoon
Before King *Henry*'s Face,
Full oft he in his kindly Arms
Her Body did embrace;

And Twenty times, with watry Eyes,
He kiss'd her tender Cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again
Her Senses mild and meek:
Why grieves my *Rose*, my sweetest *Rose*,
The King did often say,
Because, quoth he, no bloody Wars
My Lord must pass away?

But since your Grace on foreign Coasts,
Amongst your Foes unkind,
Must go to hazard Life and Limb,
Why should I stay behind?
Nay rather, let me like a Page,
Thy Sword and Target bear,
That on my Breast the Blows may light,
Which would offend you there.

O let me, in your Royal Tent,
Prepare your Bed at Night,
And with sweet Baths refresh your Grace,
At your Return from Fight.
So I your Presence may enjoy,
No Toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my Life is Death,
Which doth true Love abuse.

Content thy self, my dearest Love,
Thy Rest at Home shall be,
In *England*'s sweet and pleasant Soil,
For Travel fits not thee.
Fair Ladies brook not bloody Wars;
Sweet Peace their Pleasures breed:
The Nourisher of Arts and Arms,
Which Fancy first did feed.

My *Rose* shall rest in *Woodstock* Bowre,
With Musick's sweet Delight;
Whilst I amongst the piercing Pikes,
Against my Foes do fight.
My *Rose* in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
With Di'monds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliards of my Love,
Whilst I my Foes do smite.

And you, Sir *Thomas*, whom I trust
To be my Love's Defence;
Be careful of my gallant *Rose*,
When I am parted hence.
And therewithal he fetch'd a Sigh,
As tho' his Heart would break,
And *Rosamond*, for very Grief,
Not one plain Word could speak.

And at their parting well they might
In Heart be grieved sure;
After that Day fair *Rosamond*
The King did see no more.
For when his Grace had pass'd the Seas,
And into *France* was gone;
With envious Heart, Queen *Elinor*
To *Woodstock* came anon.

And forth she calls this trusty Knight,
In an unhappy Hour;
Who with his Clue of twined Thread,
Came from this famous Bow'r.
And when that they had wounded him,
The Queen this Thread did get,
And went where Lady *Rosamond*
Was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with stedfast Eye
Beheld her beauteous Face,
She was amazed in her Mind
At her exceeding Grace.

Cast

Caſt off from thee theſe Robes, ſhe ſaid,
That rich and coſtly be;
And drink thou up this deadly Draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then preſently upon her Knees
Sweet *Roſamond* did fall;
And Pardon of the Queen ſhe crav'd
For her Offences all.

Take pity on my youthful Years,
Fair *Roſamond* did cry;
And let me not with Poyſon ſtrong
Enforced be to dye.

I will renounce my ſinful Life,
And in ſome Cloyſter bide;
Or elſe be baniſh'd, if you pleaſe,
To range the World ſo wide:

And for the Fault that I have done,
Tho' I was forc'd thereto,
Preſerve my Life, and puniſh me
As you think meet to do.

And with theſe Words, her Lilly Hands
She wrung full often there;
And down along her lovely Face
Did trickle many a Tear.

But nothing could this furious Queen
Therewith appeaſed be;
The Cup of deadly Poyſon ſtrong,
As ſhe kneel'd on her Knee,

She gave this comely Dame to drink,
Who took it in her Hand,
And from her bended Knee aroſe,
And on her Feet did ſtand:

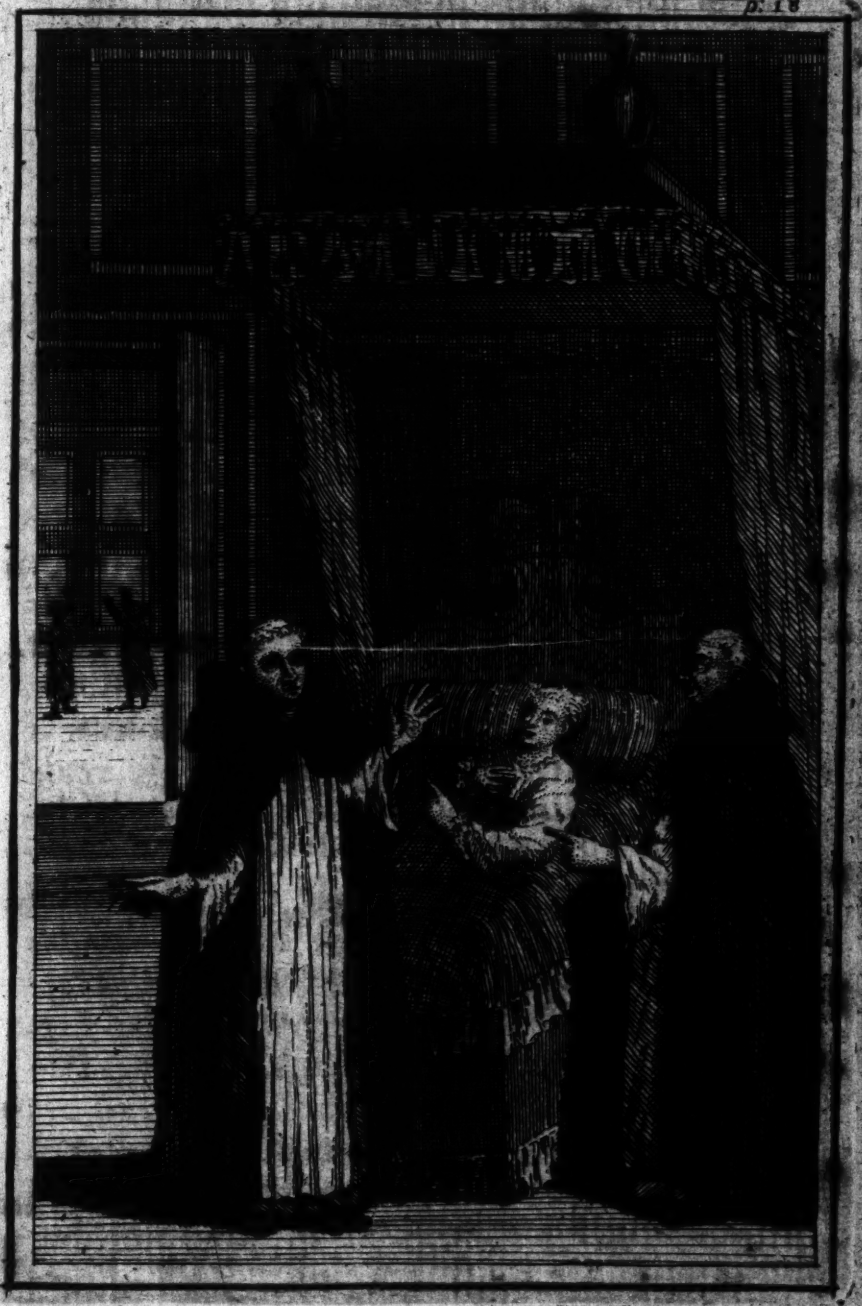
And caſting up her Eyes to Heav'n,
She did for Mercy call;
And drinking up the Poyſon ſtrong,
Her Life ſhe loſt withal.

And when that Death thro' every Limb
Had ſhow'd its greateſt Spite,
Her chiefeſt Foes did then confeſs
She was a glorious Wight.
Her Body then they did entomb,
When Life was fled away,
At *Godſtow*, near to *Oxford* Town,
As may be ſeen this Day.

III. Queen

## III. Queen *Eleanor*'s Confeſſion to the Two ſuppoſed Fryars of *France*.

Eleanor, *Daughter to* William *Duke of* Guienne, *was, whilſt very young, marry'd to* Lewis *the* VIth *of* France; *but behaved her ſelf very indecently in the Marriage State: For following her Husband to the Holy War, ſhe gave a Looſe to her luſtful Paſſions, and lived in a criminal manner with a* Saracen, *one* Saladine *by Name. King* Lewis, *for his own Sake, endeavour'd to conceal this Diſgrace; and tho' ſhe would willingly have ſtay'd behind with her uncircumcis'd Lover, yet did he bring her away with him to* France, *and there pretended a Scruple of Conſcience, in that ſhe was his Fourth Couſin: And a Council being aſſembled at* Bauge, *they granted him Letters of Divorce; but* Lewis *was obliged to reſtore her Dukedom to her. She was, after this, marry'd to* Henry *Duke of* Anjou, *Grandſon to King* Henry *the Firſt; and who, after the Death of King* Stephen, *came to the* Engliſh *Crown. Moſt of our Hiſto-*



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*Hiſtorians will have it, that ſhe led a very ſober Life with this Second Husband. However, if we may give any Credit to the following Song, the Hiſtorians are palpably miſtaken. The Jealouſy of this Queen was exceeding great, as may be ſeen by her Behaviour towards* Roſamond, *and ſeveral others of King* Henry's *Concubines; for, in his Life-time, he had a great many; and this he might plead in his Excuſe, that he was much younger than his Queen. There are ſome Things advanc'd in this old Ballad, which I muſt beg leave to contradict; particularly the Earl* Marſhal's *having her Maidenhead: But this I take to be aſſerted, not as a direct Fact, but with regard to the looſe Life ſhe had led before ſhe was married to King* Henry.

QUeen *Eleanor* was a ſick Woman,
And afraid ſhe ſhould dye;
Then ſhe ſent for Two Friars of *Rhodes*,
To ſpeak with her ſpeedily.

The King call'd down his Nobles all,
By one, by two, by three,
And ſent away for Earl *Marſhal*,
To ſpeak with him ſpeedily.

When that he came before the King,
He fell on his bended Knee,
A Boon, a Boon, our gracious King,
That you ſent for hastily.

I'll pawn my Lands, the King then cry'd,
My Sceptre and my Crown,
That whatsoe're Queen *Eleanor* says,
I will not write it down.

Do you put on a Fryar's Coat,
And I'll put on another;
And we will to Queen *Eleanor* go,
Like Fryar and his Brother.

Thus both attired then they go;
When they came to *Whitehall*,
The Bells did ring, and the Chorifters sing,
And the Torches did light them all.

When that they came before the Queen,
They fell on their bended Knee;
A Boon, a Boon, our gracious Queen,
That you sent so hastily.

Are you Two Fryars of *France*, she said,
As I suppose you be?
But if you are Two *English* Fryars,
Then hanged shall you be.

We are Two Fryars of *France*, they said,
As you suppose we be;
We have not been at any Mass
Since we came from the Sea.

The first vile Thing that e're I did
I will to you unfold;
Earl *Marshal* had my Maidenhead,
Beneath this Cloth of Gold.

That's a vile Sin, then said the King;
God may forgive it thee.
*Amen*, *Amen*, quoth Earl *Marshal*,
With a heavy Heart spoke he.

The next vile Thing that e're I did,
To you I'll not deny;
I made a Box of Poyſon ſtrong,
To poyſon King *Henry*.

That's a vile Sin, then ſaid the King;
God may forgive it thee:
*Amen*, *Amen*, quoth Earl *Marſhal*;
And I wiſh it ſo may be.

The next vile Thing that e're I did,
To you I will diſcover;
I poyſoned fair *Roſamond*,
All in fair *Woodſtock* Bow'r.

That's a vile Sin, then ſaid the King;
God may forgive it thee:
*Amen*, *Amen*, quoth Earl *Marſhal*;
And I wiſh it ſo may be.

Do you ſee yonder's little Boy,
A toſſing of the Ball?
That is Earl *Marſhal*'s eldeſt Son,
I love him the beſt of all.

Do you ſee yonder's little Boy,
A catching of the Ball?
That is King *Henry*'s Son, ſhe ſaid;
I love him the worſt of all.

His Head is like unto a Bull;
His Noſe is like a Boar:
No matter for that, King *Henry* cry'd,
I love him the better therefore.

The King pull'd off his Fryar's Coat,
And appeared all in Red;
She ſhriek'd, ſhe cry'd, and wrung her Hands,
And ſaid ſhe was betray'd.

The King look'd over his Left Shoulder,
And a grim Look looked he;
And ſaid, Earl *Marſhal*, but for my Oath,
Or hanged ſhould'ſt thou be.

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## IV. St. George and the Dragon.

*I should think my Collection very imperfect, was this old Panegyrick upon our English Saint and Patron to be omitted. His Adventures were many and various, and even those variously related. Where-ever any Historical Circumstances are omitted, on the Length of Time, and the Error of Writers, are misrepresented; I shall endeavour to set them in the fairest Point of Light I possibly can. But in the Case of Saints, we must have recourse to Legends; and those, I must confess, are something out of my way. Beside, I should often be at a loss, for these* Ohio-Biographers *differ sometimes; and as I look upon all Legends to be of equal Authority, I should not know which to give credit to. I cannot, however, drop this Subject, without taking notice of that Noble Order of Knighthood, instituted to the Honour of this Saint by K. Edward the IIId; an Order which is so highly and justly esteemed abroad, which in all Ages since its Original has outshone all the other Orders in the World, and in which so many Foreign*

*reign Princes, Kings and Emperors, have with Pride and Pleasure been install'd Knights Companions.*

WHY should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing how many Men have performed Fights?
Or why should we speak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Or Sir *Tristram du Leon*, that fought for Ladies Sake?

Read in old Stories, and there you shall see,
How St. *George*, St. *George*, he made the Dragon flee.

*St.* George *he was for* England, *St.* Dennis *was for* France;

*Sing* Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Of ancient Monarchs it were too long to tell,
And likewise of *Romans*, how far they did excel;
*Hannibal* and *Scipio* in many a Field did fight,
*Orlando Furioso* he was a valiant Knight;
*Romulus* and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.

*St.* George *he was for* England, &c.

*Jephthah* and *Gideon* they led their Men to fight,
The *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites* they put all to flight;
*Hercules* his Labour was in the Vale of *Bass*,
And *Sampson* slew a Thousand with the Jawbone of an Ass,
And when he was blind, pull'd the Temple to the Ground;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon did confound.

*St.* George *he was for* England, &c.

*Valen-*

*Valentine* and *Orſon* they came of *Pepin*'s Blood,
*Alfred* and *Aldrious* they were brave Knights and good;
The Four Sons of *Ammon*, that fought with *Charlemain*,
Sir *Hugh de Bourdeaux*, and *Godfrey de Bulloign*;
Theſe were all *French* Knights, that *Pagans* did convert;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he pull'd out the Dragon's Heart!

*St.* George *he was for* England, &c.

*Henry* the Fifth he conquered all *France*,
He quarter'd their Arms, his Honour to advance;
He razed their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
And he garniſh'd his Head with a double Triple Crown:
He thumped the *French*, and after home he came;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he made the Dragon tame.

*St.* George *he was for* England, &c.

St. *David*, you know, lov'd Leeks and toaſted Cheeſe,
And *Jaſon* was the Man who brought home the golden Fleece;
And *Patrick*, you know, he was St. *George*'s Boy,
Seven Years he kept his Horſe, and then ſtole him away;
For which knaviſh Act a Slave he doth remain;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he hath the Dragon ſlain.

*St.* George *he was for* England, &c.

*Tamerlane* the Emperor in Iron Cage did crown,
With his bloody Flags diſplay'd before the Town,

*Scanderberg* magnanimous, *Mahomet's* Bashaws did dread,
Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was dead;
Old *William* so fam'd the *Conqueror* was he call'd;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he hath the Dragon maul'd.

*St.* George *he was for* England, &c.

*Ottomon* the *Tartar* he came of *Persia's* Race,
The Great *Mogul* with his Chest full of Cloves and Mace;
The *Grecian* Youth *Bucephalus* did manfully bestride;
But these, with their Worthies Nine, St. *George* did deride;
*Gustavus Adolphus* was *Sweden's* warlike King;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he pull'd forth the Dragon's Sting.

*St.* George *he was for* England, &c.

*Pendragon* and *Cadwaller* of *British* Blood do boast,
Tho' *John* of *Gaunt* his Foes did daunt, St. *George* shall rule the roast;
*Agamemnon* and *Cleomedes*, and *Macedo* did Feats,
But compared to our Champion, they are but meerly Cheats;
Brave *Maltha* Knights in *Turkish* Fights their brandish'd Swords out-drew;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, met the Dragon, and thrust him thro' and thro'.

*St.* George *he was for* England, &c.

*Bidia*, the *Amazon*, *Proteus* overthrew,
As fierce as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen*, or *Jew*;
The potent *Holofernes*, as he lay in his Bed,
In came wise *Judith*, and subtly stole his Head;

With *Jove* the *Cyclops* fought, altho' he show'r'd down Thunder;
But St. *George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a Wonder?
St. George *he was for* England, &c.

*Mark Anthony*, I'll warrant ye, play'd Feats with *Ægypt*'s Queen;
Sir *Eglemore*, that valiant Knight, the like was never seen;
Grim *Gorgon*'s Might was known in Fight; old *Bevis* most Men frighted;
The *Mirmidons*, and *Prester Johns*; why were not these Men knighted?
Brave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Nassau* did it recover;
But St. *George*, St. *George*, turn'd the Dragon over and over.

---

St. George *he was for* England, St. Dennis *was for* France;
Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

## V. The SEVEN CHAMPIONS of *Christendom.*

Being a Compendious Hiſtory of their Lives and Actions, &c.

To the Tune of *The Chriſtian Warriors.*

*In my former Argument, I refuſed to give the Hiſtory, or rather the Fable of St. George; but leſt any of my Readers ſhould be unacquainted with it, I have inſerted the following Ballad; where they'll not only find his Hiſtory, but that of the other Six Champions of* Chriſtendom *with it; and the Account is, I believe, as authentick as any we have extant. The only Thing I have to object to the Poet here, is his Partiality; for he has beſtow'd Half the Song upon our* Engliſh *Hero, whilſt the other Six have but one Half between them all.*

NOW of the Seven Champions here,
My Purpoſe is to write;
To ſhew how they with Sword and Spear
Put many Foes to flight:

Diſtreſſed Ladies to releaſe,
And Captives bound in Chains;
That Chriſtian Glory to increaſe,
Which evermore remains.

Firſt, I give you to underſtand,
That Great St. *George* by Name,
Was the true Champion of our Land,
And of his Birth and Fame;
And of his Noble Mother's Dream,
Before that he was born,
The which to her did clearly ſeem
Her Days would be forlorn.

This was her Dream, That ſhe did bear
A Dragon in her Womb;
Which griev'd this Noble Lady fair,
'cauſe Death muſt be her Doom.
This Sorrow ſhe could not conceal,
So diſmal was her Fear;
So that ſhe did the ſame reveal
Unto her Huſband dear;

Who went for to enquire ſtraight
Of an Inchantereſs;
When knocking at her Iron Gate,
Her Anſwer it was this:
'The Lady ſhall bring forth a Son,
'By whom, in Tract of Time,
'Great Noble Actions ſhall be done;
'He will to Honour climb.

'For he ſhall be in Banners wore,
'This Truth I will maintain:
'Your Lady ſhe ſhall dye before
'You ſee her Face again.
His Leave he took, and Home he went;
His Wife departed thay;
But that which did his Grief augment,
The Child was ſtole away.

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'For he ſhall be in Banners wore;
'This Truth I will maintain:
'Your Lady ſhe ſhall dye before
'You ſee her Face again.
His Leave he took, and Home he went;
His Wife departed thay;
But that which did his Grief augment,
The Child was ſtole away.

Then did he travel in Despair,
Where soon with Grief he dy'd;
While the young Child, his Son and Heir,
Did constantly abide
With the wise Lady of the Grove,
In her inchanted Cell;
Amongst the Woods he oft did rove,
His Beauty pleas'd her well.

Blinded with Love, she did impart,
Upon a certain Day,
To him her cunning Magick Art,
And where Six Champions lay,
Within a brazen Castle strong,
By an inchanted Sleep;
And where they had continued long;
She did the Castle keep.

She taught and shew'd him ev'ry Thing,
Thro' being free and fond;
Which did her fatal Ruin bring;
For with a Silver Wand,
He clos'd her up into a Rock,
By giving one small Stroke;
So took Possession of her Stock,
And the Inchantment broke.

Those Christian Champions being freed
From their inchanted State,
Each mounted on his prancing Steed,
And took to Travel strait;
Where we will leave them to pursue
Kind Fortune's Favours still,
To treat of our own Champion, who
Did Courts with Wonders fill.

For as he came to understand,
At an old Hermit's Cell,
How in the vast *Egyptian* Land,
A Dragon, fierce and fell,

Threat-

Threaten'd the Ruin of them all
By his devouring Jaws;
His Sword releas'd them from that Thrall,
And ſoon remov'd the Cauſe.

This dreadful Dragon muſt deſtroy
A Virgin ev'ry Day;
Or elſe with Stinks he'll them annoy,
And many Thouſands ſlay.
At length, the King's own Daughter dear,
For whom the Court did mourn,
Was brought to be devour'd here;
For ſhe muſt take her Turn.

The King, by Proclamation, ſaid,
If any hardy Knight
Could free this fair young Royal Maid,
And ſlay the Dragon quite;
Then ſhould he have her for his Bride,
And (after Death) likewiſe
His Crown and Kingdom too beſide:
St. *George* he won the Prize.

When many hardy Strokes he'd dealt,
And could not pierce his Hide,
He run his Sword up to the Hilt,
In at the Dragon's Side;
By which he did his Life deſtroy,
Which cheer'd the drooping King;
This caus'd an univerſal Joy,
Sweet Peals of Bells did ring.

The Daughter of a King, for Pride
Transform'd into a Tree
Of Mulberries, which *Dennis* ſpy'd;
And being hungery,

Of that fair Fruit he eat a Part,
And was transform'd likewise
Into the Fashion of a Hart,
For Seven Years precise.

At which he long bewail'd the Loss
Of manly Shape; then goes
To him his true and trusty Horse,
And brings a blushing Rose,
By which the Magick Spell was broke,
And both were fairly freed
From the inchanted heavy Yoke:
They then in Love agreed.

Now we come to St. *James* of *Spain*,
Who slew a mighty Boar,
In hopes that he might Honour gain;
But he must die therefore:
Who was allow'd his Death to chuse,
Which was by Virgins Darts;
But they the same did all refuse,
So tender were their Hearts.

The King's Daughter at length by Lot,
Was doom'd to work his Woe;
From her fair Hands, a fatal Shot
Out of a golden Bow,
Must put a Period to the Strife;
At which, Grief did her seize;
She of her Father begg'd his Life,
Upon her bended Knees:

Saying, My gracious Sovereign Lord,
And honour'd Father dear,
He well deserves a large Reward;
Then be not so severe:
Give me his Life. He grants the Boon;
And then without Delay,
This *Spanish* Champion, e'r 'twas Noon,
Rid with her quite away.

Now

Now come we to St. *Anthony*,
A Man with Valour fraught,
The Champion of fair *Italy*,
Who many Wonders wrought.
First, he a mighty Giant slew,
The Terror of Mankind;
Young Ladies fair, pure Virgins too,
This Giant kept confin'd
Within his Caſtle-Walls of Stone,
And Gates of ſolid Braſs;
Where Seven Ladies made their Moan,
But out they could not paſs.
Many brave Lords, and Knights likewiſe,
To free them did engage;
Who fell a bleeding Sacrifice
To this fierce Giant's Rage.

Fair Daughters to a Royal King!
Yet Fortune, after all,
Did our renowned Champion bring,
To free them from their Thrall.
Aſſiſted by the Hand of Heav'n,
He ventur'd Life and Limb;
Behold, the faireſt of the Sev'n,
She fell in Love with him.

That Champion good, bold St. *Andrew*,
The famous *Scottiſh* Knight,
Dark gloomy Deſarts travell'd through,
Where *Phœbus* gave no Light;
Haunted with Spirits, for a while
His weary Courſe he ſteers;
Till Fortune bleſs'd him with a Smile,
And ſhook off all his Fears.

This Chriſtian Champion travell'd long,
Till at the length he came
Unto the Giant's Caſtle ſtrong,
Great *Blanderon* by Name:
Where the King's Daughters were transform'd
Into the Shape of Swans;
Tho' them he freed, their Father ſtorm'd,
But he his Malice ſhuns:

For tho' Five Hundred armed Knights
Did ſtraight beſet him round,
Our Chriſtian Champion with them fights,
Till on the Heathen Ground
Moſt of thoſe *Pagans* bleeding lay;
Which much perplex'd the King:
The *Scottiſh* Champion clears the way,
Which was a glorious Thing.

St. *Patrick* too of *Ireland*,
That Noble Knight of Fame,
He travell'd, as we underſtand,
Till at the length he came
Into a Grove where Satyrs dwelt;
Where Ladies he beheld,
Who had their raged Fury felt,
And were with Sorrow fill'd.

He drew his Sword, and did maintain
A ſharp and bloody Fray,
Till the Ring-leader he had ſlain;
The reſt ſoon fled away.
This done, he ask'd the Ladies fair,
Who were in Silks array'd,
From whence they came, and who they were?
They anſwer'd him, and ſaid;

We

We are all Daughters to a King,
Whom a brave *Scottiſh* Knight
Did out of Tribulation bring;
He having took his Flight,
Now after him we are in Queſt;
St. *Patrick* then replies,
He is my Friend, I cannot reſt
Till I find him likewiſe:

So Ladies, if you do intend
To take your Lot with me,
This Sword of mine ſhall you defend
From ſavage Cruelty.
The Ladies freely gave Conſent
To travel many Miles;
Thro' ſhady Groves and Woods they went,
In Search of Fortune's Smiles.

The Chriſtian Champion *David* went
To the *Tartarian* Court;
Where, at their Tilt and Tournament,
And ſuch like Royal Sport,
He overthrew the only Son
Of the Count *Palatine*;
This noble Action being done,
His Fame began to ſhine.

The young Count's ſad and ſudden Death,
Turn'd all their Joys to Grief;
He bleeding lay, bereav'd of Breath,
The Father's Son in Chief:
But Lords and Ladies blaz'd the Fame
Of our brave Champion bold;
Saying, They ought to write his Name
In Characters of Gold.

Here have I writ a fair Account
Of each Heroick Deed,
Done by theſe Knights, which will turnount
All thoſe that ſhall ſucceed.
The ancient Chronicles of Kings,
E're ſince the World begun,
Can't boaſt of ſuch renowned Things,
As theſe brave Knights have done.

St. *George* he was for *England*,
St. *Dennis* was for *France*;
St. *James* for *Spain*, whoſe valiant Hand
Did Chriſtian Fame advance;
St. *Anthony* for *Italy*,
*Andrew* for *Scots* ne're fails;
*Patrick* too ſtands for *Ireland*,
St. *David* was for *Wales*.

Thus have you thoſe ſtout Champions Names
In this renowned Song;
Young captive Ladies bound in Chains,
Confin'd in Caſtles ſtrong,
They did by Knightly Proweſs free,
True Honour to maintain,
Then let their laſting Memory
From Age to Age remain.

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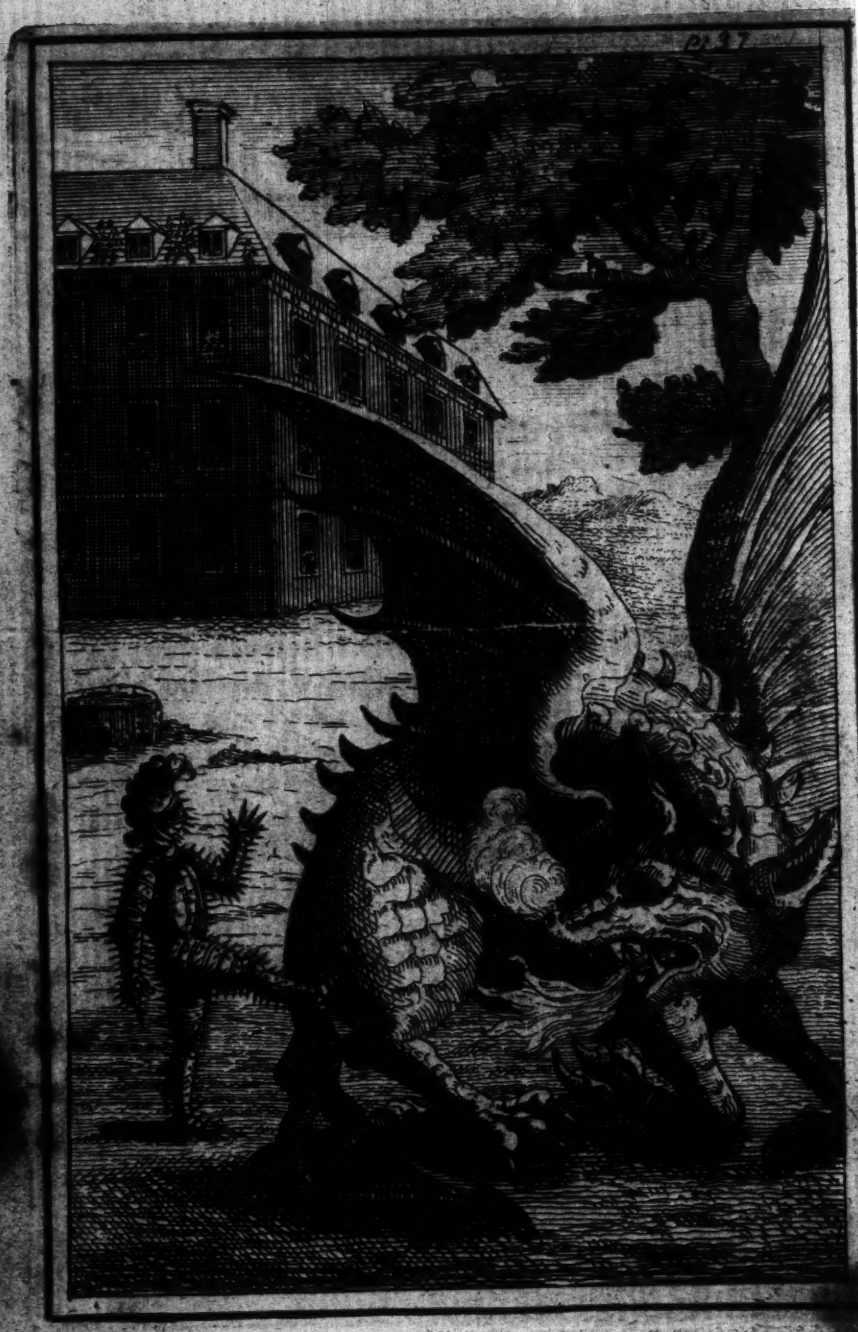


## VII. An Excellent Ballad of a most dreadful Combat, fought between *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*, and the Dragon of *Wantley*.

*Tho' this Ballad does not properly fall under the Denomination of Historical, yet ought it naturally to follow the Two former; it having been ever look'd upon as a Criticism, or Ridicule upon St. George, the Seven Champions, Guy Earl of Warwick, and several other Songs of the like nature, which will scarce find a Place in this Collection; and is the same to Ballads of Chivalry, as Don Quixot is to Books of that Kind. However, there are some People who will by no means allow this to have been the Design of the Poet, nor the Song to be a Piece of Criticism, but a Satyr: And to prove this, they tell you, That in Days of Old, a certain Gentleman, a Member of the Law, and here represented by the Dragon, being left Guardian to Three Orphans, and finding some little Flaw in their Titles, put in his Claim, depriv'd them of their Estate, took Possession of it himself, and turn'd them over to the*

*Pariſh. Upon which, another (here called* Moore *of* Moore-Hall*) took up their Cauſe, ſued the unjuſt Guardian, caſt him, and recover'd the Eſtate for the Children. I ſhall not pretend to decide any Thing in a Diſpute of this Importance: The Hypotheſes are both probable; but which may be the juſteſt, I ſhall leave the Learned to determine.*

OLD Stories tell, how *Hercules*
A Dragon ſlew at *Lerna*,
With Seven Heads, and Fourteen Eyes,
To ſee and well diſcern-a:
But he had a Club, this Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne're don't, I warrant ye:
But *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*, with nothing at all,
He ſlew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had Two furious Wings,
Each one upon each Shoulder;
With a Sting in his Tail, as long as a Flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long Claws, and in his Jaws
Four and forty Teeth of Iron;
With a Hide as tough, as any Buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the *Trojan* Horſe,
With Seventy Men in his Belly?
This Dragon was not quite ſo big,
But very near, I'll tell you;
Devoured he, poor Children Three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one Sup, he eat them up,
As one would eat an Apple.

All

All Sorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some ſay he eat up Trees,
And that the Foreſt ſure he would
Devour by degrees:
For Houſes and Churches, were to him Geeſe and Turkies;
He eat all, and left none behind,
But ſome Stones, dear *Jack*, which he could not crack,
Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkſhire*, near fair *Rotherham*,
The Place I know it well,
Some Two or Three Miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a Hedge, juſt on the Hill Edge,
And *Matthew*'s Houſe hard by it;
O there and then, was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chuſe but ſpy it.

Some ſay, this Dragon was a Witch;
Some ſay, he was a Devil,
For from his Noſe a Smoke aroſe,
And with it burning Snivel;
Which he caſt off, when he did cough,
Into a Well that ſtands by;
Which made it look, juſt like a Brook
Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
Of whom all Towns did ring;
For he could wreſtle, play at Quarter-Staff, kick, cuff and baff,
Call Son of a Whore, do any kind of Thing:
By the Tail and the Main, with his Hands twain
He ſwung a Horſe till he was dead;

And

And what is ſtranger, he for very Anger
Eat him all up but his Head.

Theſe Children, as I told, being eat;
Man, Women, Girls and Boys,
Sighing and ſobbing came to his Lodging,
And made a hideous Noiſe:
O ſave us all, *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*,
Thou peerleſs Knight of theſe Woods;
Do but ſlay this Dragon, who won't leave us a Rag on,
We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no Goods I want;
But I want, I want in ſooth,
A fair Maid of Sixteen, that's brisk,
And ſmiles about the Mouth;
Hair black as Sloe, both above and below,
With Bluſhes her Cheeks adorning,
To 'noint me o're Night, e're I go to fight,
And to dreſs me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down;
But firſt he went, new Armour to
Beſpeak at *Sheffield* Town;
With Spikes all about, not within but without,
Of Steel ſo ſharp and ſtrong;
Both behind and before, Arms, Legs, and all o're,
Some Five or Six Inches long.

Had you ſeen him in this Dreſs,
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some *Egyptian* Porcupig:
He frighted all, Cats, Dogs, and all,
Each Cow, each Horſe, and each Hog;
For Fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some ſtrange out-landiſh Hedge-hog.

To

To ſee this Fight, all People then
Got upon Trees and Houſes,
On Churches ſome, and Chimneys too;
But they put on their Trowſes,
Not to ſpoil their Hoſe. As ſoon as he roſe,
To make him ſtrong and mighty,
He drank by the Tale, Six Pots of Ale,
And a Quart of *Aqua-Vitæ*.

It is not Strength that always wins,
For Wit does Strength excel;
Which made our cunning Champion
Creep down into a Well;
Where he did think, this Dragon would drink,
And ſo he did in truth;
And as he ſtoop'd low, he roſe up and cry'd *Bob!*
And hit him on the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, Pox take thee, come out,
Thou that diſturb'ſt me in my Drink:
With that he turn'd, and ſh--t at him;
Good lack, how he did ſtink!
Beſhrew thy Soul, thy Body's foul,
Thy Dung ſmells not like Balſam;
Thou Son of a Whore, thou ſtink'ſt ſo ſore,
Sure thy Diet is unwholſome.

Our Politick Knight, on the other ſide,
Crept out upon the Brink,
And gave the Dragon ſuch a Douſe,
He knew not what to think;
By cock, quoth he, ſay you ſo; do you ſee?
And then at him he let fly,
With Hand and with Foot, and ſo they went to't,
And the word it was, *Hey boys, hey!*

Your Words, quoth the Dragon, I don't under-
Then to it they fell at all, [ſtand;
Like Two wild Boars ſo fierce, I may
Compare great Things with ſmall.

Two Days and a Night, with this Dragon did
Our Champion on the Ground; [fight,
Tho' their Strength it was great, their Skill it was
They never had one Wound. [neat,

At length the hard Earth began to quake,
The Dragon gave him ſuch a Knock,
Which made him to reel, and ſtraight he thought
To lift him as high as a Rock,
And then let him fall: But *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*,
Like a valiant Son of *Mars*,
As he came like a Lout, ſo he turn'd him about,
And hit him a Kick on the A--ſe.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, with a deep Sigh,
And turn'd Six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, curſing and ſwearing
Out of his Throat of Leather;
*Moore* of *Moore-Hall*, O thou Raſcal,
Would I had ſeen thee never;
With the Thing at thy Foot, thou haſt prick'd my
And I'm quite undone for ever. [A--ſe-gut,

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd,
Alack, alack, for Grief;
Had you but miſs'd that Place, you could
Have done me no Miſchief.
Then his Head he ſhak'd, trembled and quak'd,
And down he laid and cry'd;
Firſt on one Knee, then on Back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kick'd, ſh--t, and dy'd.

## VII. King *Alfred* and the *Shepherd*.

### With the Humours of *Gillian*, the Shepherd's Wife.

To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.

*Being now enter'd upon Apocryphal Ballads, I shall here chuse to insert one or two more: The former, both for its own Antiquity, and that of the Story it treats of, deserv'd a first Place in this Collection. The only Objection I had to Placing it there, was, that I could not answer for its being Fact. However, I cannot justly rank this Song with the Two or Three foregoing ones, for in this, there is at least a Possibility, and (I believe I might say,) a Probability of Truth.* Alfred *was not the only King, who has wander'd* incog. *amongst his Subjects, to discover their Humours, Affection, and Manner of Living. We have had some of our own, as well as several Foreign Potentates, who have made a Practice of it; and*

even

*even this good King* Alfred *himself is recorded to have done it, at a Time when the Danger was far greater than venturing amongst Swains and Peasants. For the* Danes *having invaded* England, *and left him (of the whole Island) only the Counties of* Southampton, Wilts, *and* Somerset, *he disguised himself, and enter'd their Camp, to reconnoitre their Strength, Manner of Incamping, &c. And having seen and learnt all he desir'd, he return'd to his own Soldiers; and leading them on, they fell unawares upon the* Danes, *and for that Fear drove 'em out of the Kingdom. If he could do this, we may reasonably suppose, that in Time of Peace, he could venture himself amongst his own Subjects, especially considering how much he was belov'd by them all, and how little Risque he ran amongst them; for he was a just, wise, and pious Prince, of a very liberal Education; Endowments uncommon in those early Days. And besides the Arts of War and Government, he understood several of the Sciences; and, amongst other, Musick and Poetry to a Perfection. His Works of Piety were many; but, in particular, we are indebted to him for the Foundation of the University of Oxford: And notwithstanding the petty Cavils and Criticisms of some Antiquarians, the Members of* University-College *still re-*

*turn Thanks for him, as their Founder. This Prince was the Fourth Son of King* Egbert, *of the Saxon Line: His Three Elder Brothers reign'd succeſſively before him; but all dying without Iſſue, he at length inherited the Crown, reign'd Nine and Twenty Years, died in the Year* 901, *and was buried at* Winchester. *I have nothing more to add, than that I think this Song one of the beſt Paſtorals that ever was written in the* Engliſh *Tongue. I will not ſay, that our Poet had read the Story of* Baucis *and* Philemon; *but thus much I dare aſſert, That in the Deſcription of the Shepherd and his Wife's Manner of Living, their Fare on better Days, &c. he truly comes up to the Spirit of* Ovid, *and does not fall ſhort of* Theocritus *in Simplicity, and a natural Way of expreſſing every Thing in Words becoming a Paſtoral Song.*

IN Elder Time there was of Yore,
When Gibes of churliſh Glee
Were us'd among our Country Carls,
Tho' no ſuch Thing now be.
The which King *Alfred* liking well,
Forſook his ſtately Court,
And in Diſguiſe unknown went forth,
To ſee that jovial Sport.

How *Dick* and *Tom*, in clouted Shoon,
And Coats of Ruſſet Grey,
Eſteem'd themſelves more brave than them
That went in Golden Ray.

In

In Garments fit for ſuch a Life
The good King *Alfred* went,
Ragged and torn as from his Back
The Beggar his Cloaths had rent.

A Sword and Buckler good and ſtrong,
To give Jack Sauce a Rap;
And on his Head, inſtead of a Crown,
He wore a *Monmouth* Cap.

Thus coaſting thorough *Somerſetſhire*,
Near *Newton-Court* he met
A Shepherd Swain of luſty Limb,
That up and down did jet:

He wore a Bonnet of good Grey,
Cloſe-button'd to his Chin;
And at his Back a Leather Scrip,
With much good Meat therein.

God ſpeed, good Shepherd, quoth the King;
I come to be thy Gueſt,
To taſte of thy good Victuals here,
And Drink that's of the beſt:

Thy Scrip, I know, hath Cheer good Store:
What then, the Shepherd ſaid?
Thou ſeem'ſt to be ſome ſturdy Thief,
And mak'ſt me ſore afraid:

Yet if thou wilt thy Dinner win,
Thy Sword and Buckler take;
And, if thou can'ſt, into my Scrip
Therewith an Entrance make,

I tell thee, Roiſter, it hath Store
Of Beef and Bacon fat,
With Sheaves of Barley-Bread, to make
Thy Chaps to water at:

Here ſtands my Bottle, here my Bag,
If thou can'ſt win them, Roiſter;
Againſt thy Sword and Buckler here,
My Sheep-hook is my Maſter.

Bene-

*Benedicite*, quoth our good King;
It never ſhall be ſaid,
That *Alfred* of the Shepherd's Hook
Will ſtand a whit afraid.
So ſoundly thus they both fell to't,
And giving Bang for Bang;
At ev'ry Blow the Shepherd gave,
King *Alfred*'s Sword cry'd Twang.

His Buckler prov'd his chiefeſt Fence;
For ſtill the Shepherd's Hook
Was that the which King *Alfred* could
In no good manner brook.
At laſt, when they had fought Four Hours,
And it grew juſt Mid-day,
And weary'd, both, with right good Will
Deſir'd each other's Stay:

A Truce I crave, quoth *Alfred* then;
Good Shepherd, hold thy Hand;
A ſturdier Fellow than thy ſelf
Lives not within the Land:
Nor a luſtier Roiſter than thou art,
The churliſh Shepherd ſaid:
To tell thee plain, thy Thieviſh Look
Now makes my Heart afraid.

Elſe ſure thou art ſome Prodigal,
Which haſt conſum'd thy Store,
And now com'ſt wand'ring in this Place,
To rob and ſteal for more.
Deem not of me then, quoth our King,
Good Shepherd, in this ſort;
A Gentleman well known I am
In good King *Alfred*'s Court.

The Devil thou art, the Shepherd ſaid;
Thou go'ſt in Rags all torn;
Thou rather ſeem'ſt, I think, to be
Some Beggar baſely born:

But

But if thou wilt mend thy Eſtate,
And here a Shepherd be;
At Night, to *Gillian*, my ſweet Wife,
Thou ſhalt go Home with me:

For ſhe's as good a toothleſs Dame,
As mumbleth on brown Bread;
Where thou ſhalt lye in hurden Sheets,
Upon a freſh Straw Bed.
Of Whig and Whey we have good Store,
And keep good Peaſe-ſtraw Fire;
And now and then good Barley Cakes,
As better Days require.

But for my Maſter, which is Chief,
And Lord of *Newton-Courts*,
He keeps, I ſay, his Shepherd Swains
In far more braver Sort;
We there have Curds and cloured Cream,
Of Red Cow's Morning Milk;
And now and then fine butter'd Cakes,
As ſoft as any Silk.

Of Beef and reiſed Bacon ſtore,
That is moſt fat and greaſy,
We have likewiſe, to feed our Chaps,
And make them glib and eaſy.
Thus if thou wilt my Man become,
This Uſage thou ſhalt have;
If not, adieu; go hang thy ſelf;
And ſo farewel, Sir *Knave*.

King *Alfred* hearing of this Glee,
The churliſh Shepherd ſaid,
Was well content to be his Man;
So they a Bargain made.
A Penny round the Shepherd gave,
In Earneſt of this Match,
To keep his Sheep in Field and Fold,
As Shepherds uſe to watch.

His

His Wages ſhall be full Ten Groats,
For Service of a Year:
Yet was it not his Uſe, old Lad,
To hire a Man ſo dear:
For did the King himſelf, quoth he,
Unto my Cottage come,
He ſhould not, for a Twelve-Month's Pay,
Receive a greater Sum.

Hereat the bonny King grew blithe,
To hear the clownish Jeſt;
How ſilly Sots, as Cuſtom is,
Do deſcant at the beſt.
But not to ſpoil the fooliſh Sport,
He was content, good King,
To fit the Shepherd's Humour right
In ev'ry kind of Thing.

A Sheep-hook then, with *Patch* his Dog,
And Tar-box by his Side;
He, with his Maſter, Cheek by Joll,
Unto old *Gillian* hy'd.
Into whoſe Sight no ſooner come,
Whom have you here, quoth ſhe?
A Fellow, I doubt, will cut our Throats;
So like a Knave looks he.

Not ſo, old Dame, quoth *Alfred* ſtraight,
Of me you need not fear;
My Maſter hir'd me for Ten Groats,
To ſerve you one whole Year:
So, good Dame *Gillian*, grant me Leave
Within your Houſe to ſtay;
For, by St. *Anne*, do what you can,
I will not yet away.

Her churliſh Uſage pleas'd him ſtill,
And put him to ſuch Proof,
That he at Night was almoſt choak'd
Within that ſmoaky Roof:

But as he ſat with ſmiling Cheer,
The Event of all to ſee,
His Dame brought forth a Piece of Dough,
Which in the Fire throws ſhe.

Where lying on the Hearth to bake,
By chance, the Cake did burn:
What, can'ſt thou not, thou Lout, (quoth ſhe)
Take pains the ſame to turn?

Thou art more quick to take it out,
And eat it up half Dough,
Than thus to ſtay till 't be enough,
And ſo thy Manners ſhow.

But ſerve me ſuch another Trick,
I'll thwack thee on the Snout:
Which made the patient King, good Man,
Of her to ſtand in doubt.

But, to be brief, to Bed they went,
The old Man and his Wife,
But never ſuch a Lodging had
King *Alfred* in his Life.

For he was laid in white Sheep's Wool,
New pull'd from tanned Fells;
And o're his Head hang'd Spiders Webs,
As if they had been Bells.

Is this the Country Guiſe, thought he?
Then here I will not ſtay,
But hence be gone, as ſoon as breaks
The Peeping of next Day.

The cackling Hens and Geese kept roost,
And perched at his Side;
Where, at the laſt, the watchful Cock
Made known the Morning Tide:

Then up got *Alfred*, with his Horn,
And blew ſo long a Blaſt,
That it made *Gillian* and her Groom,
In Bed, full ſore aghaſt.

Ariſe, quoth ſhe, we are undone;
This Night we lodged have,
At unawares, within our Houſe,
A falſe diſſembling Knave:
Riſe, Husband, riſe; he'll cut our Throats;
He calleth for his Mates:
I'd give, Old *Will*, our good Cade Lamb,
He would depart our Gates.

But ſtill King *Alfred* blew his Horn
Before them, more and more;
Till that an Hundred Lords and Knights
All lighted at the Door:
Who cry'd, All hail, all hail, good King;
Long have we ſought your Grace.
And here you find (my merry Men all)
Your Sov'reign in this Place.

We ſurely muſt be hang'd up both,
Old *Gillian*, I much fear,
The Shepherd ſaid, for uſing thus
Our good King *Alfred* here.
O Pardon, my Liege, quoth *Gillian* then,
For my Husband, and for me:
By theſe Ten Bones, I never thought
The ſame that now I ſee.

And, by my Hook, the Shepherd ſaid,
(An Oath both good and true)
Before this Time, O Noble King,
I ne're your Highneſs knew:
Then pardon me, and my old Wife,
That we may after ſay,
When firſt you came into our Houſe
It was a Happy Day.

It ſhall be done, ſaid *Alfred*, ſtraight;
And *Gillian*, thy old Dame,
For this her churliſh uſing me
Deſerveth not much Blame:

For 'tis thy Country Guiſe, I ſee,
To be thus bluntiſh ſtill;
And where the plaineſt Meaning is,
Remains the ſmalleſt Ill.
And, Maſter, lo I tell thee now,
For thy late Manhood ſhown,
A Thouſand Wethers I'll beſtow
Upon thee, for thy own;
And Paſture-Ground, as much as will
Suffice to feed them all:
And this thy Cottage I will change
Into a ſtately Hall,
And for the ſame, as Duty binds,
The Shepherd ſaid, Good King,
A Milk-white Lamb, once ev'ry Year,
I'll to your Highneſs bring:
And *Gilliar*, my Wife, likewiſe,
Of Wool to make you Coats,
Will give you as much at *New-Year*'s Tide,
As ſhall be worth Ten Groats:
And in your Praiſe, my Bag-pipes ſhall
Sound ſweetly once a Year,
How *Alfred*, our renowned King,
Moſt kindly hath been here.
Thanks, Shepherd, Thanks, quoth he again:
The next Time I come hither,
My Lords with me, here in this Houſe,
Will all be merry together.

## VIII. A pleaſant Ballad of King *Henry* the IId, and the Miller of *Mansfield*: Shewing how he was Entertain'd and Lodg'd at the Miller's Houſe.

To the Tune of *The French Levalto*, &c.

*The following Song is grounded upon a Story much of the ſame Nature as the former; ſave that, in this, King* Henry's *wandering was accidental; in the other, King* Alfred's *was deſign'd. Both our Poets, I believe, had an Intent to hint at the Hoſpitality uſed here in Days of Old, common to the* Engliſh *in general, now confin'd to Ruſticks only. But as I have nothing to ſay directly to the Fact of this Ballad, I ſhall forbear troubling my Reader with a long and impertinent Introduction. But, to be before-hand with Criticks, I ſhall juſt obſerve, That the Poetry of this Song is none of the ſmootheſt, or moſt regular. However, thoſe who are diſpleas'd with it, may find ſome Amends in the Thoughts, at leaſt, if they are capable of reliſhing Sentiments and Diction truly ruſtick in every Point, without the leaſt Diſguiſe, or Covering of Art.*

HEnry, our Royal King, would ride a hunting,
To the green Foreſt, ſo pleaſant and fair;
To have the Hart chaſed, and dainty Does tripping;
Unto merry *Sherwood* his Nobles repair:

Hawk and Hound was unbound, all Things prepar'd
For the fame, to the Game, with good Regard.

All a long Summer's Day, rode the King pleasantly,
With all his Princes and Nobles each one;
Chasing the Hart and Hind, and the Buck gallantly,
Till the dark Evening forc'd him to turn home.
Then at the last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his Lords in the Wood, late in a dark Night.

Wand'ring thus warily, all alone, up and down,
With a rude Miller he met with at last;
Asking the ready Way unto fair *Nottingham*?
Sir, quoth the Miller, your Way you have lost:
Yet I think, what I think, Truth for to say,
You do not likely ride out of your Way.

Why, what dost thou think of me? quoth our King merrily,
Passing thy Judgment upon me so brief:
Good faith, said the Miller, I mean not to flatter thee;
I guess thee to be some Gentleman Thief:
Stand thee back, in the dark; light thee not down,
Lest that I presently crack thy Knave's Crown.

Thou hast abus'd me much, quoth the King, saying thus;
I am a Gentleman, and Lodging I lack.
Thou hast not, quoth the Miller, one Groat in thy Purse;
All thy Inheritance hangs on thy Back.
I have Gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be Forty Pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true Man, then quoth the Miller,
I swear by my Toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all Night.
Here's my Hand, quoth the King, that I was ever.
Nay, soft, quoth the Miller, thou may'st be a Spright:
Better I'll know thee, e're Hands I will take;
With none but honest Men, Hands will I shake.

Thus they went all along unto the Miller's House,
Where they were seething of Puddings and Souse:
The Miller first enter'd in, then after him the King;
Never came he in so smoaky a House.
Now (quoth he) let me see here what you are?
Quoth our King, look your Fill, and do not spare.

I like thy Countenance, thou hast an honest Face;
With my Son *Richard* this Night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his Wife, By my Troth, it is a handsome Youth;
Yet it is best, Husband, for to deal warily:
Art thou not a Run-away, prithee Youth tell?
Shew me thy Passport, and all shall be well.

Then our King presently, making low Courtesy,
With his Hat in his Hand, thus did he say:
I have no Passport, nor ever was Servitor,
But a poor Courtier, rode out of my way:
And for your Kindness here offered me,
I will requite it in every Degree.

Then to the Miller his Wife whisper'd secretly,
Saying, It seems, this Youth's of good Kin,
Both by his Apparel, and eke by his Manners;
To turn him out, certainly 'twere a great Sin.

Hawk and Hound was unbound, all Things prepar'd
For the ſame, to the Game, with good Regard.

All a long Summer's Day, rode the King pleaſantly,
With all his Princes and Nobles each one;
Chaſing the Hart and Hind, and the Buck gallantly,
Till the dark Evening forc'd him to turn home.
Then at the laſt, riding faſt, he had loſt quite
All his Lords in the Wood, late in a dark Night.

Wand'ring thus warily, all alone, up and down,
With a rude Miller he met with at laſt;
Aſking the ready Way unto fair *Nottingham*?
Sir, quoth the Miller, your Way you have loſt:
Yet I think, what I think, Truth for to ſay,
You do not likely ride out of your Way.

Why, what doſt thou think of me? quoth our King merrily,
Paſſing thy Judgment upon me ſo brief:
Good faith, ſaid the Miller, I mean not to flatter thee;
I gueſs thee to be ſome Gentleman Thief:
Stand thee back, in the dark; light thee not down,
Leſt that I preſently crack thy Knave's Crown.

Thou haſt abus'd me much, quoth the King, ſaying thus;
I am a Gentleman, and Lodging I lack.
Thou haſt not, quoth the Miller, one Groat in thy Purſe;
All thy Inheritance hangs on thy Back.
I have Gold to diſcharge all that I call;
If it be Forty Pence, I will pay all.

If thou beeſt a true Man, then quoth the Miller,
I ſwear by my Toll-diſh, I'll lodge thee all Night.
Here's my Hand, quoth the King, that I was ever.
Nay, ſoft, quoth the Miller, thou may'ſt be a Spright:
Better I'll know thee, e're Hands I will take;
With none but honeſt Men, Hands will I ſhake.

Thus they went all along unto the Miller's Houſe,
Where they were ſeething of Puddings and Souſe:
The Miller firſt enter'd in, then after him the King;
Never came he in ſo ſmoaky a Houſe.
Now (quoth he) let me ſee here what you are?
Quoth our King, look your Fill, and do not ſpare.

I like thy Countenance, thou haſt an honeſt Face;
With my Son *Richard* this Night thou ſhalt lye.
Quoth his Wife, By my Troth, it is a handſome Youth;
Yet it is beſt, Husband, for to deal warily:
Art thou not a Run-away, prithee Youth tell?
Shew me thy Paſſport, and all ſhall be well.

Then our King preſently, making low Courtely,
With his Hat in his Hand, thus did he ſay:
I have no Paſſport, nor ever was Servitor;
But a poor Courtier, rode out of my way:
And for your Kindneſs here offered me,
I will requite it in every Degree.

Then to the Miller his Wife whiſper'd ſecretly,
Saying, It ſeems, this Youth is of good Kin;
Both by his Apparel, and eke by his Manners;
To turn him out, certainly 'twere a great Sin.

Yea, quoth he, you may ſee he hath ſome Grace,
When he doth ſpeak to his Betters in Place.

Well, quoth the Miller's Wife, young Man, welcome here;
And, tho' I ſay it, well lodg'd ſhalt thou be:
Freſh Straw I will have, laid on thy Bed ſo brave,
Good brown hempen Sheets likewiſe, quoth ſhe.
Ay, quoth the good Man; and when that is done,
You ſhall lye with no worſe than our own Son.

Nay, firſt, quoth *Richard*, Good-Fellow, tell me true;
Haſt thou no Creepers within thy gay Hoſe?
Or art thou not troubled with the *Scabbado*?
I pray, quoth the King, what Things are thoſe?
Art thou not lowſy, nor ſcabby, quoth he?
If thou beeſt, ſurely thou ly'ſt not with me.

This caus'd the King ſuddenly, to laugh moſt heartily,
Till the Tears trickled down from his Eyes.
Then to their Supper were they ſet orderly,
With a hot Bag-Pudding, and good Apple-Pies;
Nappy Ale, good and ſtale, in a brown Bowl,
Which did about the Board merrily rowl.

Here, quoth the Miller, Good Fellow, I'll drink to thee,
And to all the C——ls, where-ever they be.
I'll pledge you, quoth our King, and thank you heartily,
For your good Welcome in every Degree.
And here, in like manner, I'll drink to your Son:
Do ſo, quoth *Richard*; but quick let it come.

Wife, quoth the Miller, fetch me forth Light-foot,
That we of his Sweetneſs a little may taſte:
A fair Ven'ſon Paſty, then brought ſhe forth preſently;
Eat, quoth the Miller; but, Sir, make no waſte.
Here's dainty Light-foot, i' faith, ſaid our King;
I never before did eat ſo dainty a Thing.

I wis (quoth *Richard*) no Dainty at all it is,
For we do eat of it every Day.
In what Place (ſaid our King) may be bought like unto this?
We never pay Penny for it by fay:
From merry *Sherwood* we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our King's Deer.

Then I think (ſaid our King) that it is Veniſon.
Each Fool, quoth *Richard*, full well may ſee that:
Never are we without Two or Three under the Roof,
Very well fleſhed, and excellent fat:
But, prithee, ſay nothing where-ever you go;
We would not, for Two-pence, the King ſhould it know.

Doubt not, then ſaid the King, my promis'd Secreſy;
The King ſhall never know more on't for me.
A Cup of Lamb's-wool they drank unto him then,
And to their Beds they paſs'd preſently.
The Nobles, next Morning, went all up and down,
For to ſeek out the King in every Town:

At last, at the Miller's House, soon they espy'd him plain,
As he was mounting upon his fair Steed;
To whom they came presently, falling upon their Knee;
Which made the Miller's Heart wofully bleed:
Shaking and quaking, before them he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the Rood.

The King perceiving him fearful and trembling,
Drew forth his Sword, and nothing he said:
The Miller down did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the King would cut off his Head:
But his kind Courtesy for to requite,
Gave him a Living, and made him a Knight.

## The Second Part of the King and the Miller.

WHen as our Royal King came Home from *Nottingham*,
And with his Nobles at *Westminster* lay;
Recounting the Sports and Pastimes they had ta'en,
In this late Progress along by the way;

Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The Miller of *Mansfield*'s Sport liked him best.

And now, my Lords, quoth the King, I am determined,
Against St. *George*'s next sumptuous Feast,
That this old Miller, our last confirm'd Knight,
With his Son *Richard*, shall both be my Guests:
For in this Merriment, 'tis my Desire
To talk with the jolly Knight, and the young Squire.

When as the Lords saw the King's Pleasantness,
They were right joyful and glad in their Hearts;
A Pursuivant there was sent streight on the Business,
The which had oftentimes been in those Parts.
When he came to the place where he did dwell,
His Message orderly then he did tell.

God save your Worship, then said the Messenger,
And grant your Lady her Heart's Desire;
And to your Son *Richard* good Fortune and Happiness;
That sweet young Gentleman, and gallant young Squire.
Our King greets you all, and thus doth say,
You must come to the Court on St. *George*'s Day;
Therefore, in any Case, fail not to be in Place.

I wis, quoth the Miller, this is an odd Jest;
What should we do there? Faith, I am half afraid;
I doubt (quoth *Richard*) be hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the Messenger, you do mistake;
Our King he provides a great Feast for your Sake.

Then

Then ſaid the Miller, Now by troth, Meſſenger,
Thou haſt contented my Worſhip full well:
Hold, here's Three Farthings, to quit thy great Gentleneſs,
For theſe happy Tidings which thou doſt me tell.
Let me ſee, here's to thee; tell to our King,
We'll wait on his Maſterſhip in every Thing.

The Purſuivant ſmiled at their Simplicity,
And making many Legs, took their Reward:
And taking then his Leave with great Humility,
To the King's Court again he repair'd;
Shewing unto his Grace, in each Degree,
The Knight's moſt liberal Gift and Bounty.

When he was gone away, thus did the Miller ſay,
Here come Expences and Charges indeed;
Now we muſt needs be brave, tho' we ſpend all we have;
For of new Garments we have great Need,
Of Horſes and Serving-Men we muſt have Store,
With Bridles and Saddles, and Twenty Things more.

Tuſh, Sir *John*, quoth his Wife, never fret nor frown;
You ſhall be at no more Charges for me,
For I will turn and trim up my old Ruſſet Gown,
With every Thing as fine as may be;
And on our Mill Horſes full ſwift we will ride,
With Pillows and Pannels as we ſhall provide.

If

In this most stately Sort, rode they unto the Court,
Their jolly Son *Richard* foremost of all;
Who set up by good Hap, a Cock's Feather in his Cap,
And so they jetted down towards the King's Hall:
The merry old Miller, with his Hands on his Side;
His Wife, like Maid *Marain*, did mince at that Tide.

The King and his Nobles, that heard of his coming,
Meeting this gallant Knight, with his brave Train;
Welcome, Sir Knight, quoth he, with this your gay Lady;
Good Sir *John Cockle*, once welcome again:
And so is the Squire, of Courage so free.
Quoth *Dick*, Abots on you; do you know me?

Quoth our King gently, How should I forget thee?
Thou wast my own Bed-fellow, well that I wot:
But I think of a Trick, tell me that, prithee *Dick*,
How thou with Farting didst make the Bed hot?
Thou whore-son happy Knave, then quoth the Knight,
Speak cleanly to our King, or else go sh- te.

The King and his Courtiers heartily laugh at this,
While the King took them both by the Hand;
With Ladies and their Maids, like to the Queen of Spades,
The Miller's Wife did so orderly stand;
A Milk-

A Milk-Maid's Curtesy at every Word;
And down the Folks were set at the Side-board:

Where the King royally, in Princely Majesty,
Sat at his Dinner with Joy and Delight:
When they had eaten well, to jesting then they fell,
And the King then drank to the Knight
Here's to you both, he said, in Wine, Ale and Beer;
Thanking you all for your Country Cheer.

Quoth Sir *John Cockle*, I'll pledge you a Pottle,
Were it the best Ale in *Nottinghamshire*:
But then said our King, I do think of a Thing;
Some of your Light-foot I would we had here.
Ho, ho, quoth *Richard*, full well I might say it,
'Tis Knavery to eat it, and then to betray it.
Why, art thou angry? quoth our King merrily;
In faith, I take it very unkind:
I thought thou would'st pledge me in Ale and Wine here,
You're like to say, quoth Dick, till I have di'n'd:
You feed us with swatling Dishes so small;
Zoods, a Black-pudding is better than all.

Ay, marry, quoth our King, that were a dainty Thing,
If a Man could get one here for to eat.
With that Dick arose, and pluck'd one out of his Hose,
Which with Heat of his Breech began for to sweat.

The

A Milk-

The King made a Proffer to ſnatch it away:
'Tis Meat for your Maſter; good Sir, you muſt ſtay.

Thus in great Merriment, was the Time wholly ſpent;
And then the Ladies prepared to dance:
Old Sir *John Cockle*, and *Richard*, incontinent
Unto this Practice the King did advance:
Here with the Ladies ſuch Sport they did make,
The Nobles with laughing did make their Sides ake.

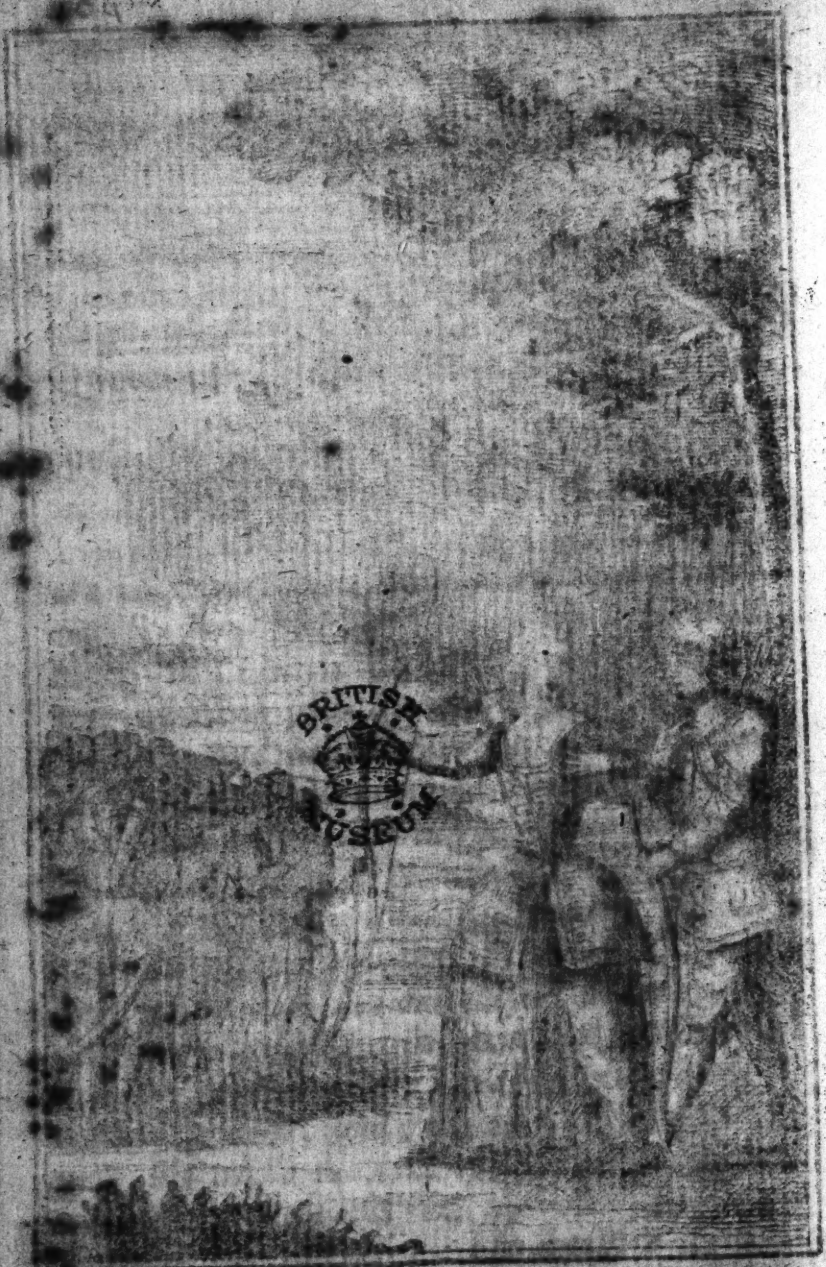
Many Thanks for their Pains did the King give them,
Asking young *Richard*, if he would wed;
Among theſe Ladies free, tell me which likeſt thee?
Quoth he, *Fugg Crumbel*, with the red Head:
She's my Love, ſhe's my Life, ſhe will I wed;
She hath ſworn I ſhall have her Maiden-head.

Then Sir *John Cockle* the King call'd unto him,
And of merry *Sherwood* made him Overſeer;
And gave him out of hand Three Hundred Pound yearly;
And now take heed you ſteal no more of my Deer:
And once a Quarter let's here have your View;
And thus, Sir *John Cockle*, I bid you adieu.

## IX. The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of *Robin Hood*, with *Clorinda*, Queen of *Titbury* Feast:

Supposed to be related by the Fiddler, who play'd at their Wedding.

*There is scarce any Story so little known, for one so very popular, as that of* Robin Hood *and* Little John. *Numbers there are, who look upon all that is said of 'em as fabulous, and believe 'em (like the Heroes and Gods of* Homer *and* Ovid) *to have existed no where, but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion only of a few unthinking People: I have often heard it asserted by Men of good Sense; but that they are grossly mistaken, is very certain. For when* Richard *the First, transported with Zeal, blindly sacrific'd every Thing to it, and ruin'd himself, and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a War against the* Infidels *in the* Holy Land, *where he went in Person: The intestine Troubles of* England *were very great at that Time;*


BRITISH MUSEUM

Time; and even John, the King's Brother, caball'd to dethrone him, and to take Poſſeſſion of his Kingdom; this was an Opportunity, which the Out-laws and Banditti would by no means neglect; and England was every where infeſted with Thieves and Robbers. But amongſt theſe, none made ſo conſiderable a Figure as Robin Hood; who, as our Hiſtorians aſſure us, chiefly reſided in Yorkſhire; but who, if we may give any Credit to moſt of our Old Songs, was very converſant in the County of Nottingham. Beſides Little John, he had a Hundred Bow-men in his Retinue. But none but the Rich ſtood in awe of him: So far from ſpoiling the Poor, he did them all the good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he ſeldom abus'd thoſe he robb'd; and never offer'd to ſtop, or riſle any Woman. It is not very poſitively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Hiſtorians is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for ſome conſiderable Service done his Country in War: But having riotouſly ſpent his Eſtate, he took to that Way of Living; rather chuſing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any body for his Bread. Hubert, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Chief Juſticiary of England, endeavouring all he could

to

to suppress these Robbers and Out-laws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of Robin Hood; and several Stratagems were made use of to apprehend him: But all their Attempts prov'd fruitless. Force he repell'd by Force, and Art by Cunning: Till at length falling sick, he went (in order to be the better taken care of) to Birkleys, a Nunnery in Yorkshire; where he desir'd to be let blood: But the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it prov'd a great Temptation to some who knew him; by whom he was betray'd, and instead of bleeding as he desir'd, he was blooded to Death, about the latter End of the Year 1193, or the Beginning of the following Year. As to the Song it self, I think I need not say any Thing in Commendation of it; being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant, written on that Subject. One Thing we must observe in reading it; and that is, between some of the Stanza's we must suppose a considerable Time to pass. Clorinda might be thought a very forward Girl, if, between Robin Hood's Question and her Answer, we did not suppose Two or Three Hours to have been spent in Courtship. And between Robin Hood's being entertain'd at Gamwell-Hall, and his having Ninety three Bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some Years. I know not how our Criticks will relish this; but

*but I would have 'em remember, that our Poets of old ſcorn'd to curb the Poetick Fire, to give way to dull Rules. They had no tedious Comments upon* Ariſtotle *to conſult; no* Boſſu's *nor* D-nn-s *to guide 'em, or, at leaſt, they had too much Senſe to be guided by them. Their Works were the firſt Flight of a lively Imagination; and Poets were look'd upon like other* Engliſhmen, *born to live and write with Freedom.*

KInd Gentlemen, will you be patient a while?
Ay, and then you ſhall hear anon
A very good Ballad of bold *Robin Hood*,
And of his Man, brave Little *John*.

In *Lockſly* Town, in merry *Nottinghamſhire*,
In merry ſweet *Lockſly* Town;
There bold *Robin Hood* he was born and was bred,
Bold *Robin* of famous Renown.

The Father of *Robin* a Foreſter was,
And he ſhot in a luſty long Bow,
Two *North* Country Miles and an Inch at a Shot,
As the *Finder* of *Wakefield* does know.

For he brought *Adam Bell*, and *Clim of the Clugh*,
And *William a Cloudeſle*,
To ſhoot with our Foreſter for Forty Mark,
And the Foreſter beat them all Three.

His Mother was Niece to the *Coventry* Knight,
Which *Warwickſhire* Men call Sir Guy,
For he ſlew the blue Boar that hangs up at the
Or mine Hoſt of the *Bull* tells a Lye. [Gate,

Her

Her Brother was *Gamwel*, of Great *Gamwel-Hall*,
And a Noble House-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet *Nottinghamshire*,
And a 'Squire of famous Degree.

The Mother of *Robin* said to her Husband,
My Honey, my Love, and my Dear;
Let *Robin* and I ride this Morning to *Gamwel*,
To taste of my Brother's good Cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle *Joan*;
Take one of my Horses, I pray:
The Sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,
For To-morrow is *Christmas* Day.

Then *Robin Hood*'s Father's grey Gelding was brought,
And saddl'd and bridl'd was he;
God wot, a blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,
And a Cloak that did reach to his Knee.

She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown,
They were of a light *Lincoln* Green;
The Cloth was home-spun, but for Colour and Make,
It might have beseem'd our Queen.

And then *Robin* got on his basket-hilt Sword,
And a Dagger on his t'other Side;
And said, My dear Mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have Forty long Miles to ride.

When *Robin* had mounted his Gelding so grey,
His Father, without any Trouble,
Set her up behind him; and bad her not fear,
For his Gelding had oft carry'd double.

And when she was settl'd, they rode to their Neighbours,
And drank, and shook Hands with them all:
And then *Robin* gallop'd, and never gave o're
Till they lighted at *Gamwel-Hall*.

And

And now you may think the right worſhipful 'Squire
Was joyful his ſiſter to ſee;
For he kiſs'd her, and kiſs'd her, and ſwore a great Oath,
Thou art welcome, kind Siſter, to me.

The Morrow, when Maſs had been ſaid in the Chapel,
Six Tables were cover'd in the Hall;
And in comes the 'Squire, and makes a ſhort Speech;
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

But not a Man here, ſhall taſte my *March* Beer,
Till a *Chriſtmas*-Carol he does ſing:
Then all clapt their Hands, and they ſhouted and ſung,
Till the Hall and the Parlour did ring.

Now Muſtard's Braun, Roaſt-Beef and Plumb-Pies,
Were ſet upon every Table;
And Noble *George Gamwel* ſaid, Eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

When Dinner was ended, his Chaplain ſaid Grace;
And, Be merry, my Friends, ſaid the 'Squire:
It rains, and it blows; but call for more Ale,
And lay ſome more Wood on the Fire.

And now call ye Little *John* hither to me;
For Little *John* is a fine Lad
At Gambols, and Juggling, and Twenty ſuch Tricks,
As ſhall make you both merry and glad.

When Little *John* came, to Gambols they went,
Both Gentlemen, Yeomen, and Clown;
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold *Robin Hood* put them all down.

And

And now you may think the right worshipful Squire
Was joyful this Sight for to see;
For he said, Cousin Robin, Thou'lt go no more
But tarry, and dwell here with me.

Thou shalt have my Land when I dye; and till
Thou shalt be the Staff of my Age.
Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, said *Robin*,
That Little *John* may be my Page.

And he said, Kind Cousin, I grant thee thy Boon;
With all my Heart, so let it be;
Then come hither, Little *John*, said *Robin Hood*;
Come hither, my Page, unto me.

Go fetch me my Bow, my longest long Bow,
And broad Arrows, one, two, or three;
For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into *Sherwood*,
Some merry Pastime to see.

When *Robin Hood* came into merry *Sherwood*,
He winded his Bugle so clear;
And twice Five and twenty good Yeomen and bold,
Before *Robin Hood* did appear.

Where are your Companions all, said *Robin Hood*?
For still I want Forty and three:
Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under a green Wood Tree.

As that Word was spoke, *Clorinda* came by;
The Queen of the Shepherds was she;
And her Gown was of Velvet, as green as the Grass,
And her Buskin did reach to her Knee.

Her Gait it was graceful, her Body was strait,
And her Countenance free from Pride;
A Bow in her Hand, a Quiver and Arrows
Hung dangling by her sweet Side.

Her

Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her Hair,
And her Skin was as smooth as Glass;
Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Modesty too,
Sets with *Robin Hood* such a Lass.

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, whither away?
Oh whither, fair Lady, away?
And she made him Answer, To kill a fat Buck;
For To-morrow is *Tithury* Day.

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, wander with me
A little to yander green Bow'r;
There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a Brace, or a Lease, in an Hour.

And as we were going towards the green Bow'r,
Two Hundred good Bucks we espy'd;
She chose out the fattest that was in the Herd,
And she shot him thro side and side.

By the Faith of my Body, said bold *Robin Hood*,
I never saw Woman like thee;
And com'st thou from *East*, ay, or com'st thou from *West*,
Thou need'st not beg Ven'son of me.

However, along to my Bow'r you shall go,
And taste of a Forester's Meat;
And when we came thither, we found as good Cheer,
As any Man needs for to eat.

For there was hot Ven'son, and Warden Pies cold,
Cream clouted, and Honey-combs plenty;
And the Servitors they were, beside Little *John*,
Good Yeomen at least Four and twenty.

*Clorinda* said, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir?
And he said, 'Tis bold *Robin Hood*:
'Squire *Gamwel*'s mine Uncle; but all my Delight
Is to dwell in the merry *Sherwood*;

For

For 'tis a fine Life, and 'tis void of all Strife:
So 'tis, Sir, *Clorinda* reply'd.
But oh, said bold *Robin*, how sweet would it be,
If *Clorinda* would be my Bride!

She blush'd at the Motion, yet, after a Pause,
Said, Yes, Sir, and with all my Heart.
Then let us send for a Priest, said *Robin Hood*,
And be merry before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so, gentle Sir;
For I must be at *Tibbury* Feast:
And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,
I'll make him the most welcome Guest.

Said *Robin Hood*, Reach me that Buck, Little *John*,
For I'll go along with my Dear:
And bid my Yeomen kill Six Brace of Bucks,
And meet me To-morrow just here.

Before he had ridden Five *Staffordshire* Miles,
Eight Yeomen, that were too bold,
Bid *Robin Hood* stand, and deliver his Buck;
A truer Tale never was told.

I will not, faith, said bold *Robin*: Come, *John*,
Stand to me, and we'll beat 'em all:
Then both drew their Swords, and so cut 'em and slash'd 'em,
That Five of the Eight did fall.

The Three that remain'd, call'd to *Robin* for Quarter,
And pitiful *John* begg'd their Lives:
When *John*'s Boon was granted, he gave them good Counsel,
And so sent them home to their Wives.

This

This Battel was fought near to *Tilbury* Town,
When the Bag-pipes baited the Bull:
I am King of the Fiddlers, and ſwear 'tis a Truth;
And I call him that doubts it, a Gull.

For I ſaw them fighting, and fiddled the while;
And *Clorinda* ſung, 'Hey *derry down*!
'The Bumpkins are beaten; Put up thy Sword,
'And now let's dance into the Town. [*Bob*;

Before we came to it, we heard a ſtrange Shout-
And all that were in it look'd madly; [ing,
For ſome were a Bull-back, ſome dancing a Mor-
And ſome ſinging *Arthur a Bradley*. [ris,

And there we ſaw *Thomas*, our Juſtice's Clerk,
And *Mary*, to whom he was kind:
For *Tom* rode before her, and call'd *Mary* Madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind.

And ſo may your Worſhips. But we went to Din-
With *Thomas*, and *Mary*, and *Nan*: [ner,
They all drank a Health to *Clorinda*, and told her,
Bold *Robin Hood* was a fine Man.

When Dinner was ended, Sir *Roger*, the Parſon
Of *Dubbridge*, was ſent for in Haſte:
He brought his Maſs-Book, and he bad them take Hands;
And he join'd them in Marriage full faſt.

And then, as bold *Robin Hood* and his ſweet Bride
Went Hand in Hand to the green Bow'r;
The Birds ſung with Pleaſure in merry *Sherwood*,
And 'twas a moſt joyful Hour.

And when *Robin* came in Sight of the Bow'r;
Where are my Yeomen, ſaid he?
And Little *John* anſwer'd, Lo yonder they ſtand,
All under the green Wood Tree.

Then a Garland they brought her, by two, and
And plac'd them at the Bride's Head: [by two,
The Muſick ſtruck up, and we all fell to dance,
Till the Bride and the Groom were a-bed.

And what they did there, muſt be Counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next Day;
And I had haſte home: But I got a good Piece
Of the Bride-Cake, and ſo came away.

Now out, alas, I had forgotten to tell ye,
That marry'd they were with a Ring:
And ſo will *Nan Knight*, or be bury'd a Maiden.
And now let us pray for our King;

That He may get Children, and they may get
To govern, and do us ſome good; [more,
And then I'll make Ballads in *Robin Hood*'s Bow'r,
And ſing 'em in merry *Sherwood*.

## X. *Robin Hood*, and Little *John*.

### Being an Account of their first Meeting, their fierce Encounter, and Conquest.

To which is added,

### Their Friendly Agreement; And how he came to be call'd Little *John*.

To the Tune of *Arthur a Bland*.

*Our Poets differ very much about the Manner in which our Two Heroes first became acquainted: But if we reflect a little, we shall easily see, that the Error is in the former Song.* For Robin Hood *begs Little* John *for his Page; tho' the Poet has mention'd no other of his Qualifications, than that he was a fine Lad at* Christmas *Gambols: Whereas it is recorded of this valiant Captain, That he never took any Man into his Service, whose Courage, Skill and Strength, he had not made a Tryal of himself. This seems confirm'd, not only by the Ballad of*

*Little* John, *but by that of* Arthur a Bland, *immediately following it; which I ſhall inſert without any manner of* Introduction. *I think that there is ſomething very humorous in the following Song; eſpecially in the Ceremony of Re-chriſtening Little* John. *Nor does his meeting with* Arthur a Bland, *in the next, and throwing his Staff away as far as he could fling it, when he heard who he was; make a contemptible Figure in Verſe. But I will not dwell on the Beauties of theſe Ballads; not queſtioning but my Readers will eaſily diſcover them.*

WHen *Robin Hood* was about Twenty Years old,
*With a Hey down, down, and a down;*
He happ'n'd to meet Little *John*;
A jolly brisk Blade, right fit for the Trade,
For he was a luſty young Man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his Limbs they were large;
*With a Hey*, &c.
And his Stature was Seven Foot high:
Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his Name,
For ſoon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
*With a Hey*, &c.
If you will but liſten a while;
For this very jeſt, amongſt all the reſt,
I think it may cauſe you to ſmile.

Bold *Robin Hood* ſaid to his jolly Bow-men,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Pray tarry you here in this Grove;
And ſee that you all, obſerve well my Call,
While thorough the Foreſt I rove.

We

We have had no Sport for theſe Fourteen long
*With a Hey*, &c. [Days,
Therefore now abroad will I go:
Now ſhould I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My Horn I will preſently blow.

Then did he make Hands with his merry Men all,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And bid them at preſent good b'w'ye!
Then as near a Brook, his Journey he took,
A Stranger he chanc'd to eſpy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow Bridge,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And neither of them would give Way.
Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, and ſturdily ſtood,
I'll ſhow you right *Nottingham* Play.

With that, from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,
*With a Hey*, &c.
A broad Arrow with a Goose-Wing;
The Stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy Hide,
If thou offer't to touch the String.

Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, Thou doſt prate like an
*With a Hey*, &c. [Aſs,
For were I to bend but my Bow,
I could ſend a Dart, quite thro' thy proud Heart,
Before thou couldſt ſtrike me one Blow.

Thou talk'ſt like a Coward, the Stranger reply'd,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Well arm'd with a long Bow you ſtand,
To ſhoot at my Breaſt; while I, I proteſt,
Have nought but a Staff in my Hand.

The Name of a Coward, quoth *Robin*, I ſcorn;
*With a Hey*, &c.
Wherefore my long Bow I'll lay by:
And now, for thy Sake, a Staff will I take,
The Truth of thy Manhood to try.

Then *Robin Hood* ſtept to a Thicket of Trees,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And choſe him a Staff of Ground Oak:
Now this being done, away he did run,
To the Stranger, and merrily ſpoke:

Lo, ſee my Staff, it is lufty and rough,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Now here on the Bridge we will play:
Whoever falls in, the other ſhall win
The Battel; and ſo we'll away.

With all my whole Heart, the Stranger reply'd,
*With a Hey*, &c.
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out:
This ſaid, they fell to't without more Diſpute;
And their Staffs they did flourish about.

And firſt *Robin* he gave the Stranger a Bang,
*With a Hey*, &c.
So hard, that it made his Bones ring:
The Stranger he ſaid, This muſt be repaid;
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle my Staff,
*With a Hey*, &c.
To die in your Debt, Friend, I ſcorn:
Then to it both goes, and follow'd their Blows,
As if they'd been Threſhing of Corn.

The Stranger gave *Robin* a Crack on the Crown,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Which cauſed the Blood to appear:
Then *Robin* enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his Blows more ſevere:

So thick and ſo faſt did he lay it on him,
*With a Hey*, &c.
With a paſſionate Fury and Ire;
At every Stroke, he made him to ſmoke,
As if he had been all on a fire.

O then into Fury the Stranger he grew,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And gave him a damnable Look;
And with it a Blow, that laid him full low,
And tumbl'd him into the Brook.

I prithee, good Fellow, O where art thou now?
*With a Hey*, &c.
The Stranger, in Laughter, he cry'd:
Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, good Faith, in the Flood,
And floating along with the Tide.

I needs muſt acknowledge thou art a brave Soul,
*With a Hey*, &c.
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs muſt I ſay, thou haſt got the Day,
Our Battel ſhall be at an End.

Then, then to the Bank he did preſently wade,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And pull'd himſelf out by a Thorn:
Which done, at the laſt, he blow'd a loud Blaſt
Straitway on his fine Bugle-Horn.

The Name of a Coward, quoth *Robin*, I ſcorn;
*With a Hey*, &c.
Wherefore my long Bow I'll lay by:
And now, for thy Sake, a Staff will I take,
The Truth of thy Manhood to try.

Then *Robin Hood* ſtept to a Thicket of Trees,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And choſe him a Staff of Ground Oak;
Now this being done, away he did run,
To the Stranger, and merrily ſpoke:

Lo, ſee my Staff, it is lufty and tough;
*With a Hey*, &c.
Now here on the Bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other ſhall win
The Battel; and ſo we'll away.

With all my whole Heart, the Stranger reply'd,
*With a Hey*, &c.
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out:
This ſaid, they fell to't without more Diſpute,
And their Staffs they did flourish about.

And firſt *Robin* he gave the Stranger a Bang,
*With a Hey*, &c.
So hard, that it made his Bones ring;
The Stranger he ſaid, This muſt be repaid;
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle my Staff,
*With a Hey*, &c.
To die in your Debt, Friend, I ſcorn:
Then to it both goes, and follow'd their Blows,
As if they'd been Threſhing of Corn.

The Stranger gave *Robin* a Crack on the Crown,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Which caused the Blood to appear:
Then *Robin* enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his Blows more severe:

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
*With a Hey*, &c.
With a passionate Fury and Ire;
At every Stroke, he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on a fire.

O then into Fury the Stranger he grew,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And gave him a damnable Look;
And with it a Blow, that laid him full low,
And tumbl'd him into the Brook.

I prithee, good Fellow, O where art thou now?
*With a Hey*, &c.
The Stranger, in Laughter, he cry'd:
Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, good Faith, in the Flood,
And floating along with the Tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave Soul,
*With a Hey*, &c.
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the Day,
Our Battel shall be at an End.

Then, then to the Bank he did presently wade,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And pull'd himself out by a Thorn:
Which done, at the last, he blow'd a loud Blast
Straitway on his fine Bugle-Horn.

The Eccho of which thro' the Vallies did fly,
*With a Hey*, &c.
At which his ſtout Bow-men appear'd,
All cloathed in Green, moſt gay to be ſeen;
So up to their Maſter they ſteer'd:

O what's the Matter, quoth *William Stuteley*?
*With a Hey*, &c.
Good Maſter, you are wet to the Skin.
No Matter, quoth he; the Lad which you ſee,
In fighting, hath tumbl'd me in.

He ſhall not go ſcot-free, the others reply'd;
*With a Hey*, &c.
So ſtraight they were ſeizing him there,
To duck him likewiſe: But *Robin Hood* cries,
He is a ſtout Fellow; forbear.

There's no one ſhall wrong thee, Friend, be not afraid;
*With a Hey*, &c.
Theſe Bow-men upon me do wait:
There's Threeſcore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou ſhalt have my Livery ſtrait;

And other Accoutrements fit for a Man;
*With a Hey*, &c.
Speak up, jolly Blade; never fear,
I'll teach you alſo, the Uſe of the Bow,
To ſhoot at the fat Fallow-Deer.

O here is my Hand, the Stranger reply'd,
*With a Hey*, &c.
I'll ſerve you with all my whole Heart:
My Name is *John Little*, a Man of good Mettle;
Ne're doubt me, for I'll play my Part.

His Name ſhall be alter'd, quoth *William Stutely*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And I will his Godfather be:
Prepare then a Feaſt, and none of the leaſt;
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They preſently fetch'd in a Brace of fat Does,
*With a Hey*, &c.
With humming ſtrong Liquor likewiſe:
They lov'd what was good; ſo in the green Wood
This pretty ſweet Babe they baptize.

He was, I muſt tell you, but Seven Foot high,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And may be an Ell in the Waſte:
A pretty ſweet Lad: Much Feaſting they had;
Bold *Robin* the Chriſtning grac'd,

With all his Bow-men, which ſtood in a Ring,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And were of the *Nottingham* Breed:
Brave *Stutely* comes then, with Seven Yeomen,
And did in this Manner proceed:

This Infant was called *John Little*, quoth he;
*With a Hey*, &c.
Which Name ſhall be changed anon:
The Words we'll tranſpoſe; ſo where-ever he goes,
His Name ſhall be call'd *Little John*.

They all with a Shout made the Elements ring,
*With a Hey*, &c.
So ſoon as the Office was o're,
To Feaſting they went, with true Merriment,
And tippl'd ſtrong Liquor gillore.

Then *Robin* he took the pretty ſweet Babe,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And cloath'd him from Top to the Toe
In Garments of Green, moſt gay to be ſeen,
And gave him a curious long Bow.

Thou ſhalt be an Archer as well as the beſt,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And range in the green Wood with us;
Where we'll not want Gold nor Silver, behold,
While Biſhops have ought in their Purſe.

We live here like 'Squires, or Lords of Renown,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Without e're a Foot of Free Land;
We feaſt on good Cheer, with Wine, Ale and Beer,
And ev'ry Thing at our Command.

Then Muſick and Dancing did finiſh the Day;
*With a Hey*, &c.
At length, when the Sun waxed low,
Then all the whole Train, the Grove did refrain,
And unto their Caves they did go.

And ſo ever after, as long as he liv'd,
*With a Hey down, down, and a down*;
Altho' he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheleſs, the Truth to expreſs,
Still Little *John* they did him call.

## XI. *Robin Hood* and the *Tanner*:

### OR,

## *Robin Hood* met with his Match.

To the Tune of *Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

IN *Nottingham* there lives a jolly Tanner,
*With a Hey down, down, and a down*;
His Name is *Arthur a Bland*;
There's never a 'Squire, in *Nottinghamſhire*,
Dare bid bold *Arthur* to ſtand:

With a long Pike-Staff upon his Shoulder,
*With a Hey*, &c.
So well he can clear his way,
By two and by three, he makes them to flee,
For he hath no Liſt to ſtay.

And as he went out in a Summer-Morning,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Into the Foreſt of merry *Sherwood*,
To view the red Deer, which run here and there,
There met he bold *Robin Hood*.

As ſoon as bold *Robin* did him eſpy,
*With a Hey*, &c.
He thought ſome Sport he would make;
Therefore out of hand, he bid him to ſtand,
And thus unto him he ſpake:

Why, what art thou, thou bold Fellow?
*With a Hey*, &c.
That rangeſt ſo boldly here:
In ſooth, to be brief, thou look'ſt like a Thief,
That comes to ſteal our King's Deer.

For I am a Keeper in this Foreſt,
*With a Hey*, &c.
The King puts me in Truſt,
To look to his Deer, that range here and there;
Therefore ſtop thee I muſt.

If thou beeſt a Keeper in this Foreſt,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And haſt ſuch a great Command:
Yet you muſt have more Partakers in Store,
Before you make me to ſtand.

No, I have no more Partakers in Store,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Or any that I do need:
But I have Staff of another Oak-Graft,
I know it will do the Deed.

For thy Sword and thy Bow I care not a Straw,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Nor all thy Arrows to-boot:
If thou get'ſt a Knock upon thy bare Scop,
Thou can'ſt as well ſh-t as ſhoot.

Speak cleanly, good Fellow, ſaid jolly *Robin*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And give better Terms unto me;
Elſe I'll thee correct for thy Neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry

Marry gap with a wanion, quoth *Arthur o Bland*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Art thou ſuch a goodly Man?
I care not a Fig for thy looking ſo big;
Mend you your ſelf where you can.

Then *Robin Hood* unbuckled his Belt,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And laid down his Bow ſo long;
He took up his Staff of another Oak-Graft,
That was both ſtiff and ſtrong.

I yield to thy Weapon, ſaid jolly *Robin*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Since thou wilt not yield to mine;
For I have a Staff of another Oak-Graft,
Not Half a Foot longer than thine.

But let me meaſure, ſaid jolly *Robin*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Before we begin the Frey;
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
For that will be counted foul Play.

I paſs not for Length, bold *Arthur* reply'd,
*With a Hey*, &c.
My Staff is of Oak ſo free;
Eight Foot and a half, it will knock down a Calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then *Robin* he could no longer forbear,
*With a Hey*, &c.
But gave him a very good Knock;
Quickly and ſoon the Blood it run down,
Before it was Ten o' Clock.

Then *Arthur* soon recover'd himself,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And gave him a Knock on the Crown,
That from every Side of *Robin*'s Head
The Blood it run trickling down.

Then *Robin Hood* raged like a wild Boar,
*With a Hey*, &c.
As soon as he saw his own Blood:
Then *Bland* was in haste, he laid on so fast,
As if he had been cleaving of Wood:

And about, and about, and about they went,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Like Two wild Boars in a Chace;
Striving to aim, each other to maim,
Leg, Arm, or any other Place.

And Knock for Knock they lustily deal't,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Which held for Two Hours, or more;
That all the Wood rang, at every Bang,
They ply'd their Work so sore.

Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said *Robin Hood*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And let our Quarrel fall;
For here we may thrash, our Bones all to Mash,
And get no Coin at all.

And in the Forest of merry *Sherwood*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Hereafter thou shalt be free:
God ha' Mercy for nought, my Freedom I bought,
I may thank my good Staff, and not thee.

What Tradesman art thou, said jolly *Robin*?
*With a Hey*, &c.
Good Fellow, I prithee, me show!
And also me tell, in what Place you dwell?
For both of these fain would I know.

I am a Tanner, bold *Arthur* reply'd,
*With a Hey*, &c.
In *Nottingham* long have I wrought;
And if thou come there, I do vow and swear,
I'll tan thy Hide for nought.

God ha' Mercy, Good Fellow, said jolly *Robin*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
Since thou art so kind and free,
And if thou wilt tan my Hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.

But if thou'lt forsake thy Tanner's Trade,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And live in the green Wood with me;
My Name is *Robin Hood*, I swear by the Wood,
I will give thee both Gold and Fee.

If thou be *Robin Hood*, bold *Arthur* reply'd,
*With a Hey*, &c.
As I think well thou art;
Then here's my Hand, my Name's *Arthur a Bland*,
We Two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little *John*?
*With a Hey*, &c.
Of him fain would I hear;
For we are ally'd, by the Mother's Side,
And he is my Kinsman near.

Then

Then *Robin Hood* blew on the Bugle Horn,
*With a Hey*, &c.
He blew both loud and ſhrill;
And quickly anon, he ſaw Little *John*
Come tripping down a green Hill.

O what is the Matter, then ſaid Little *John*?
*With a Hey*, &c.
Maſter, I pray you, tell:
Why do you ſtand, with your Staff in your Hand?
I fear all is not well.

O Man, I do ſtand, and he makes me to ſtand:
*With a Hey*, &c.
The Tanner, that ſtands me beſide,
He is a bonny Blade, and Maſter of his Trade,
For he ſoundly hath tann'd my Hide.

He is to be commended, then ſaid Little *John*,
*With a Hey*, &c.
If he ſuch a Feat can do:
If he be ſo ſtout, we will have a Bout;
And he ſhall tan my Hide too.

Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, ſaid *Robin Hood*;
*With a Hey*, &c.
For as I do underſtand,
He's a Yeoman good, and of thy own Blood,
And his Name is *Arthur a Blandſw*

Then Little *John* threw his Staff away,
*With a Hey*, &c.
As far as he could fling;
And run out of hand, to *Arthur a Bland*,
And about his Neck did cling.

With

With loving Respect, there was no Neglect;
*With a Hey*, &c.
They were neither nice nor coy:
Each other did face, with a lovely Grace,
And both did weep for Joy.

Then *Robin Hood* took them by the Hands,
*With a Hey*, &c.
And danced about the Oak-tree;
For Three merry Men, and Three merry Men,
And Three merry Men we be.

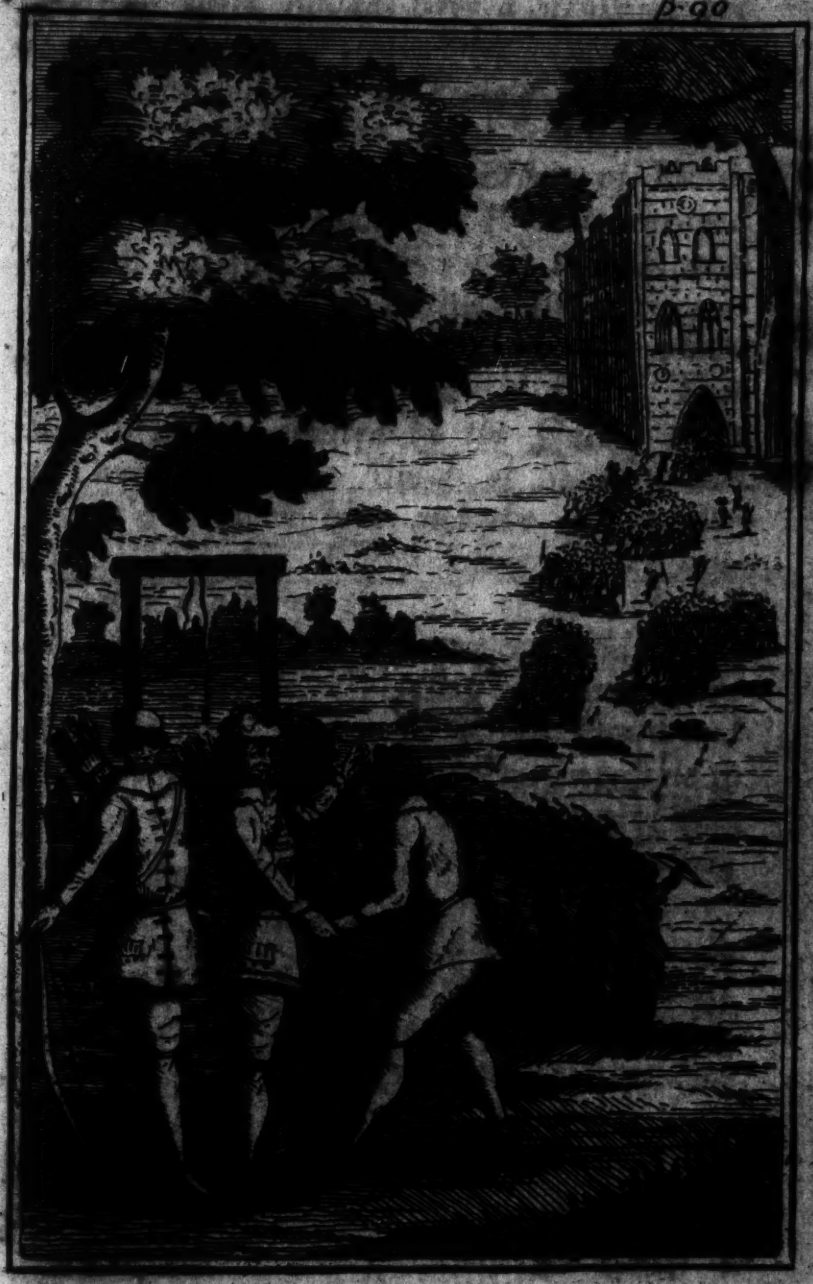
And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
*With a Hey down, down, and a down*;
We Three will be all as one;
The Wood it shall ring, and the old Wife sing,
Of *Robin Hood, Arthur*, and *John*.

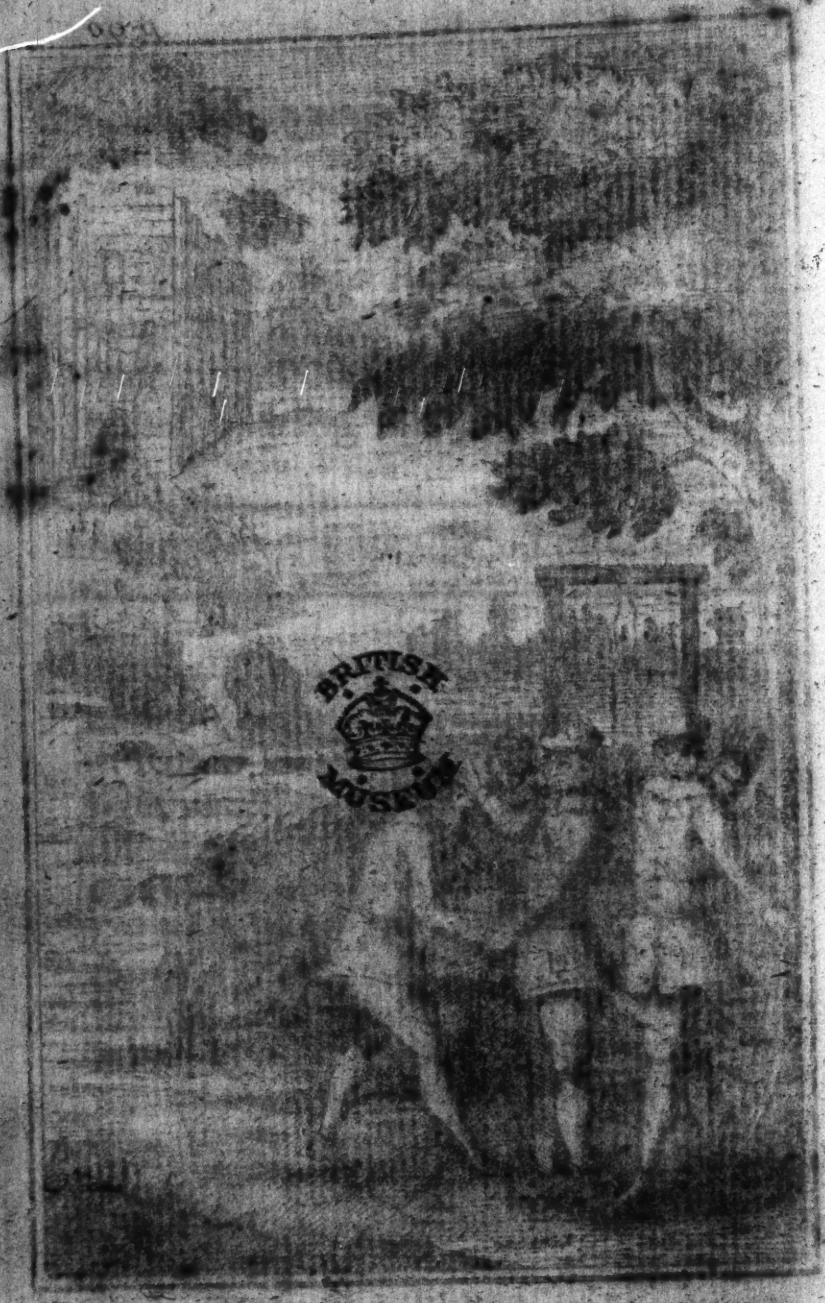
## XII. *Robin Hood* Rescuing *Will. Stutly*, from the Sheriff and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner, and were going to hang him, *&c.*

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.*

*When I first began to compile this Volume, I selected (out of about Twenty four Songs of* Robin Hood, *which are still extant) Eight or Nine of those I thought the best and oldest, intending to give them a Place in this Collection; they being all (the Ballads of Little John and Arthur a Bland excepted) written on Subjects which very much vary from one another: But I find that I should swell my Book too much with one Story; and therefore I shall conclude this Subject with the Rescue of* Will. Stutly, *and reserve the rest for another Opportunity. But as my Readers may not understand what is meant in one of the foregoing Songs, by their never wanting Money,* whilst Bishops have ought in their Purse; *I must acquaint them, that*

*Half*

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*Half of these Ballads have a Stroke at the Bishop; and some are wholly taken up with the Adventures of a Prelate and* Robin Hood. *One tells you, what Stratagems this Outlaw used, to rob the Bishop of* Hereford: *Another, That this Prelate, enraged at what was done, contriv'd to take* Robin Hood: *but failing in his Attempt, was himself taken, and bound to a Tree; where they made him sing Mass. A Third, That* Robin Hood, *invited by the Queen, came to Court; where a Match of Shooting was propos'd between him and the King's Archers; and the Bishop laying a very considerable Wager on the Side of the last, lost his Money. From these several Old Songs, we may conclude, that they had some merry Story in those Times, of* Robin Hood *and a Bishop; but what it was, 'tis impossible to say. I know no Story of him more probable, than what is related in the following Ballad, of his Rescuing one of his Men; for he certainly lov'd and encourag'd 'em all; whilst, on the other hand, they were faithful to their Master, and to each other, to the last. And a Man of such a bold and enterprizing Spirit, (as he is reported to be) would have encounter'd an Army, to save one of his Followers from an ignominious Death.*

When

WHen *Robin Hood* in the green Wood stood,
*Derry, derry, down;*
Under the green Wood Tree;
Tidings there came to him with Speed,
Tidings for Certainty;
*Hey down, derry, derry down.*

That *Will. Stutly* surprized was,
And eke in Prison lay;
Three Varlets, that the King had hir'd,
Did likely him betray:

Ay, and To-morrow hang'd must be,
To-morrow, as soon as Day:
Before they could the Victory get,
Two of 'em did *Stutly* slay.

When *Robin Hood* did hear this News,
Lord, it did grieve him sore;
And to his merry Men he said,
Who all together swore,

That *Will. Stutly* should reseu'd be,
And be brought back again;
Or else should many a gallant Wight,
For his Sake, there be slain.

He cloath'd himself in Scarlet then,
His Men were all in Green;
A finer Show throughout the World
In no Place could be seen.

Good Lord, it was a gallant Sight,
To see them all a-row!
With ev'ry Man a good broad Sword,
And eke a good Yew-Bow.

Forth of the green Wood are they gone,
Yea, all couragiously;
Reſolving to bring *Stutly* home,
Or every Man to dye.

And when they came to the Caſtle near,
Wherein *Will. Stutly* lay;
I hold it good, ſaid *Robin Hood*,
We here in Ambuſh ſtay.

And ſend one forth ſome News to hear,
To yonder Palmer fair,
That ſtands under the Caſtle-Wall;
Some News he may declare.

With that ſteps forth a brave young Man,
Which was of Courage bold;
Thus he did ſay to the Old Man,
I pray thee, Palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,
When muſt *Will. Stutly* dye?
Who is one of bold *Robin*'s Men,
And here doth Priſoner lye.

Alas, alas, the Palmer ſaid,
And for ever Woe is me,
*Will. Stutly* hang'd will be this Day,
On yonder Gallows Tree.

O had his Noble Maſter known,
He would ſome Succour ſend;
A few of his bold Yeomandry
Full ſoon would fetch him hence.

Ay, that is true, the young Man ſaid;
Ay, that is true, ſaid he;
Or if they were near to this Place,
They ſoon would ſet him free.

But, fare thou well, thou good old Man;
Farewel, and Thanks to thee:
If *Stutly* hanged be this Day,
Reveng'd his Death will be.

No ſooner he was from the Palmer gone,
But the Gates were open'd wide;
And out of the Caſtle *Will. Stutly* came,
Guarded on every ſide.

When he was forth from the Caſtle come,
And ſaw no Help was nigh;
Thus he did ſay unto the Sheriff,
Thus he ſaid gallantly:

Now ſeeing that I needs muſt dye,
Grant me one Boon, ſaid he;
For my Noble Maſter ne're had Man,
That yet was hang'd on Tree:

Give me a Sword all in my Hand,
And let me be unbound;
And with thee and thy Men I'll fight,
Till I lye dead on the Ground.

But this Deſire he would not grant,
His Wiſhes were in vain;
For the Sheriff ſwore, he hang'd ſhould be,
And not by the Sword be ſlain.

Do but unbind my Hands, he ſays?
I will no Weapons crave;
And if I hanged be this Day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, no, no, the Sheriff ſaid,
Thou ſhalt on Gallows dye;
Ay, and ſo ſhall thy Maſter too,
If ever in me it lye.

O da-

O daſtard Coward, *Stutly* cries,
Faint-hearted, Peaſant Slave!
If ever my Maſter do thee meet,
Thou ſhalt thy Payment have.

My Noble Maſter thee doth ſcorn,
And all thy cowardly Crew;
Such ſilly Imps unable are
Bold *Robin* to ſubdue.

But when he was to the Gallows gone,
And ready to bid adieu;
Out of a Buſh ſteps Little *John*,
And goes *Will. Stutly* to:

I pray thee, *Will*, before thou dye,
Of thy dear Friends take Leave:
I needs muſt borrow him a while;
How ſay you, Maſter Sheriff?

Now, as I live, the Sheriff ſaid,
That Varlet will I know:
Some ſturdy Rebel is that ſame,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little *John*, moſt haſtily,
Away cut *Stutly*'s Bands,
And from one of the Sheriff's Men
A Sword twitch'd from his Hands;

Here, *Will. Stutly*, take thou this ſame;
Thou can'ſt it better ſway:
And here defend thy ſelf a while,
For Aid will come ſtraightway.

And there they turn'd them Back to Back,
In the Midſt of them that Day,
Till *Robin Hood* approached near,
With many an Archer gay.

With

With that, an Arrow from them flew;
I wiſt, from *Robin Hood*:
Make haſte, make haſte, the Sheriff he ſaid;
Make haſte, for it is not good.

The Sheriff is gone; his doughty Men
Thought it no Boot to ſtay;
But, as their Maſter had them taught,
They run full faſt away.

O ſtay, O ſtay, *Will. Stutly* ſaid;
Take leave, e're you depart;
You ne're will catch bold *Robin Hood*,
Unleſs you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, ſaid *Robin Hood*,
That you ſo ſoon are gone;
My Sword may in the Scabbard reſt,
For here our Work is done.

I little thought, *Will. Stutly* ſaid,
When I came to this Place,
For to have met with Little *John*,
Or have ſeen my Maſter's Face.

Thus *Stutly* he was at Liberty ſet,
And ſafe brought from his Foe:
O Thanks, O Thanks to my Maſter,
Since here it was not ſo.

And once again, my Fellows dear,
*Derry, derry, down*;
We ſhall in the green Woods meet;
Where we will make our Bow-ſtrings twang,
Muſick for us moſt ſweet;
*Hey down, derry, derry down.*

## XIII. A Warning-Piece to *England*, againſt Pride and Wickedneſs:

Being the Fall of Queen *Eleanor*, Wife to *Edward* the Firſt, King of *England*; who, for her Pride, by God's Judgments, ſunk into the Ground at *Charing-Croſs*, and roſe at *Queen-Hithe*.

To the Tune of, *Gentle and Courteous.*

*I never was more ſurprized, than at the Sight of the following Ballad; little expecting to ſee Pride and Wickedneſs laid to the Charge of the moſt Affable and moſt Virtuous of Women: Whoſe glorious Actions are not recorded by our Hiſtorians only; for no Foreign Writers, who have touch'd upon thoſe Early Times, have in Silence paſs'd over this Illuſtrious Princeſs; and every Nation rings with the Praiſe of* Eleonora Iſabella, *of* Caſtile, *King* Edward's *Queen. Father* Le Moine, *who (in his* Gallerie des Femmes Fortes*) has ſearch'd all* Chriſten-

dom round, (from its very Infancy, to the last Age) for Five Heroines, very partially bestows the first Place upon one of his own Country-Women; but gives the Second, with a far superior Character, to this Queen. That my Readers may have some Idea of her, I shall take notice of one Action, in which her Virtue, her Conjugal Fidelity, and her Heroick Bravery, will at once appear. This Lady, who was Sister to the King of Castile, was married to Prince Edward, Son to King Henry the Third. The English, some Time after, undertaking the Holy War, Prince Edward went thither in Person, accompanied by his Princess, (who never forsook him) his Brother Edmund, and several of the Chief Nobility. There he was wounded with a poison'd Arrow, as some relate; or, as our own Historians tell it, he was stabb'd in several Places with a poison'd Knife, by a treacherous Saracen. Upon examining his Wounds, his Physicians judg'd 'em mortal, unless somebody would resolve to die, to save his Life; which might be effected, by their sucking the Poison out of the Wounds. At the hearing of this, Eleonora flew towards her Husband, with all the eager Haste of an impatient Lover; and unbinding his Wounds, she began to suck 'em her self; unwilling, when her Husband's Safety might be wrought, to trust the important

tant Task to any one else, lest they should do their Work by Halves. Heaven, doubtless, pleas'd with this pious Act, took the Princess under its immediate Protection; nor had the Poison, which she suck'd, the least Effect upon her; but she return'd with her Husband, and reign'd in England several Years. There are many Things besides in this Ballad, which, if we believe 'em said of Queen Eleanor, must appear ridiculous: As, her Inventing of Coaches; which were not known in England, till above Two Hundred and Fifty Years after her Death: Her being jealous of the Lord-Mayor's Wife, because she had a Child; which Eleanor could no ways be suppos'd to be, having Thirteen by King Edward! And the Manner and Place of her Dying; which, in Fact, was at Herdeley in Lincolnshire, as she was accompanying the King her Husband towards Scotland; for she always was the Kind Companion of his Travels. Her Behaviour at her Death, is recommended as an Example to Posterity: And this seems confirm'd by her Epitaph; which, I believe, may be no disagreeable Entertainment to my Learned Readers.

Nobilis *Hiſpani* jacet
Hic Soror inclyta Regis,
Eximij Conſors
ELEONORA Thori,
EDWARDI Primi *Wallorum*
Principis Uxor,
Cui Pater HENRICUS Tertius
*Anglus* erat.
Ianc ille Uxorem gnato petit:
Omine Princeps
Legati Munus
Suſcepit ipſe bono,
ALFONSO Fratri placuit
Felix Hymenæus,
Germanam EDWARDO
Nec ſine Dote dedit,
Dos præclara fuit
Nec tali indigna Marito,
*Pontino* Princeps
Munere dives erat.
Femina Conſilio prudens,
Pia, Prole beata,
Auxit Amicitiis,
Auxit Honore Virum.

*DISCE MORI.*

That

*That my Female Readers may not be wholly deprive'd of the Benefit of this* Epitaph, *I ſhall give them the Meaning of the Five laſt Lines.*

She was a Woman prudent, wiſe in Councils,
Pious, bleſs'd in a numerous Offspring:
She increas'd the Friends, Alliances,
And Honours of her Husband.
From her Example, *LEARN TO DIE.*

*It may here, probably, be ask'd, Why I did not omit a Ballad, which (in every Circumſtance) differs ſo very widely from Hiſtory? But I thought I could not in Juſtice do it: For there are Numbers of People, who know nothing more of the Tranſactions of former Times, than what they meet with in theſe Old Songs: And when I ſaw ſo fair a Reputation ſo foully blaſted, and had ſuch an Opportunity, I thought it my Duty to vindicate it. Nor do I think, that our Poet had a Deſign only to preach, or to blacken Characters; I look upon this Song as a ſevere Satyr, written in the Days of Queen* Mary *the Firſt. Nor is this barely a Conjecture; for every Circumſtance which I have advanc'd, to prove that it could not be meant*

of Queen Eleanor, seems to confirm its Relation to Queen Mary. As, The Invention of Coaches, which is recorded to have been in her Time; Her Jealousy of a Woman who was brought to Bed; for Queen Mary never had a Child, notwithstanding that it had been given out in all Churches that she was big, and publick Prayers made for her safe Delivery. Nor can it be thought absurd, that she should be call'd a Spaniard; for she was Daughter to Katherine, an Infanta of Spain, and (after her Coronation) marry'd to Philip, Prince of Spain. I do not know what particular Fact is meant, by her Usage of the Mayor of London's Wife; but I am apt to think it spoken of her Cruelties in general: And her being swallow'd up, seems to be a Threat of the Poet's, That unless she amended, Vengeance would overtake her. A Plan for this Satyr being thus form'd, I am apt to think, our Poet look'd back for a Spanish Queen, that he might the better disguise his Satyr, and not lay himself so open to Censure, as he would otherwise have been: And, probably, Eleanor was the first Spanish Princess whose Name he met with. Probably, he chose out this pious Queen, that People might easily see, tho' it was said, it could not be meant of her; and, perhaps, he was glad to mention one so good and virtuous, that People might look back upon her

*Hiſtory, and ſee the Difference between her and the bigotted Queen, who then ſway'd the* Engliſh *Sceptre.*

WHen *Edward* was in *England* King,
The Firſt of all that Name,
Proud *Ellinor* he made his Queen,
A ſtately *Spaniſh* Dame:
Whoſe wicked Life, and ſinful Pride,
Thro' *England* did excel;
To dainty Dames, and gallant Maids,
This Queen was known full well.

She was the firſt that did invent
In Coaches brave to ride;
She was the firſt that brought this Land
To deadly Sin of Pride.
No *Engliſh* Taylor here could ſerve
To make her Rich Attire;
But ſent for Taylors into *Spain*,
To feed her vain Deſire.

They brought in Faſhions ſtrange and new,
With Golden Garments bright;
The Farthingale, and mighty Ruff,
With Gowns of rich Delight:
The *London* Dames, in *Spaniſh* Pride,
Did flouriſh every where;
Our *Engliſh* Men, like Women then,
Did wear long Locks of Hair.

Both Man and Child, both Maid and Wife,
Were drown'd in Pride of *Spain*;
And thought the *Spaniſh* Taylors then,
Our *Engliſh* Men did ſtain:

Whereat the Queen did much deſpite,
To ſee our *Engliſh* Men
In Veſtures clad, as brave to ſee,
As any *Spaniard* then.

She crav'd the King, That ev'ry Man
That wore long Locks of Hair,
Might then be cut and polled all,
Or ſhaved very near.
Whereat the King did ſeem content,
And ſoon thereto agreed;
And firſt commanded, That his own
Should then be cut with Speed.

And after that, to pleaſe his Queen,
Proclaimed thro' the Land,
That ev'ry Man that wore long Hair,
Should poll him out of hand.
But yet this *Spaniard*, not content,
To Women bore a Spite,
And then requeſted of the King,
Againſt all Law and Right,

That ev'ry Womankind ſhould have
Their Right Breaſt cut away;
And then with burning Irons fear'd,
The Blood to ſtanch and ſtay!
King *Edward* then perceiving well
Her Spite to Womankind,
Deviſed ſoon by Policy,
And turn'd her bloody Mind:

He ſent for burning Irons ſtraight,
All ſparkling hot to ſee;
And ſaid, 'O Queen, Come on thy way;
'I will begin with thee.
Which Words did much diſpleaſe the Queen,
That Penance to begin;
But ask'd him Pardon on her Knees;
Who gave her Grace therein.

But

But afterwards ſhe chanc'd to paſs
Along brave *London* Streets,
Whereas the Mayor of *London*'s Wife
In ſtately Sort ſhe meets;
With Muſick, Mirth and Melody,
Unto the Church they went,
To give God Thanks, that to th' Lord Mayor
A Noble Son had ſent.

It grieved much this ſpiteful Queen,
To ſee that any one
Should ſo exceed in Mirth and Joy,
Except her ſelf alone:
For which, ſhe after did deviſe
Within her bloody Mind,
And practis'd ſtill moſt ſecretly,
To kill this Lady kind.

Unto the Mayor of *London* then
She ſent her Letters ſtraight,
To ſend his Lady to the Court,
Upon her Grace to wait.
But when the *London* Lady came
Before proud *El'nor*'s Face;
She ſtript her from her rich Array,
And kept her vile and baſe.

She ſent her into *Wales* with Speed
And kept her ſecret there;
And us'd her ſtill more cruelly
Than ever Man did hear.
She made her waſh, ſhe made her ſtarch,
She made her drudge alway;
She made her nurſe up Children ſmall,
And labour Night and Day.

But this contented not the Queen,
But ſhew'd her moſt Deſpite;
She bound this Lady to a Poſt,
At Twelve a Clock at Night

And as, poor Lady, ſhe ſtood bound,
The Queen (in angry Mood)
Did ſet Two Snakes unto her Breaſt,
That ſuck'd away her Blood.

Thus dy'd the Mayor of *London*'s Wife,
Moſt grievous for to hear;
Which made the *Spaniard* grow more proud,
As after ſhall appear.
The Wheat that daily made her Bread,
Was bolted Twenty times;
The Food that fed this ſtately Dame,
Was boil'd in coſtly Wines.

The Water that did ſpring from Ground,
She would not touch at all;
But waſh'd her Hands with Dew of Heav'n,
That on ſweet Roſes fall.
She bath'd her Body many a time
In Fountains fill'd with Milk;
And ev'ry Day did change Attire,
In coſtly *Median* Silk.

But coming then to *London* back,
Within her Coach of Gold,
A Tempeſt ſtrange within the Skies
This Queen did there behold:
Out of which Storm ſhe could not go,
But there remain'd a Space;
Four Horſes could not ſtir the Coach
A Foot out of the Place.

A Judgment lately ſent from Heav'n,
For ſhedding guiltleſs Blood,
Upon this ſinful Queen, that ſlew
The *London* Lady good!
King *Edward* then, as Wiſdom will'd,
Accus'd her of that Deed;
But ſhe deny'd it, and with'd, that God
Would ſend his Wrath with Speed;

If that upon ſo vile a Thing
Her Heart did ever think,
She wiſh'd the Ground might open wide,
And ſhe therein might ſink!
With that, at *Charing-Croſs* ſhe ſunk
Into the Ground alive;
And after roſe with Life again,
In *London*, at *Queen-Hithe*.

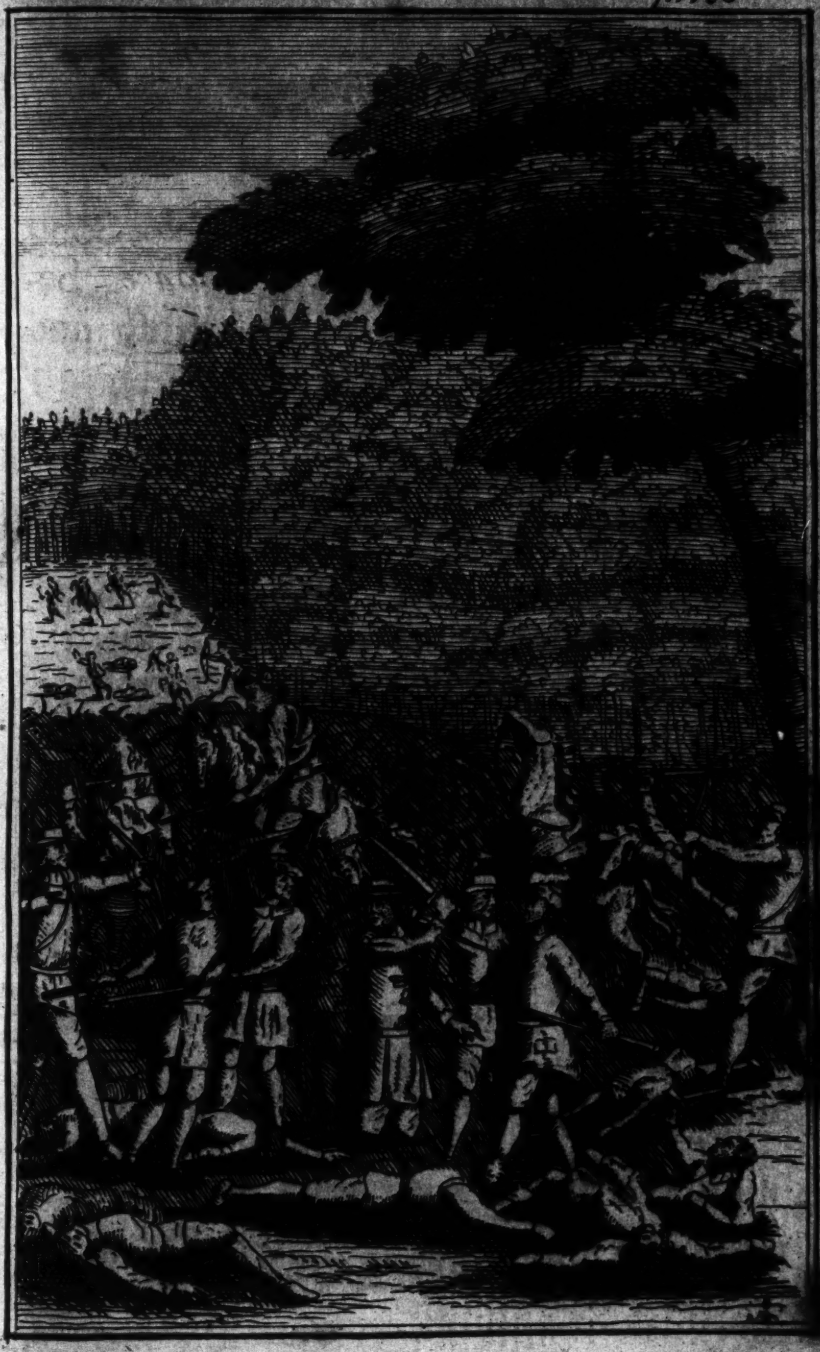
When, after that, ſhe languiſh'd ſore
Full Twenty Days in Pain,
At laſt confeſs'd, the Lady's Blood
Her guilty Hand had ſlain:
And likewiſe, how that by a Fryar
She had a baſe-born Child;
Whoſe ſinful Luſts, and Wickedneſs,
Her Marriage-Bed defil'd.

Thus have you heard the Fall of Pride;
A juſt Reward of Sin:
For, thoſe that will forſwear themſelves,
God's Vengeance daily win.
Beware of Pride, ye Courtly Dames,
Both Wives and Maidens all;
Bear this imprinted on your Minds,
That Pride muſt have a Fall.

## XIV. An Unhappy Memorable Song of the Hunting in *Chevy-Chace*, between Earl *Piercy* of *England*, and Earl *Douglas* of *Scotland*.

To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.

*It would be a very difficult Matter to say, Whether the Partiality of our Poet towards the* Engliſh, *or that of* Buchanan, *in the Account he gives us of this Part of Hiſtory towards the* Scots, *be greater. The former brings but Fifteen Hundred* Engliſhmen *into the Field, againſt Two Thouſand* Scots; *yet makes his Countrymen ſtand their Ground with Fifty three, whilſt their Enemies fly with Fifty five. The other aſſerts, That in the Action which gave birth to this Song, the* Engliſh *Army was far ſuperior in Number; yet were there ſlain of them, in that Battel, Eighteen Hundred and forty, about a Thouſand wounded, and a Thouſand and forty taken Priſoners. On the other hand, the ſame Hiſtorian ſays, There were a Hundred*



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*dred* Scots *ſlain, and Two Hundred taken Priſoners; occaſion'd by a few, in Purſuit, following a greater Number of their Enemies. Our Poet thought it would be an Affront to his Countrymen, to ſuppoſe that the* Scots *would ſo much as think of coming to attack the* Engliſh *in their own Kingdom, as in effect they did; and therefore he makes Earl* Piercy *enter* Scotland, *and hunt in the Liberties of Earl* Douglas. *The Fact of it is this: When King* Robert *the Second reign'd in* Scotland, *and K.* Richard *the Second in* England, *the* Scots *taking Advantage of our inteſtine Troubles, reſolved to make an Incurſion into the* Northern *Borders of this Kingdom, to carry off what Booty they could. To this End, they raiſed an Army, divided it into different Bodies, and gave the Command of a very conſiderable one to* James *Earl* Douglas; *who immediately enter'd* Northumberland, *and directly made up towards* Newcaſtle. Henry Piercy, *Earl of* Northumberland, *a popular, rich, and powerful Man, not only in that, but in the Neighbouring Counties, raiſed as many Men as the little Time he had would permit, and march'd againſt* Douglas. *Several Skirmiſhes were fought near* Newcaſtle, *which at length ended in a Duel between the Two Generals; and in which,* Buchanan *tells us,* Piercy

*was*

was unhors'd, and had his Spear taken from him. Be that as it may; Douglas did not long enjoy his Victory: For retiring the next Morning, Piercy pursued, and overtook him; and the Battel was fought which gave Rise to this Song, and in which Earl Douglas was slain, and Earl Piercy taken Prisoner. The Battel of Homeldon, or, as our Poet calls it, of Hnmbledown, was not fought till under the next Reign, when K. Henry the Fourth and K. Robert the Third sway'd the Sceptres of the Two Kingdoms. The Ballad it self was written when the Dissentions of the Barons (who behaved like so many absolute Princes) made our Nation the perpetual Seat of Civil War: And the Design of the Poet was, to shew the Miseries which attend such unhappy Divisions: And this may very well excuse him for departing, as much as he has done, from History; and making that which was a National Difference, a private Quarrel. I shall not here point out the particular Beauties of this Song, with which even Mr. Addison was so charm'd, that in a very accurate Criticism upon it, (in several of his Spectators) he proves, That every Line is written with a true Spirit of Poetry. Nor is it esteem'd barely because this Great Man has recommended it; for, in all Ages, it has justly been admir'd: And in Sir Philip Sid-

Sidney's *Diſcourſe of* Poetry, *we find the following Expreſſion.* "*I never heard the* "*Old Song of* Piercy *and* Douglas, *that* "*I found not my Heart more moved than* "*with a Trumpet; and yet it is ſung by* "*ſome blind Crowder, with no rougher Voice* "*than rude Stile: Which being ſo evil ap-* "*parell'd in the Duſt and Cobweb of that* "*unciuil Age; what would it work, trimm'd* "*in the gorgeous Eloquence of* Pindar?

GOD proſper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all;
A woful Hunting once there did
In *Chevy-Chace* befall:

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way;
The Child may rue that is unborn,
The Hunting of that Day.

The ſtout Earl of *Northumberland*
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleaſure in the *Scottiſh* Woods
Three Summer's Days to take;

The chiefeſt Harts in *Chevy-Chace*
To kill and bear away.
The Tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
In *Scotland* where he lay:

Who ſent Earl *Piercy* preſent word,
He would prevent his Sport.
The *Engliſh* Earl not fearing this,
Did to the Woods reſort,

With

With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,
All choſen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.

The gallant Greyhounds ſwiftly ran,
To chaſe the Fallow-Deer:
On *Monday* they began to hunt,
When Day-light did appear;

And long before High-Noon they had
An Hundred fat Bucks ſlain;
Then having din'd, the Drovers went
To rouze them up again.

The Bow-men muſter'd on the Hills,
Well able to endure;
Their Backſides all, with ſpecial Care,
That Day were guarded ſure.

The Hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the Woods,
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho ſhrill did make.

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer;
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promiſed
This Day to meet me here.

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that, a brave young Gentleman
Thus to the Earl did ſay;

Lo yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright;
Full Twenty Hundred *Scottiſh* Spears,
All marching in our Sight;

All

All Men of pleaſant *Tividale*,
Faſt by the River *Tweed*.
Then ceaſe your Sport, Earl *Piercy* ſaid,
And take your Bows with Speed:

And now with me, my Countrymen,
Your Courage forth advance;
For never was there Champion yet,
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

That ever did on Horſeback come,
But, ſince my Hap it were,
I durſt encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white Steed,
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company,
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold:

Shew me (he ſaid) whoſe Men you be,
That hunt ſo boldly here;
That, without my Conſent, do chaſe
And kill my Fallow Deer?

The Man that firſt did Anſwer make,
Was Noble *Piercy* he;
Who ſaid, We liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe Men we be:

Yet we will ſpend our deareſt Blood,
Thy chiefeſt Harts to ſlay.
Then *Douglas* ſwore a ſolemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did ſay;

E're thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall dye:
I know thee well, an Earl thou art;
Lord *Piercy*, ſo am I.

But

But truſt me, *Percy*, Pity it were,
And great Offence to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men,
For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battel try,
And ſet our Men aſide?
Accurs'd be he, Lord *Percy* ſaid,
By whom this is deny'd.

Then ſtept a gallant 'Squire forth,
*Witherington* was his Name,
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To *Henry* our King for Shame,

That e're my Captain fought on Foot,
And I ſtood looking on.
You be two Earls, ſaid *Witherington*,
And I a 'Squire alone:

I'll do the beſt that do I may,
While I have Pow'r to ſtand;
While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our *Engliſh* Archers bent their Bows,
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the firſt Flight of Arrows ſent,
Full Threeſcore *Scots* they ſlew.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Douglas* had the Bent;
A Captain moy'd with mickle Pride,
The Spears to Shivers ſent.

They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry Side,
No Slackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gaſping on the Ground.

O Chriſt!

O Chriſt! it was a Grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
And ſcatter'd here and there.

At laſt theſe Two ſtout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great Might;
Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load,
And made a cruel Fight:

They fought until they both did ſweat,
With Swords of temper'd Steel,
Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* ſaid;
In Faith I will thee bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be
By *James* our *Scottiſh* King:

Thy Ranſom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the moſt couragious Knight,
That ever I did ſee.

To *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
Thy Proffer I do ſcorn;
I will not yield to any *Scot*,
That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an Arrow keen
Out of an *Engliſh* Bow,
Which ſtruck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart,
A deep and deadly Blow:

Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe,
Fight on, my merry Men all;
For why, my Life is at an End;
Lord *Piercy* ſees my Fall.

Then

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
The dead Man by the Hand;
And ſaid, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life
Would I had loſt my Land.

O Chriſt! my very Heart doth bleed,
With Sorrow for thy Sake;
For ſure, a more renowned Knight
Miſchance did never take.

A Knight amongſt the *Scots* there was,
Which ſaw Earl *Douglas* dye,
Who ſtraight in Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy*:

Sir *Hugh Mongom'ry* was he call'd,
Who, with a Spear moſt bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the Fight;

And paſs'd the *Engliſh* Archers all,
Without all Dread or Fear;
And thro' Earl *Piercy*'s Body then
He thruſt his hateful Spear:

With ſuch a veh'ment Force and Might
He did his Body gore,
The Spear went thro' the other Side
A large Cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both theſe Nobles dye,
Whoſe Courage none could ſtain.
An *Engliſh* Archer then perceiv'd
The Noble Earl was ſlain,

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a truſty Tree;
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Up to the Head drew he:

Againſt

Againſt Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
So right his Shaft he ſet,
The grey Gooſe-wing that was thereon,
In his Heart's Blood was wet.

This Fight did laſt from Break of Day,
Till Setting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Ev'ning-Bell,
The Battel ſcarce was done.

With the Earl *Piercy*, there was ſlain
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron:

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
Both Knights of good Account,
Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was ſlain,
Whoſe Proweſs did ſurmount.

For *With'rington* needs muſt I wail,
As one in doleful Dumps;
For when his Legs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas*, there was ſlain
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*;
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
One Foot would never fly.

Sir *Charles Murrel*, of *Ratcliff*, too,
His Siſter's Son was he;
Sir *David Lamb*, ſo well eſteem'd,
They ſaved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in like wiſe
Did with Earl *Douglas* dye:
Of Twenty Hundred *Scottiſh* Spears,
Scarce Fifty five did fly.

Of

Of Fifteen Hundred *English* Men,
Went home but Fifty three;
The reſt were ſlain in *Chevy-Chace*,
Under the green Wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a Thouſand times,
When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where *Scotland*'s King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* ſuddenly
Was with an Arrow ſlain:

O heavy News, King *James* did ſay;
*Scotland* can Witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more
Of ſuch Account as he.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came,
Within as ſhort a Space,
That *Percy* of *Northumberland*
Was ſlain in *Chevy-Chace*:

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I truſt I have, within my Realm,
Five Hundred as good as he:

Yet ſhall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* ſay,
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl *Percy*'s Sake.

This Vow full well the King perform'd
After, on *Humbledown*;
In one Day, Fifty Knights were ſlain,
With Lords of great Renown.

And of the reſt, of ſmall Account,
Did many Thouſands dye:
Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chace*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may ceaſe.

## XV. The Baniſhment of the Dukes of *Hereford* and *Norfolk*, in the Time of King *Richard* the Second.

*An Introduction to this Ballad is almoſt unneceſſary; for our Poet has either copied ſo cloſely from Hiſtory, or the Hiſtorians have borrow'd from our Poet in ſuch a Manner, that I ſcarce find one Point in which they differ. Some indeed there are, who will have it, that the Duke of* Hereford *accuſed the Duke of* Norfolk; *but this is ſufficiently contradicted by others. Nor is there any Probability of Truth in it; for neither he nor his Father had Veneration enough for King* Richard, *to do any ſuch Thing; nor Affection, I believe, to forewarn him, if any Danger had threaten'd. This Duke of* Hereford *was* Henry Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *Duke of* Lancaſter, *the King's Uncle; who married the ſole Heireſs of* Hereford, *and enjoy'd that Title and Eſtate in Right of his Wife. What follows, of the Challenge; of its being to be fought at* Coventry; *of a Stop being put to the Combat,*

bat, when they had enter'd the Liſts; of their Baniſhment, and of Norfolk's Death; is ſtrictly true. Richard, during the Baniſhment of his Couſin, thought fit to reduce his Exile from Ten to Six Years: But the Duke of Lancaſter dying in that Time; and the King fearing, that if ſuch a vaſt additional Eſtate ſhould fall to his much injur'd Couſin, he might grow too formidable; pronounc'd his Baniſhment perpetual, and ſeiz'd his whole Inheritance. But King Richard going afterwards on an Expedition into Ireland; the Duke of Lancaſter, who had aſſum'd his Father's Titles, took that Opportunity of coming to England; being invited by a great Number of the Nobility, and excited by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, a Fellow Exile. He landed in Yorkſhire, with about Twenty armed Men; giving out, That he had no other Deſign, but to take Poſſeſſion of his Inheritance. He was ſoon join'd by great Numbers: And the King's Friends endeavouring to raiſe Forces, in order to oppoſe him; the People refuſed going out againſt him, thinking his Demands moſt juſt and reaſonable. The Winds blowing directly contrary; Six whole Weeks paſs'd, before K. Richard could have any Notice of Lancaſter's Landing in England; by which Time, he was Maſter of a great Part of the Kingdom. Nor did the

*King, after the News was brought to him, make that Haſte back he might, and ought to have done; inſomuch, that when he return'd, he had no Army: And tho' ſome faithful Friends offer'd to join him, with their Vaſſals; yet he abſolutely refus'd it, finding it was too late. For he had made the Clergy his Enemies; and they took care to ſtir up the People againſt him; and, prone to Change, inſinuated the Happineſs they might expect under the Duke of* Lancaſter. *A Parliament being call'd, Articles were exhibited againſt King* Richard; *who was depos'd in the moſt ſolemn Manner, and the Duke of* Lancaſter *crown'd King, by the Name of* Henry *the Fourth. The Coronation-Sermon was preach'd by the Archbiſhop of* Canterbury, *who came over with him to* England: *And* Richard *ſeeing this, formally reſign'd his Crown, on the 30th Day of* September, *in the Year* 1399, *and in the Twenty third of his Reign; being at that Time about Thirty three Years of Age.*

TWO Noble Dukes of great Renown,
That long had liv'd in Fame,
Thro' hateful Envy were caſt down,
And brought to ſudden Shame.

The

The Duke of *Hereford* was one,
A prudent Prince, and wife,
'Gainſt whom ſuch Malice oft was ſhown,
Which ſoon in Sight did riſe.

The Duke of *Norfolk*, moſt untrue,
Declar'd unto the King,
The Duke of *Hereford* greatly grew
In Hatred of each Thing,

Which by his Grace was acted ſtill
Againſt both High and Low;
And how he had a traiterous Will,
His State to overthrow.

The Duke of *Hereford* then, in Haſte,
Was ſent for to the King;
And, by the Lords in Order plac'd,
Examin'd of each Thing.

Who being guiltleſs of this Crime,
Which was againſt him laid;
The Duke of *Norfolk*, at that Time,
Theſe Words unto him ſaid:

How can'ſt thou, with a ſhameleſs Face,
Deny a Truth ſo ſtout;
And here, before his Royal Grace,
So falſly face it out?

Did not theſe wicked Treaſons paſs,
When we together were;
How that the King unworthy was
The Royal Crown to bear?

Wherefore, my gracious Lord, quoth he,
And you his Noble Peers,
To whom I wiſh long Life to be,
With many happy Years:

I do pronounce before you all,
This treacherous Lord that's here,
A Traytor to our Noble King;
As Time ſhall ſhew it clear.

The Duke of *Hereford* hearing that,
In Mind was grieved much;
And did return this Anſwer flat,
Which did Duke *Norfolk* touch:

The Term of Traytor, truthleſs Duke,
In Scorn and great Diſdain,
With flat Defiance to thy Face,
I do return again:

And therefore, if it pleaſe your Grace
To grant me Leave (quoth he)
To combat with my deadly Foe,
That here accuſeth me;

I do not doubt but plainly prove,
That, like a perjur'd Knight,
He hath moſt falſly fought my Shame,
Againſt all Truth and Right.

The King did grant this juſt Requeſt,
And did therewith agree,
At *Coventry*, in *Auguſt* next,
This Combat fought ſhould be.

The Dukes on fundry Steeds full ſtout,
In Coats of Steel moſt bright,
With Spears in Reſts, did enter Lifts,
This Combat fierce to fight.

The King then caſt his Wardens down,
Commanding them to ſtay;
And with his Lords he Counſel took,
To ſtint that mortal Fray.

At length unto theſe Noble Dukes
The King of Heralds came,
And unto them, with lofty Speech,
This Sentence did proclaim:

Sir *Henry Bolingbroke*, this Day,
The Duke of *Hereford*, here,
And *Thomas Mowbray*, *Norfolk* Duke,
Valiantly did appear;

And having, in honourable Sort,
Repaired to this Place;
Our Noble King, for ſpecial Cauſe,
Hath alter'd thus the Caſe:

Firſt, *Henry* Duke of *Hereford*,
E're Fifteen Days be paſt,
Shall part the Realm on Pain of Death,
While Ten Years Space doth laſt.

And *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*, now,
That hath begun this Strife,
And thereof no good Proof can bring;
I ſay, for Term of Life,

By Judgment of our Sovereign Lord,
Which now in Place doth ſtand,
For evermore I baniſh thee
Out of thy Native Land.

Charging thee, on Pain of Death,
When Fifteen Days are paſt,
Thou never tread on *Engliſh* Ground,
So long as Life doth laſt.

Thus they were ſworn before the King,
E're they did farther paſs,
The one ſhould never come in Place
Where as the other was.

Then both the Dukes, with heavy Hearts,
Were parted preſently,
Their uncouth Streams of froward Chance
In Foreign Lands to try.

The Duke of *Norfolk* coming thea
Where he could Shipping take,
The bitter Tears fell down his Cheeks,
And thus his Moan did make:

Now let me ſigh and ſob my Fill,
E're I from hence depart,
That inward Pangs with Speed may burſt
My ſore afflicted Heart.

Oh curſed Man! whoſe loathed Life
Is held ſo much in Scorn
Whoſe Company is eleen deſpis'd,
And left as one forlorn!

Now take thy Leave, and laſt Adieu,
Of this thy Country dear;
Which never more thou muſt behold,
Nor yet approach it near.

Now happy ſhould I count my ſelf,
If Death my Heart had torn;
That I might have my Bones entomb'd,
Where I was bred and born:

Or that by *Neptune*'s wrathful Rage,
I might be forc'd to dye;
Whilſt that ſweet *England*'s pleaſant Banks
Did ſtand before mine Eye:

How ſweet a Scent hath *Engliſh* Ground
Within my Senſes now?
How fair unto my outward Sight
Seems ev'ry Branch and Bough?

The Fields and Flow'rs, the Streets and Stones,
Seem ſuch unto my Mind,
That in all other Countries, ſure,
The like I ne're ſhall find.

O that the Sun, with ſhining Face,
Would ſtay his Steeds by Strength;
That this ſame Day might ſtretched be
To Twenty Years in Length!

And that the true-performing Tide
Her haſty Courſe would ſtay;
That *Æolus* would never yield
To bear me hence away.

That by the Fountain of my Eyes
The Fields might water'd be;
That I might grave my grievous Plaint
Upon each ſpringing Tree,

But Time, I ſee, with Eagle's Wings
So ſwift doth fly away;
And dusky Clouds begin to dim
The Brightneſs of the Day:

The fatal Hour draweth on,
The Winds and Tides agree;
And now, ſweet *England*, over Sea,
I muſt depart from thee.

The Mariners have hoiſted Sail,
And call to catch me in;
And now, in woful Heart, I feel
My Torments to begin.

Wherefore, Farewel for evermore,
Sweet *England*, unto thee;
And farewel, all my Friends, which I
Again ſhall never ſee.

O *England*, here I kiſs the Ground
Upon my bended Knee!
Whereby to ſhew to all the World
How dearly I love thee.

This being ſaid, away he went
As Fortune did him guide;
And at the length, thro' Grief of Heart,
In *Venice* there he dy'd.

The Noble Duke, in doleful Sort,
Did lead his Life in *France*;
And, at the laſt, the mighty Lord
Did him full high advance.

The Lords of *England* afterwards
Did ſend for him again,
While that King *Richard* at the Wars
In *Ireland* did remain:

Who, by the vile and great Abuſe
Which thro' his Deeds did ſpring,
Depoſed was; and then the Duke
Was truly crowned King.

# XVI. Sir *Richard Whittington's* Advancement.

## BEING

## An Historical Account of his Education, unexpected Fortune, Charity, &c.

To the Tune of, *Dainty come thou to me.*

*There is something so fabulous, or, at least, that has such a Romantick Appearance in the History of* Whittington, *that I shall not chuse to relate it; but refer my credulous Readers to common Tradition, or to the Penny Histories. Certain it is, that there was such a Man; a Citizen of* London, *by Trade a Mercer; and one who has left Publick Edifices, and Charitable Works enow behind him, to transmit his Name to Posterity. Amongst others, he founded a House of Prayer; with an Allowance for a Ma-*

a Maſter, Fellows, Choriſters, Clerks, &c. and an Alms-Houſe for Thirteen poor Men, called Whittington College. He entirely rebuilt the loathſome Priſon, which then was ſtanding at the Weſt Gate of the City, and call'd it Newgate. He built the better Half of St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital, in Weſt Smithfield; and the fine Library in Grey-Fryars, now called Chriſt's Hoſpital: As alſo great Part of the Eaſt End of Guildhall, with a Chapel, and a Library; in which the Records of the City might be kept. He was choſen Sheriff, in the Seventeenth Year of the Reign of King Richard the Second, and of the Chriſtian Æra 1393; William Stondon, by Trade a Grocer, being then Mayor of London. After which he was knighted; and in the One and Twentieth Year of the ſame Reign, he was choſen Mayor. Which Honour was again conferr'd on him in the Eighth Year of King Henry the Fourth, and the Seventh of King Henry the Fifth. 'Tis ſaid of him, That he advanc'd a very conſiderable Sum of Money, towards carrying on the War in France, under this laſt Monarch. He marry'd Alice, the Daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whoſe Houſe, Traditions ſay, Whittington liv'd a Servant, when he got his immenſe Riches by venturing his Cat in one of his Maſter's

*Ships. However, if we may give Credit to his own Will, he was a Knight's Son; and more obliged to an* English *King; and Prince, than to any* African *Monarch, for his Riches. For when he founded* Whittington *College, and left a Maintenance for ſo many People, as above related; they were, as* Stow *records it, (for this Maintenance) bound to pray for the good Eſtate of* Richard Whittington, *and* Alice *his Wife, their Founders; and for Sir* William Whittington, *and Dame* Joan *his Wife; and for* Hugh Fitzwarren, *and Dame* Molde *his Wife; the Fathers and Mothers of the ſaid* Richard Whittington, *and* Alice *his Wife: For King* Richard *the Second, and* Thomas *of* Woodſtock, *Duke of* Gloceſter, *Special Lords and Promoters of the ſaid* Richard Whittington, &c.

HEre muſt I tell the Praiſe
Of worthy *Whittington*,
Known to be in his Days
Thrice Lord-Mayor of *London*:

But of poor Parentage
Born was he as we hear,
And in his tender Age
Bred up in *Lancaſhire*.

Poorly

Poorly to *London* then
Came up this ſimple Lad;
Where, with a Merchant-Man,
Soon he a Dwelling had;

And in a Kitchen plac'd,
A Scullion for to be;
Where a long Time he paſs'd
In Labour drudgingly.

His daily Service was
Turning at the Fire;
And to ſcour Pots of Braſs,
For a poor Scullion's Hire:

Meat and Drink all his Pay,
Of Coin he had no Store;
Therefore to run away,
In ſecret Thought he bore.

So, from the Merchant-Man,
*Whittington* ſecretly
Towards his Country ran,
To purchaſe Liberty.

But as he went along,
In a fair Summer's Morn,
*London*'s Bells ſweetly rung
*Whittington's* back Return;

Evermore ſounding ſo,
Turn again, *Whittington*;
For thou, in Time, ſhalt grow
Lord-Mayor of *London*.

Whereupon, back again
*Whittington* came with Speed,
A Servant to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

Still bleſſed be the Bells,
This was his daily Song;
This my good Fortune tells,
Moſt ſweetly have they rung.

If God ſo favour me,
I will not prove unkind;
*London* my Love ſhall ſee,
And my large Bounties find.

But, ſee his happy Chance!
This Scullion had a Cat,
Which did his State advance,
And by it Wealth he gat.

His Maſter ventur'd forth,
To a Land far unknown,
With Merchandiſe of Worth,
As is in Stories ſhown:

*Whittington* had no more
But this poor Cat as then,
Which to the Ship he bore.
Like a brave valiant Man:

Vent'ring the ſame, quoth he,
I may get Store of Gold,
And Mayor of *London* be,
As the Bells have me told.

*Whittington*'s Merchandiſe,
Carried to a Land
Troubled with Rats and Mice,
As they did underſtand;

The King of the Country there,
As he at Dinner ſat,
Daily remain'd in Fear
Of many Mouſe and Rat.

Meat that on Trenchers lay,
No way they could keep ſafe;
But by Rats bore away,
Fearing no Wand or Staff:

Whereupon, ſoon they brought
*Whittington*'s nimble Cat;
Which by the King was bought,
Heaps of Gold giv'n for that.

Home again came theſe Men,
With their Ship laden ſo,
*Whittington*'s Wealth began
By this Cat thus to grow;

Scullion's Life he forſook,
To be a Merchant good,
And ſoon began to look
How well his Credit ſtood.

After that, he was choſe
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly roſe
Higher, as did appear:

For, to the City's Praiſe,
Sir *Richard Whittington*
Came to be in his Days
Thrice Mayor of *London*.

More his Fame to advance,
Thouſands he lent the King,
To maintain War in *France*,
Glory from thence to bring.

And after, at a Feaſt
Which he the King did make,
He burnt the Bonds all in Jeſt,
And would no Money take.

Ten Thouſand Pounds he gave
To his Prince willingly;
And would no Penny have
For this kind Courteſy.

As God thus made him great,
So he would daily ſee
Poor People fed with Meat,
To ſhew his Charity:

Priſoners poor cheriſh'd were,
Widows ſweet Comfort found;
Good Deeds, both far and near,
Of him do ſtill reſound.

*Whittington*'s College is
One of his Charities;
Record reporteth this,
To laſting Memories.

*Newgate* he builded fair,
For Prisoners to lye in;
*Christ-Church* he did repair,
Christian Love for to win.

Many more such like Deeds
Were done by *Whittington*;
Which Joy and Comfort breeds,
To such as look thereon.

## XVII. *CUPID's* REVENGE.

OR,

An Account of a King who ſlighted all Women, and at length was conſtrain'd to marry a Beggar, who prov'd a Fair and Virtuous Queen.

To the Tune of, *I often for my* Jenny *ſtrove.*

*Upon the firſt Reading of this Ballad, I took the Story for the Invention of ſome Poet, who would not give himſelf the Trouble of turning Hiſtory over, to find out a proper Subject; and I had actually laid it aſide amongſt the fabulous Songs: But upon a Second Review, I found my ſelf miſtaken; at leaſt, I have good Reaſon to believe my ſelf ſo. And having ſince communicated my Thoughts to ſome good Judges, they aſſur'd me I was in the right; and that the Ballad*

had was writ upon the Marriage of King Henry the Sixth. That I may not advance any Opinion, without giving some Grounds for it; I shall let my Readers into the Reasons, which induc'd me to think it was written on him.

*He despis'd the sweetest Beauty;*

*And the greatest Fortune too:*

*At length, he marry'd to a Beggar.*

There is no one so very ignorant of History, as not to know that this Monarch was betrothed to the Count of Arminiac's Daughter; a fine Lady, with whom he was to have a considerable Portion, besides several Towns and Castles in Aquitain, which belong'd to King Henry's Ancestors. But the Duke of Suffolk, without Orders, negotiated a Marriage between his Master and the Daughter of Rayner, Duke of Anjou, a mighty Titular Prince; for he stil'd himself King of Jerusalem, Sicily, and Naples; but, with all his Titles, so very poor, that he could not give his Daughter a Dowry: And King Henry was obliged, in Favour of this Marriage, to renounce his best Dominions in France; which our Poet (I suppose) hints

*hints at, in his throwing a Purse of Gold to the Beggar.*

Her Fame thro' all the Realms did ring,
Altho' She came of Parents poor:
She, by her Sovereign Lord the King,
Did bear one Son, and eke no more.

'Tis *very well known, that no Woman supported the Royal Character with more Courage and Dignity than Queen* Margaret *did. If any one would see her Character at large, I would refer 'em to Mr.* Philips's *Tragedy of Duke* Humphry. *This Queen had but one Child, Prince* Henry; *who was slain at* Tewksbury, *by* Richard *Duke of* Glocester, *Brother to King* Edward *the Fourth: So that the last* Stanza *is not consistent with History. But we must remember, That a Poet who is writing on a Subject which he dares not own, must so disguize the Truth, as not to let his Song be entirely applicable to a Prince on the Throne, or to one who had still Potent Friends living: And for that Reason, our Poet begun with telling us, that he was writing of a Foreign Monarch; and concludes, with setting the Prince on the Throne.*

A King

A King once reign'd beyond the Seas,
As we in ancient Stories find,
Whom no fair Face could ever pleaſe;
He cared not for Womankind:

He deſpis'd the ſweeteſt Beauty,
And the greateſt Fortune too;
At length he marry'd to a Beggar:
See what *Cupid*'s Dart can do!

The blinded Boy that ſhoots ſo trim,
Did to his Cloſet-Window ſteal;
And drew a Dart, and ſhot at him,
And made him ſoon his Power feel.

He that never car'd for Women,
But did Females ever hate;
At length was ſmitten, wounded, ſwooned
For a Beggar at his Gate.

For mark what happen'd on a Day,
As he look'd from his Window high,
He ſpy'd a Beggar all in Grey,
With Two more in her Company:

She his Fancy soon enflamed,
And his Heart was grieved sore;
What! must I have her, court her, crave her?
I that never lov'd before.

This Noble Prince of High Renown,
Did to his Chamber strait repair,
And on his Couch he laid him down,
Oppress'd with Love-sick Grief and Care.

Ne're was a Monarch so surprized;
Here I lye her Captive Slave!
But I'll to her, court her, woo her;
She must heal the Wound she gave.

Then to his Palace-Gate he goes:
The Beggars crave his Charity;
A Purse of Gold to them he throws;
With thankful Hearts away they hye.

But the King he call'd her to him,
Tho' she was but poor and mean;
His Hand did hold her, while he told her,
She should be his stately Queen.

At this she blushed Scarlet red,
And on this mighty King did gaze:
Then strait again as pale as Lead:
Alas, she was in such Amaze!

Hand in Hand they walk'd together;
And the King did kindly say,
That he'd respect her: Strait they deck'd her
In most sumptuous rich Array.

He did appoint the Wedding-Day;
And likewise then commanded strait
The Noble Lords and Ladies gay
Upon his gracious Queen to wait.

She appear'd a splendid Beauty;
All the Court did her adore;
And in a Marriage with a Carriage,
As if she'd been a Queen before.

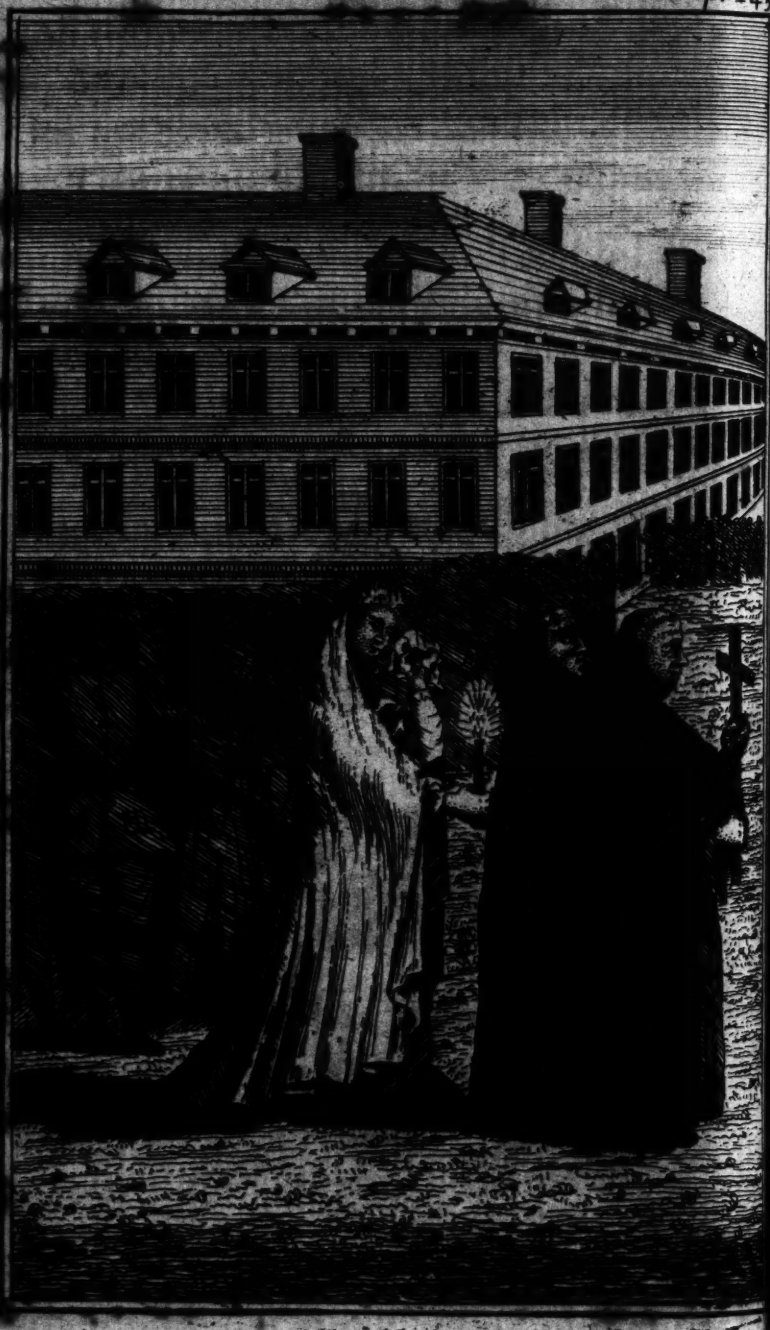
Her Fame thro' all the Realms did ring,
Altho' she came of Parents poor:
She, by her Sov'reign Lord the King,
Did bear one Son, and eke no more.

All the Nobles were well pleaſed,
And the Ladies frank and free;
For her Behaviour always gave her
Title to her Dignity.

At length the King and Queen were laid
Together in a ſilent Tomb;
Their Royal Son their Sceptre ſway'd,
Who govern'd in his Father's Room.

Long in Glory did he flouriſh,
Wealth and Honour to increaſe;
Still poſſeſſing ſuch a Bleſſing,
That he liv'd and reign'd in Peace.

BRITISH MUSEUM



# The Woeful Lamentation of *Jane Shore*, a Goldſmith's Wife in *London*, ſometime King *Edward* the Fourth's Concubine.

To the Tune of *Live with me, &c.*

*The Heroine of the following Song was a Citizen's Daughter, a young Gentlewoman whoſe Youth, Beauty and Virtue were her chief Portion. She was ſought in Marriage by one* Matthew Shore, *a Goldſmith in* Lombard-ſtreet, *but was, they aſſure us, very averſe to the Match, he being then an Elderly Man; but as he was vaſtly rich, her Friends importun'd her, and ſhe at length marry'd him; and appearing now in an open Shop, and in ſeveral Parts of the City, I ſuppoſe, more frequently than ſhe was wont to do, the Fame of her Beauty ſoon ſpread Abroad, and reach'd the Ears of King* Edward IV. *who made his Addreſſes and won her. Upon which her Husband left* England, *and ſhe immediately went to Court, where ſhe liv'd in the moſt gay and ſumptuous manner imaginable, nothing but Feaſts and Dancing; and the King was wont to ſay, that a merrier Harlot never lived. Several Hiſtorians tell us, that during* Edward's *Life-time*



In

*ſhe never employ'd her Power to do any one an Injury or ill Office, but made it her whole Study to do all the Good ſhe could; that ſhe comforted the Diſtreſs'd, reliev'd the Poor, cloath'd the Naked, and ſuccour'd the Widow and Orphans. After the Death of* Edward, *ſhe was kept by the Lord* Haſtings *till his dying Day, after which her Houſe was rifled by the Sheriffs of* London, *all ſhe had ſeiz'd upon, and ſhe forc'd to do Publick Penance in a White Sheet by the Biſhop of* London's *Order, marching to her Pariſh Church in her Ghoſtly Dreſs, with a lighted Taper in her Hand. The Writers of that Age tell us, She ſuffer'd thus for not complying with* Richard's *Requeſt in moving* Haſtings *to forſake* Edward's *Children, and embrace his Cauſe: But there are others who differ very much in Opinion from theſe, and who will not allow* Richard *to have been that Tyrant he is generally repreſented. To prove this they urge that the Nation was overwhelm'd with Ignorance, and that ſcarce a Man in it was able to write, the Monks excepted, who therefore had it wholly in their Power to repreſent People juſt as they pleas'd; that neither* Richard *the Second nor the Third were great Friends to Churchmen, and that for this Reaſon their Accounts cannot be look'd upon as Authentick, being more grounded upon Malice and Reſentment than upon direct Fact. They add, that ſome of*

*the*

*the Monks taking Occaſion to cry out againſt the Heinouſneſs of Adultery, and exclaiming againſt* Jane Shore, *ſhe was deliver'd over to the Spiritual Power, to be us'd juſt as they pleas'd, and that done, they laid her Uſage to King* Richard's *Charge, as a freſh Inſtance of his Tyranny. I ſhall not pretend to determine any thing in a Caſe of this Nature, but having related what is urg'd by both Parties, I ſhall leave every Body to judge for themſelves, and proceed to the Song itſelf. Mr.* Rowe *ſeems to have a great Regard to the Authority of this old Ballad, and has follow'd it more nearly than any Hiſtory we have extant; even Mrs.* Blague, *(tho' I believe mention is made of her no where elſe) he has, with ſome Additions, improv'd into a principal Character, and ſhewn us all that is ſaid of this Woman in the ungrateful* Alicia. *Whilſt I am quoting Mr.* Rowe, *it may perhaps be expected that I ſhould take Notice of his having made* Jane Shore *reſiſt the Temptations of* Haſtings, *and continue Virtuous after the Death of* Edward, *to the laſt; but the Judicious will allow that to be no Authority at all. A Poet has the liberty, in a Dramatick Piece to vary as much as he pleaſes from Hiſtory, at leaſt as much as his Play requires he ſhould.* Jane Shore's *Misfortunes were all that Mr.* Rowe *had to raiſe Compaſſion from; had he made her a common Strumpet, none of his Audience*

*would have pity'd her; but having made her Good and Virtuous, there is ſcarce any one can refuſe to pay her a Tear: Her only apparent Fault there being her yielding to a Monarch's Love, a Temptation few could have reſiſted.*

IF *Roſamond* that was ſo fair,
Had Cauſe her Sorrows to declare;
Then let *Jane Shore* with Sorrow ſing,
That was beloved of a King.
*Then wanton Wives in time amend,*
*For Love and Beauty will have end.*

In Maiden Years my Beauty bright
Was loved dear by Lord and Knight,
But yet the Love that they requir'd,
It was not as my Friends deſir'd.
*Then wanton Wives*, &c.

My Parents they for Thirſt of Gain,
A Husband for me did obtain;
And I their Pleaſure to fulfill,
Was forc'd to wed againſt my Will:

To *Matthew Shore* I was a Wife,
'Till Luſt brought Ruin to my Life:
And then my Life I lewdly ſpent,
Which makes my Soul for to lament.

In *Lombard-ſtreet* I once did dwell,
As *London* yet can witneſs well,
Where many Gallants did behold
My Beauty in a Shop of Gold.

I ſpread my Plumes as Wantons do,
Some ſweet and ſecret Friend to wooe,
Becauſe my Love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton Mind.

At laſt my Name in Court did ring
Into the Ears of *England*'s King,
Who came and lik'd, and Love requir'd,
But I made coy what he deſir'd:

Yet Miſtreſs *Blague*, a Neighbour near,
Whoſe Friendſhip I eſteemed dear,
Did ſay, *It is a gallant thing*
*To be beloved of a King.*

By her Perſwaſions I was led,
For to defile my Marriage-Bed,
And wrong my wedded Husband *Shore*,
Whom I had lov'd ten Years before.

In Heart and Mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made ſo ſweet a Choice;
And therefore did my State reſign,
To be King *Edward*'s Concubine.

From City then to Court I went,
To reap the Pleaſures of Content;
And had the Joys that Love could bring,
And knew the Secrets of a King.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding *Edward* with mine Eye,
For Miſtreſs *Blague* I in ſhort ſpace,
Obtain'd a Living from his Grace.

No Friend I had but in ſhort time,
I made unto Promotion climb;
But yet for all this coſtly Pride,
My Husband could not me abide.

His Bed, tho' wronged by a King,
His Heart with deadly Grief did ſting:
From *England* then he goes away,
To end his Life upon the Sea.

He could not live to ſee his Name
Impaired by my wanton Shame;
Altho' a Prince of Peerleſs Might
Did reap the Pleaſure of his Right.

Long time I lived in the Court,
With Lords and Ladies of great ſort;
And when I ſmil'd all Men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my Prince grew ſad.

But yet an honeſt Mind I bore
To helpleſs People, that were poor;
Ever ſtill redreſs'd the Orphan's Cry,
And ſav'd their Lives condemn'd to dye.

I ſtill had ruth on Widow's Tears,
I ſuccour'd Babes of tender Years;
And never look'd for other Gain,
But Love and Thanks for all my Pain.

At laſt my Royal King did dye,
And then my Days of Woe grew nigh;
When *Crook-back'd Richard* got the Crown,
King *Edward*'s Friends were ſoon put down.

I then was puniſh'd for my Sin,
That I ſo long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his Friend,
This Tyrant brought to ſhameful End.

Then for my rude and wanton Life,
That made a Strumpet of a Wife,
I Penance did in *Lombard-ſtreet*,
In ſhameful manner in a Sheet.

Where many Thouſands did me view,
Who late in Court my Credit knew;
Which made the Tears run down my Face
To think upon my foul Diſgrace.

Not thus content, they took from me
My Goods, my Livings, and my Fee,
And charg'd that none ſhould me relieve,
Nor any Succour to me give.

Then unto Miſtreſs *Blagun* I went,
To whom my Jewels I had ſent,
In hope thereby to eaſe my Want,
When Riches fail'd, and Love grew ſcant.

But ſhe deny'd to me the ſame,
When in my Need for them I came;
To recompence my former Love,
Out of her Doors ſhe did me ſhove.

So Love did vaniſh with my State,
Which now my Soul repents too late;
Therefore Example take by me,
For Friendſhip parts in Poverty.

But yet one Friend among the reſt,
Whom I before had ſeen diſtreſs'd,
And ſav'd his Life, condemn'd to dye,
Did give me Food to ſuccour me.

For which, by Law, it was decreed,
That he was hanged for that Deed;
His Death did grieve me ſo much more,
Than had I dy'd my ſelf therefore.

Then thoſe to whom I had done good,
Durſt not reſtore me any Food;
Whereby in vain I begg'd all Day,
And ſtill in Streets by Night I lay.

My Gowns beſet with Pearl and Gold,
Were turn'd to ſimple Garments old;
My Chains and Jems and golden Rings,
To filthy Rags and loathſome Things.

Thus was I ſcorn'd of Maid and Wife,
For leading ſuch a wicked Life;
Both ſucking Babes, and Children ſmall,
Did make a Paſtime at my Fall.

I could not get one Bit of Bread,
Whereby my Hunger might be fed,
Nor Drink, but ſuch as Channels yield,
Or ſtinking Ditches in the Field.

Thus, weary of my Life, at length
I yielded up my vital Strength,
Within a Ditch of loathſome Scent,
Where Carrion Dogs do much frequent;

The which, now ſince my dying Day,
Is *Shoreditch* call'd, as Writers ſay,
Which is a Witneſs of my Sin,
For being Concubine to a King.

You wanton Wives that fall to Luſt,
Be you aſſur'd that God is juſt;
Whoredom ſhall not eſcape his Hand,
Nor Pride unpuniſh'd in this Land.

If God to me ſuch Shame did bring,
That yielded only to a King,
How ſhall they 'ſcape that daily run
To practiſe Sin with every Man?

You Husbands match not but for Love,
Leſt ſome diſliking after prove;
Women be warn'd when you are Wives,
What Plagues are due to ſinful Lives:
*Then Maids and Wives in time amend,*
*For Love and Beauty will have end.*

# King *Edward* and *Jane Shore*.

In Imitation, and to the Tune of, St. *George* and the *Dragon*.

*I have already ſaid all that I have to ſay of this unhappy Lady. The following Song is a Burleſque upon her, but rather ſeems written by a Wag than an Enemy to her Memory. There are ſome little Expreſſions in it which had almoſt induced me to lay the Song aſide; but I conſider'd that it was really old, and therefore ought to be preſerv'd, and that I might have Readers of ſeveral Humours, ſo that this Ballad might hit the Taſte of thoſe who probably would not reliſh one more grave and ſolid. This little Introduction I have thrown in for the Service of the Ladies, that they may not unwarily go to read or ſing this Song, unleſs by themſelves.*

WHY ſhould we boaſt of *Lalus* and his Knights,
Knowing ſuch Champions entrapt by Who-
(riſh Lights?
Or why ſhould we ſpeak of *Thais*'s curled Locks,
Or *Rhodope* that gave ſo many Men the P—x?
Read in old Stories, and there you will find,
How *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, ſhe pleas'd King *Ed-*
(*ward*'s Mind.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, *Queen* Fredrick *was for* France;
*Sing* Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.

Of the old *Amazons* it were too long to tell,
And likewiſe of the *Thracian* Girls, how far they did excel,
Thoſe with *Scythian* Lads engag'd in ſeveral Fights,
And in the brave Venerean Wars did foil advent'rous Knights;
*Meſſalina* and *Julia* were Veſſels wond'rous brittle;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, took down King *Edward*'s Mettle.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, *&c.*

*Thalleſtris* of *Thermodon* ſhe was a doubty Wight,
She conquer'd *Pallas* King i'th' Exerciſe of Night;
*Hercules* ſlew the Dragon, whoſe Teeth were all of Braſs,
Yet he himſelf became a Slave unto the *Lydian* Laſs;
The *Theban Semele* lay with *Jove*, not dreading all his Thunder;
But *Jane Shore* overcame King *Edward*, altho' he had her under.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, *&c.*

*Helen* of *Greece* ſhe came of *Spartan* Blood,
*Agricola* and *Creſſida* they were brave Whores and good;
Queen *Clytemneſtra* boldly ſlew old *Arthur*'s mighty Son;
And fair *Heſione* pull'd down the Strength of *Telamon*;
Thoſe were the Ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* Suck,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, ſhe ſpoil'd King *Edward*'s Back.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, *&c.*

For this the ancient Fathers did great *Venus* defy,
Becauſe with her own Father *Jove* ſhe feared not to lye,
Hence *Cupid* came, who afterwards reveng'd his lo-
(ving Mother,
And made kind *Bibilis* do the like with *Caunus* her
(own Brother;
And afterwards the Goddeſs kept *Adonis* for Reſerve,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, ſhe ſtretch'd King *Ed-*
(*ward*'s Nerve.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, *&c.*

The *Colchan* Dame *Medea* her Father did betray,
And taught her Lover *Jaſon* the vigilant Bull to ſlay;
And after thence convey'd her Father's golden Fleece,
She with her Lover fail'd away in *Argo*'s Ship to
(*Greece*;
But finding *Jaſon* falſe, ſhe burnt his Wife and Court,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, ſhe ſhew'd King *Ed-*
(*ward* Sport.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, *&c.*

*Romix* of *Saxony*, the *Welch* State overthrew;
*Igerne* of *Cornwall*, *Pendragon* did ſubdue;
Queen *Vanora* with *Arthur* fought ſingly hand to hand
In Bed, tho' afterwards ſhe made Horns on his Head
(to ſtand,
And to Sir *Modredus*, *Pictiſh* Prince, a Paramour be-
(came;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, ſhe made King *Edward*
(tame.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, *&c.*

*Mareſia* of *Italy*, ſee how ſhe ſtoutly copes
With Jeſuits, Prieſts, Cardinals, and tripple Crown-
(ed Popes;

And

And with King *Henry Roſamond* ſpent many a dally-
(ing Hour,
'Till laſtly poyſon'd by the Queen in *Woodſtock* fatal
(Bower;
And *Joan* of *Arc* play'd in the Dark with the Knights
(of *Languedock*,
But *Jane Shore* met King *Edward*, and gave him
(Knock for Knock.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, &c.

*Paſiphae* we know play'd Feats with the *Cretan* Bull,
And *Proſerpine*, tho' ſo Divine, became black *Pluto*'s
(Trull;
The *Spaniſh* Bawd her Strumpets taught to lay their
(Legs aſtride;
But theſe, and all the Courtezans, *Jane Shore* did
(them deride;
Pope *Joan* was right, altho' ſhe did the Papal Scep-
(ter wield,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, ſhe made King *Edward*
(yield.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, &c.

*Agathoclea* and *Æanthe* did govern *Ægypt*'s King;
The witty Wench of *Andover* ſhe was a pretty thing;
She freely took her Lady's Place, and with Great
(*Edgar* dally'd,
And with main Force ſhe toil'd him quite, altho' he
(often rally'd;
For which brave Act, he that her rackt, gave her his
Lady's Land,
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did command.

Jane Shore *ſhe was for* England, &c.

Of *Phryne* and of *Lais* Hiſtorians have related,
How their illuſtrious Beauties two Generals captivated,

And

And they that in the Days of Yore kill'd Men, and (sackt their Cities,
In Honour of their Mistresses, composed amorous (Ditties;
Let *Flora* gay, with *Romans* play, and be a Goddess (call'd;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* she enthrall'd.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, *&c.*

The jolly Tanner's Daughter, Harlot of *Normandy*,
She only had the Happiness to please Duke *Robert's* (Eye;
And *Roxalina*, tho' a Slave, and born a *Grecian*,
Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand Signior (*Soliman*;
And *Naples Joan* would make them groan, that ar- (dently did love'r;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* he did (shove'r.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, *&c.*

*Aspatia* doth of the *Persian* Brothers boast,
Tho' *Cynthia* joy in the *Lapthean* Boy, *Jane Shore* (shall rule the roast;
*Cleopatra* lov'd *Mark Anthony*, and *Brownal* she did (Feats;
But compar'd to our Virago, they were but meerly (Cheats:
Brave Carpit-Knights in *Cupid's* Fights, their milk (white Rapiers drew;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did subdue.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, *&c.*

*Hamlet's* incestuous Mother, was *Gathernard*, *Den-* (*mark's* Queen;
And *Circe*, that inchanting Witch, the like was, (scarcely seen;
Warlike

Warlike *Penthesilea* was an *Amazonian* Whore
To *Hector* and young *Troilus*, both which did her a-
(dore;
But brave King *Edward*, who before had gain'd nine
(Victories,
Was like a Bond-slave fetter'd within *Jane Shore*'s
(All-conquering Thighs.

Jane Shore *she was for* England, *Queen* Fredrick
(*was for* France;
*Sing*, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

A true

# A True Relation of the Death of Sir *Andrew Barton*, a Pyrate and Rover on the Sea.

To the Tune of *Come follow my Love.*

*If we read the Accounts given us of this Sir* Andrew Barton, *by the* Engliſh *and* Scotch *Hiſtorians, we ſhall ſcarce be able to perſwade our ſelves that they are talking of the ſame Man. The former repreſent him as a common Rover, who was juſtly puniſh'd for his Pyracy, the latter as one who by Permiſſion of his King was out at Sea to make Repriſals on the* Portugueſe, *who had injur'd him. Should I pretend to give any Account of him, and lean to the ſide of either Hiſtorian, I ſhould probably be thought guilty of Prejudice and Partiality, and for this Reaſon I ſhall give a faithful Abſtract of what they both ſay.*

*In the third Year of* Henry VIII's *Reign, ſay the* Engliſh, *one* Andrew Barton, *a* Scotch *Pyrate, infeſted the Seas, and robb'd the* Engliſh, *as he did all other Nations but his own, upon which Sir* Edward Howard, *King* Henry's *Admiral, was ſent out againſt him, who in Battle wounded him, of which he dy'd,*

*and*

*and taking two of his Ships, brought the Crew Priſoners to* London; *but King* Henry, *out of his great Clemency, tho' they deſerved Death, pardon'd them all, and ſent them Home again, notwithſtanding which, the* Scottiſh *King,* James IV. *ſent to demand Reſtitution; but King* Henry *anſwer'd, That, far from expecting ſuch a Meſſage, he thought the Herald was come to return him Thanks for ſparing the Lives of ſo many* Scotchmen, *who had deſerv'd Death.*

*On the other hand,* Buchanan *ſays, That he was a Merchant, whoſe Father had been murder'd, and his Ships rifled by the* Portugueſe; *that the Murder being committed in* Flanders, Andrew *ſued them there and got his Cauſe, but the* Portugueſe *refuſing to pay what they were fined, and their King not compelling 'em, tho' a Herald had been ſent from King* James *to demand Satisfaction,* Barton *obtain'd leave to arm againſt 'em and put out to Sea; that the* Portugueſe, *who then were in ſtrict Alliance with the* Engliſh, *perſwaded King* Henry *to deſtroy* Barton, *who in time might perhaps fall on his Merchants alſo, and that* Thomas Howard, *the* Engliſh *Admiral, was ſent out with two ſtrong Ships againſt him, who took an Opportunity of falling upon* Barton *when he was on Board a very little Ship, and was follow'd by a leſs, and yet had much ado to overcome him; adding, that* Barton *was a Man of ſuch Courage, that when his Caſe was deſperate,*

*tho'*

tho' he had ſeveral Wounds, and one of his Legs was broken by a Cannon Bullet, yet he took a Drum and beat an Alarm, or Charge, to his Men to encourage them to fight valiantly, and this he did till his Breath and Life fail'd him together. The Priſoners who were taken in the Ingagement, he ſays, were brought to London, and being inſtructed by the Engliſh, they humbly begg'd their Lives of the King, and he in a proud Oſtentation of his great Clemency, diſmiſs'd and ſent the poor innocent Souls away. Ambaſſadors, he adds, were ſent to complain of this Violence, but King Henry juſtify'd what he had done, by aſſerting, that they were Pyrates.

I cannot forbear obſerving one Thing, which is, That Buchanan himſelf acknowledges, that our Admiral took theſe Ships in the Downs; and ſuppoſing all that he has ſaid to be true, and that Barton fell only on the Portugueſe, he could have no Buſineſs on the Engliſh Coaſt, unleſs to take 'em as they enter'd our Ports, by which he ſpoiled our Commerce with Portugal; and might therefore be as juſtly look'd upon by our Merchants as a Pyrate, as if he had actually taken their Ships. However, this very Action bred ſuch Heart burnings and Jealouſies between the two Kings, that it laid the Seeds of War between their Kingdoms, which ſhortly after broke out.

When

WHEN *Flora* with her fragant Flowers
Bedeck'd the Earth ſo trim and gay,
And *Iris* with her dainty Showers
Came to preſent the Month of *May*.
King *Henry* would a Hunting ride,
Over the River of *Thames* paſs'd he,
Unto a Mountain Top alſo
Did walk ſome Pleaſures for to ſee:

Where forty Merchants he eſpy'd,
With fifty Sail come towards him,
Who then no ſooner were arriv'd,
But on their Knees did thus complain:
*An't pleaſe your Grace, we cannot ſail*
*To* France *a Voyage to be ſure,*
*But Sir* Andrew Barton *makes us quail,*
*And robs us of our Merchant-Ware.*

Vext was the King, and turning him,
Said to the Lords of high Degree,
*Have I ne'er a Lord within my Realm,*
*Dares fetch that Traytor unto me?*
*To him reply'd* Charles *Lord* Howard,
*I will, my Liege, with Heart and Hand,*
*If't pleaſe you grant me leave, ſaid he,*
*I will perform what you command.*

To him then ſpoke King *Henry*,
*I fear*, my Lord, *You are too young.*
No whit at all, my Liege, quoth he,
I hope to prove in Valour ſtrong:
The *Scotch* Knight now I vow to ſeek,
In what Place ſoe'er he be,
And bring Aſhore with all his might,
Or into *Scotland* he ſhall carry me.

A-hun-

A hundred Men, *the King then ſaid*,
Out of my Realm ſhall choſen be;
Beſides Sailors and Ship-boys,
To guide a great Ship on the Sea;
Bow-men and Gunners of good Skill,
Shall for this Service choſen be;
And they at thy Command and Will,
In all Affairs ſhall wait on thee.

Lord *Howard* call'd a Gunner then,
Who was the beſt in all the Realm,
His Age was Threeſcore Years and ten,
And *Peter Simon* was his Name;
My Lord call'd then a Bow-man rare,
Whoſe active Hands had gained Fame
A Gentleman born in *Yorkſhire*,
And *William Horſely* was his Name.

Horſely, *quoth he*, I muſt to Sea,
To ſeek a Traytor with good ſpeed,
Of a Hundred Bow-men brave, *quoth he*,
I have choſen thee to be the Head.
If you, *my Lord*, have choſen me
Of a Hundred Men to be the Head,
Upon the Main-maſt I'll hanged be,
If Twelveſcore I miſs one Shilling's breadth.

Lord *Howard* then of Courage bold,
Went to the Sea with pleaſant Chear,
Not curb'd with Winter's piercing Cold,
Tho' 'twas the ſtormy Time of Year.
Not long he had been on the Sea,
More in Days than Number three,
But one *Harry Hunt* there he eſpy'd,
A Merchant of *Newcaſtle* was he;

To him Lord *Howard* call'd out amain,
And ſtrictly charged him to ſtand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
Or where he did intend to land.

The

The Merchant then made Anſwer ſoon,
With heavy Heart and careful Mind,
*My Lord*, My Ship it doth belong
Unto *Newcaſtle upon Tine*.

Canſt thou ſhew me, *the Lord did ſay*,
As thou didſt ſail by Day and Night,
A *Scottiſh* Rover on the Sea,
His Name is *Andrew Barton*, Knight?
At this the Merchant ſigh'd and ſaid,
With grieved Mind and Well-away,
But over-well I know that Wight,
I was his Priſoner Yeſterday.

As I, *my Lord*, did ſail from *France*,
A *Bourdeaux* Voyage to take ſo far,
I met with Sir *Andrew Barton* thence,
Who robb'd me of my Merchant-ware
And mickle Debts God knows I owe,
And every Man doth crave his own,
And I am bound to *London* now,
Of our gracious King to beg a Boon.

Shew me him, *ſaid Lord* Howard *then*,
Let me once the Villain ſee,
And e'ry Penny he hath from thee ta'n,
I'll double the ſame with Shillings three.
Now God forbid, *the Merchant ſaid*,
I fear your Aim that you will miſs;
God bleſs you from his Tyranny,
For little you think what Man he is.

He is Braſs within, and Steel without,
His Ship moſt huge and mighty ſtrong,
With eighteen Pieces of Ordnance,
He carrieth on each ſide along:
With Beams for his Top-caſtle,
As being alſo huge and high,
That neither *Engliſh* nor *Portugal*
Can Sir *Andrew Barton* paſs by.

Hard News thou ſhow'ſt, *then ſaid the Lord,*
To welcome Strangers to the Sea;
But as I ſaid, I'll bring him Aboard,
Or into *Scotland* he ſhall carry me.
*The Merchant ſaid,* If you will do ſo,
Take Counſel then I pray withal,
Let no Man to his Top-caſtle go,
Nor ſtrive to let his Beams down fall;

Lend me ſeven Pieces of Ordnance then
On each ſide of my Ship, *ſaid he,*
And by to Morrow, *my good Lord,*
Again I will your Honour ſee:
A Glaſs I ſet, as may be ſeen,
Whether you ſail by Day or Night,
And to Morrow be ſure before ſeven,
You ſhall ſee Sir *Andrew Barton,* Knight.

The Merchant ſet my Lord a Glaſs,
So well apparent in his Sight,
That on the Morrow, as his Promiſe was,
He ſaw Sir *Andrew Barton,* Knight.
The Lord then ſwore a mighty Oath,
Now by the Heavens that be of Might,
By Faith, believe me, and by Troth,
I think he is a worthy Knight.

Fetch me my Lyon out of Hand,
*Saith he,* with Roſe and Streamer high,
Set up withal a Willow-wand,
That Merchant-like I may paſs by.
Thus bravely did Lord *Howard* paſs,
And on Anchor riſe ſo high;
No Top-ſail at laſt he caſt,
But as a Foe did him defy.

Sir *Andrew Barton* ſeeing him
Thus ſcornfully to paſs by,
As tho' he cared not a Pin
For him and his Company:

Then

Then call'd he for his Men amain,
Fetch back yon Pedlar now, *quoth he*,
And e'er this way he come again,
I'll teach him well his Courtesy.

A Piece of Ordnance soon was shot,
By this proud Pyrate fiercely then,
Into Lord *Howard's* middle Deck,
Which cruel Shot kill'd fourteen Men.
He call'd then *Peter Simon*, he,
Look how thy Word do stand in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on Main-mast,
If thou miss Twelvescore one Penny breadth.

Then *Peter Simon* gave a Shot,
Which did Sir *Andrew* mickle scare,
In at his Deck it came so hot,
Kill'd fifteen of his Men of War:
Alas, *then said the Pyrate stout*,
I am in Danger now I see;
This is some Lord, I greatly fear,
That is set on to conquer me.

Then *Henry Hunt* with Rigour hot,
Came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot in at his Deck,
And kill'd fifty of his Men beside:
Then, out, alas, *Sir* Andrew *cry'd*,
What may a Man now think or say?
Yon Merchant-thief that pierceth me,
He was my Prisoner Yesterday.

Then did he on *Gordion* call,
Unto the Top-castle for to go,
And bid his Beams he should let fall,
For he greatly fear'd an Overthrow.
e Lord call'd *Horsely* then in haste,
Look that thy Word stand in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on Main-mast,
If thou miss Twelvescore a Shilling's breadth.

Then

Then up the Maſt-Tree ſwerved he,
This ſtout and mighty *Gordion*;
But *Horſely* he moſt happily,
Shot him under his Collar-Bone:
Then call'd he on his Nephew, and
*Said*, Siſter's Son's I have no mo,
Three hundred Pound I give to thee,
If thou wilt to the Top-caſtle go.

Then ſtoutly he began to climb
From off the Maſt ſcorn'd to depart:
But *Horſely* ſoon prevented him,
And deadly pierc'd him to the Heart.
His Men being ſlain, then up amain
Did this proud Pyrate climb with ſpeed,
For Armour of Proof he had put on,
And did not dint of Arrows dread.

Come hither *Horſely*, *ſaid the Lord*,
See thou thy Arrows aim aright;
Great Means to thee I'll ſtill afford,
And if thou ſpeedſt I'll make thee Knight.
Sir *Andrew* did climb up the Tree,
With right good Will and all his Main,
Then upon the Breaſt hit *Horſely* he,
'Till the Arrow did return again.

Then *Horſely* ſpy'd a Private Place,
With a perfect Eye in a ſecret Part,
His Arrow ſwiftly flew apace,
And ſmote Sir *Andrew* to the Heart.
Fight on, fight on, my merry Men all,
A little I am hurt, yet not ſlain,
I'll but lye down and bleed awhile,
And come and fight with you again.

And do not, *ſaid he*, fear *Engliſh* Rogues,
And of your Foes ſtand not in awe,
But ſtand faſt by St. *Andrew*'s Croſs,
Until you hear my Whiſtle blow.

They never heard his Whiſtle blow,
Which made them all moſt ſore afraid.
Then *Horſely* ſaid, My Lord, Aboard
For now Sir *Andrew Barton*'s dead.

Thus boarded they this gallant Ship,
With right good Will and all their main,
Eighteen Score *Scots* alive in it,
Beſides as many more were ſlain.
The Lord went where Sir *Andrew* lay,
And quickly then cut off his Head;
I ſhould forſake *England* many a Day,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.

Thus from the Wars Lord *Howard* came
With mickle Joy and Triumphing,
The Pyrate's Head he brought along
For to preſent unto the King:
Who briefly unto him did ſay,
Before he well knew what was done,
Where is the Knight and Pyrate gay,
That I my ſelf may give the Doom?

You may thank God, *then ſaid the Lord*,
And four Men in the Ship, *quoth he*,
That we are ſafely come Aſhore,
Sith you never had ſuch an Enemy;
That is, *Henry Hunt* and *Peter Simon*,
*William Horſely* and *Peter*'s Son;
Therefore Reward them for their Pains,
For they did Service in their turn.

To the Merchant therefore the King he ſaid,
In lieu of what he hath from thee ta'n,
I'll give to thee a Noble a Day,
Sir *Andrew*'s Whiſtle and his Chain
To *Peter Simon* a Crown a Day,
And half a Crown to *Peter*'s Son;
And that was for a Shot ſo gay,
Which bravely brought Sir *Andrew* down.

*Horſely*

*Horesely* I will make thee a Knight,
And in *Yorkshire* thou shalt dwell;
Lord *Howard* shall Earl *Bury* hight,
For this Act deserveth well.
Ninety Pounds to our *English* Men,
Who in this Fight did stoutly stand;
And Twelve Pence a Day to the *Scots*, till they
Come to my Brother King's High Land.

# *Johnny Armſtrong's* laſt Good-night, ſhewing how *John Armſtrong* with his Eightſcore Men fought a bloody Battle with the *Scotch* King at *Edenborough*.

To a Northern Tune.

*Never was Country in the World more infeſted with Robbers than the Kingdom of* Scotland *in former Days. Some few Banditti we have had here in* England, *but compar'd to their Number they are few indeed; but as a general Hiſtory of them would at preſent be foreign to my Purpoſe, I ſhall confine my ſelf to the Hero of the following Ballad, whoſe Habitation was at no great diſtance from the River* Ewſe; *there he had a ſtrong Body of Men under his Command, and all his Neighbours, even the neareſt* Engliſh, *ſtood in Awe of him, and paid him Tribute. When* James V. *reign'd in* Scotland, *and* Henry VIII. *in* England, *the former willing to ſuppreſs all Robberies, levied a ſmall Army, march'd out againſt the Banditti, and pitch'd his Tents hard by the River* Ewſe. *At this* John Armſtrong *became*

*ſenſible*

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*ſenſible of his Danger, and would willingly have made his Peace. Some of the King's Officers finding him in this Diſpoſition, ſecretly perſwaded him to make his Submiſſion, adding, that they durſt aſſure him he would be kindly receiv'd.* Armſtrong *follow'd their Counſel, and with Sixty Horſemen unarm'd, haſten'd to the King, but imprudently forgot to provide himſelf with Paſſes and a ſafe Conduct. Thoſe who had given him this Advice, ſenſible of his Error, lay in Ambuſh for, ſurpriz'd and took him, with his Sixty Men, and carryed 'em all to the King, pretending that they had made them Priſoners. Nor was he accus'd of robbing only, but of having alſo form'd a Deſign of delivering up all that Part of the Country to the* Engliſh, *and being condemn'd, with Fifty four of his Companions, was hang'd, the other ſix were reſerv'd as Hoſtages to deter their Fellows from being guilty of the like Crime. Our Poet, I ſuppoſe, thought that the Gallows was too low a Death for his Heroe, and therefore rather choſe to let him dye bravely fighting. Inſtead of Three, he gives him a Retinue of Eighſcore Men, and lays his Scene in* Edenburg, *and theſe, I think, are the only material Points in which he differs from Hiſtory.*

IS there ever a Man in all *Scotland*,
From the higheſt Eſtate to the loweſt Degree,
That can ſhew himſelf now before our King,
*Scotland* is ſo full of Treachery?

Yes, there is a Man in *Weſtmorland*,
And *Johnny Armſtrong* they do him call,
He has no Lands nor Rents coming in,
Yet he keeps Eightſcore Men within his Hall.

He has Horſes and Harneſs for them all,
And goodly Steeds that be Milk-white,
With their goodly Belts about their Necks,
With Hats and Feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving Letter,
And with his own Hand ſo tenderly,
And hath ſent it unto *Johnny Armſtrong*,
To come and ſpeak with him ſpeedily.

When *John* he look'd this Letter upon,
He look'd as blith as a Bird in a Tree,
*I was never before a King in my Life,*
*My Father, my Grandfather, nor none of us three.*

*But ſeeing we muſt go before the King,*
*Lord, we will go moſt gallantly;*
*Ye ſhall every one have a Velvet Coat,*
*Laid down with golden Laces three.*

*And every one ſhall have a ſcarlet Cloak,*
*Laid down with ſilver Laces five,*
*With your golden Belts about your Necks,*
*With Hats and Feathers all alike.*

But when *Johnny* went from *Giltknock-Hall*,
The Wind it blew hard, and full faſt it did rain,
*Now fare thee well thou* Giltknock-Hall,
*I fear I ſhall never ſee thee again.*

Now *Johnny* he is to *Edenborough* gone,
With his Eightſcore Men ſo gallantly,
And every one of them on a Milk-white Steed,
With their Bucklers and Swords hanging to their (Knee.

But

But when *John* came the King before,
With his Eightſcore Men ſo gallant to ſee,
The King he mov'd his Bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a King as well as he.

*O Pardon, pardon, my Sovereign Liege,*
*Pardon for my Eightſcore Men and me;*
*For my Name it is* Johnny Armſtrong,
*And Subject of yours, my Liege,* ſaid he,

Away with thee, thou falſe Traytor,
No Pardon will I grant to thee,
But to Morrow Morning by Eight of the Clock,
I will hang up thy Eightſcore Men and thee.

Then *Johnny* look'd over his left Shoulder,
And to his merry Men thus ſaid he,
*I have asked Grace of a graceleſs Face,*
*No Pardon there is for you and me.*

Then *John* pull'd out his good Broad Sword,
That was made of the Mettle ſo free,
Had not the King moved his Foot as he did,
*John* had taken his Head from his fair Body.

*Come follow me my merry Men all,*
*We will ſcorn one Foot for to fly,*
*It ſhall never be ſaid we were hang'd like Dogs,*
*We will fight it out moſt manfully.*

Then they fought on like Champions bold,
For their Hearts were ſturdy, ſtout and free,
'Till they had kill'd all the King's good Guard,
There were none left alive but one, two or three.

But then roſe up all *Edenborough*,
They roſe up by Thouſands three,
A cowardly *Scot* came *John* behind,
And run him through the fair Body.

Said *John*, *Fight on my merry Men all,*
*I am a little wounded but am not ſlain,*
*I will lay me down to bleed awhile,*
*Then I'll riſe and fight with you again.*

Then they fought on like mad Men all,
Till many a Man lay dead on the Plain,
For they were reſolved before they would yield,
That every Man would there be ſlain.

So there they fought couragiouſly,
'Till moſt of them lay dead there and ſlain,
But little *Muſgrave*, that was his Foot-Page,
With his bonny Griſſel got away unta n.

But when he came to *Giltknock-Hall*,
The Lady ſpy'd him preſently,
*What News, what News, thou little Foot-Page,*
*What News from thy Maſter, and his Company.*

My News is bad, Lady, he ſaid,
Which I do bring, as you may ſee,
My Maſter *Johnny Armſtrong* is ſlain,
And all his gallant Company.

*Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Griſſel,*
*Full oft thou haſt been fed with Corn and Hay,*
*But now thou ſhalt be fed with Bread and Wine,*
*And thy Sides ſhall be ſpurr'd no more, I ſay.*

O then beſpake his little Son,
As he ſat on his Nurſe's Knee,
*If ever I live to be a Man,*
*My Father's Death reveng'd ſhall be.*

# A pleaſant Ballad ſhewing how two valliant Knights, Sir *John Armſtrong*, and Sir *Michael Muſgrave*, fell in Love with the Beautiful Daughter of the Lady *Dacres* in the *North*; and of the great Strife that happen'd between them for her, and how they wrought the Death of One hundred Men.

*Another Poet willing to conceal the ignominious Death of* Armſtrong, *has in this Song Knighted him, and made his Rival kill him; at leaſt I am apt to believe 'tis the ſame* Armſtrong *he is talking of, and for that Reaſon I have inſerted it, thinking myſelf oblig'd to do him as much Juſtice as to our famous* Engliſh *Outlaw* Robin Hood, *and to leave the Story of his Marriage upon Record.*

AS it fell out one *Whitſonday*,
The Blith Time of the Year,
When every Tree was clad with green,
And pretty Birds ſing clear:
The Lady *Dacres* took her way
Unto the Church that pleaſant Day,
With her fair Daughter, freſh and gay,
*A bright and bonny Laſs.*

*Fa la tre dang de do;*
*Trang trole lo trang de do;*
*With hey trang trole lo lye,*
*She was a bonny Lass.*

Sir *Michael Muſgrave* in like ſort
To Church repaired then,
And ſo did Sir *John Armſtrong* too,
With all his merry Men;
Two greater Friends there could not be,
Nor braver Knights for Chivalry,
Both Batchelors of high Degree,
*Fit for a bonny Lass.*

They ſat them down upon one Seat,
Like loving Brethren dear,
With Hearts and Minds devoutly bent
God's Service for to hear;
But riſing from their Prayers tho'
Their Eyes a ranging ſtrait did go,
Which wrought their utter Overthrow,
*All for one bonny Lass.*

Quoth *Muſgrave* unto *Armſtrong* then;
Yon ſits the ſweeteſt Dame,
That ever for her fair Beauty,
Within this Country came.
Inſooth, quoth *Armſtrong* preſently,
Your Judgment I muſt verify,
There never came unto my Eye,
*A braver bonny Lass.*

I ſwear, ſaid *Muſgrave*, by this Sword,
Which did my Knighthood win,
To ſteal away ſo ſweet a Dame,
Could be no Ghoſtly Sin.
That Deed, quoth *Armſtrong*, would be ill,
Except you had her right good Will,
That your Deſire ſhe would fulfil,
*And be thy bonny Lass.*

By

By this the Service quite was done,
And home the People paſt;
They wiſh'd a Bliſter on his Tongue,
That made thereof ſuch haſte.
At the Church-Door the Knights did meet,
The Lady *Dacres* for to greet,
But moſt of all her Daughter ſweet,
*That beauteous bonny Laſs.*

Said *Armſtrong* to the Lady fair,
We both have made a Vow,
At Dinner for to be your Gueſts,
If you will it allow.
With that beſpoke the Lady free,
Sir Knights, right welcome ſhall you be.
The happier Men therefore are we,
*For Love of this bonny Laſs.*

Thus were the Knights both prick'd in Love,
Both in one Moment thrall'd,
And both with one fair Lady gay,
Fair *Iſabella* call'd.
With humble Thanks they went away,
Like wounded Harts chas'd all the Day.
One would not to the other ſay,
*They lov'd this bonny Laſs.*

Fair *Iſabel* on the other ſide
As far in Love was found,
So long brave *Armſtrong* ſhe had ey'd,
Till Love her Heart did wound:
Brave *Armſtrong* is my Joy, quoth ſhe;
Would *Chriſt* he were alone with me,
To talk an Hour two or three
*With his fair bonny Laſs.*

But as theſe Knights together rode,
And Homeward did repair,
Their Talk and eke their Countenance ſhew'd,
Their Hearts were clogg'd with Care.

Fair *Isabel*, the one did say,
Thou hast subdu'd my Heart this Day:
But she's my Joy, did *Musgrave* say,
*My bright and bonny Lass.*

With that these Friends incontinent,
Became most deadly Foes,
For love of beauteous *Isabel*,
Great Strife betwixt them rose:
Quoth *Armstrong*, She shall be my Wife,
Although for her I lose my Life;
And thus began a deadly Strife,
*And for one bonny Lass.*

Thus two Years long this Grudge did grow,
These gallant Knights between,
While they a wooing both did go,
Unto this beauteous Queen:
And she who did their Furies prove,
To neither would bewray her Love,
The deadly Quarrel to remove,
*About this bonny Lass.*

But neither for her fair Intreats,
Nor yet her sharp Dispute,
Would they appease their raging Fits,
Nor yet give o'er their Suit.
The Gentlemen of the *North* Country,
At last did make this good Decree,
All for a perfect Unity,
*About this bonny Lass.*

The Love-sick Knights should both be set
Within one Hall so wide,
Each of them in a gallant sort,
Even at a several Tide;
And 'twixt them both for certainty,
Fair *Isabel* should placed be,
Of them to take her Choice full free,
*Most like a bonny Lass.*

And as she like an Angel bright,
Betwixt them mildly stood,
She turn'd unto each several Knight
With pale and changed Blood:
Now am I at liberty
To make and take my Choice, quoth she.
Yea, quoth the Knights, we do agree,
*Then chuse thou bonny Lass.*

O *Musgrave*, thou art all too hot
To be a Lady's Love,
Quoth she, and *Armstrong* seems a Sot,
Where Love binds him to prove;
Of Courage great is *Musgrave* still,
And sith to chuse I have my will,
Sweet *Armstrong* shall my Joys fulfil,
*And I his bonny Lass.*

The Nobles and the Gentles both,
That were in present Place,
Rejoyced at this sweet Record;
But *Musgrave* in Disgrace,
Out of the Hall did take his way,
And *Armstrong* married was next Day,
With *Isabel* his Lady gay,
*A bright and bonny Lass.*

But *Musgrave* on the Wedding-Day,
like to a *Scotchman* dight,
In secret sort allured out
The Bridegroom for to fight;
And he that will not out-brav'd be,
Unto his Challenge did agree,
Where he was slain most suddenly
*For his fair bonny Lass.*

The News whereof was quickly brought
Unto the lovely Bride:
And many of young *Armstrong*'s Kin
Did after *Musgrave* ride;

They

They hew'd him when they had him got,
As ſmall as Fleſh into the Pot,
Lo! thus befel a heavy Lot,
*About this bonny Laſs.*

The Lady young, which did lament
This cruel curſed Strife,
For very Grief dyed that Day,
A Maiden and a Wife:
An hundred Men, that hapleſs Day,
Did loſe their Lives in that ſame Fray;
And 'twixt thoſe Names, as many ſay,
*Is deadly Strife ſtill biding.*

# An Excellent Ballad of a Prince of *England*'s Courtſhip to the King of *France*'s Daughter, and how the Prince was diſaſterouſly ſlain, and the aforeſaid Princeſs was afterwards marry'd to a Forreſter.

To the Tune of, *Crimſon Velvet.*

*The following Song is, I believe, written on a fictitious Subject, at leaſt I have not been able to diſcover any Part of Hiſtory to which it alludes; however, I will not pretend to advance poſitively that it is fictitious, ſeeing that very few of theſe venerable ancient Song Editors were wholly indebted to Invention for their Poetical Productions; moſt of thoſe who do not relate a direct Fact having ſome Story at leaſt in view, which through length of Time may have been forgotten.*

IN the Days of old,
When fair *France* did flouriſh,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy:

The

The King a Daughter had,
Beauteous, fair and comely,
Which made her Father glad,
She was his only Joy;
A Prince from *England* came,
Whose Deeds did merrit Fame,
He woo'd her long, and lo at last,
Look what he did require,
She granted his Desire,
Their Hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her Father proved,
Lord how he was moved,
And tormented in his Mind;
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them,
Fortune crossed Lovers kind.

When these Princes twain
Were thus barr'd of Pleasures,
Through the King's Disdain,
Which their Joys withstood:
The Lady lock'd up close
Her Jewels and her Treasure,
Having no remorse
Of State or Royal Blood:
In homely poor Array
She went from Court away,
To meet her Love and Heart's delight,
Who in a Forest great,
Had taken up his Seat,
To wait her coming in the Night:
But lo, what sudden Danger,
To this Princely Stranger,
Chanced as he set alone;
By Outlaws he was robbed,
And with a Poniard stabbed,
Uttering many a dying Groan.

The Princess armed by him,
And by true Desire,

Wandring

Wandring all the Night,
Without Dread at all:
Still unknown ſhe paſs'd,
In her ſtrange Attire,
Coming at the laſt
Within Ecchо's call:
You fair Woods, quoth ſhe,
Honoured may you be,
Harbouring my Hearts delight:
Which doth incompaſs here
My Joy and only dear,
My truſty Friend and comely Knight.
Sweet I come unto thee,
Sweet I come to woo thee,
That thou may'ſt not angry be,
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous ſtaying,
Amends for all I'll make to thee.

Paſſing thus alone
Through the ſilent Foreſt,
Many a grievous Groan
Sounded in her Ear;
Where ſhe heard a Man
To lament the foreſt
Chance that ever came,
Forc'd by deadly Strife:
Farewel, my dear, quoth he,
Whom I ſhall never ſee,
For why, my Life is at an end,
For thy ſweet ſake I dye,
Through Villains Cruelty,
To ſhow I am a faithful Friend.
Here I lye bleeding,
While my Thoughts are feeding,
On the rareſt Beauty found,
O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my Lady
My Heart's Blood lies on the Ground.

With that he gave a Groan,
That did break aſunder,
All the tender Strings
Of his gentle Heart:
She who knew his Voice,
At his Tale did wonder,
All her former Joys
Did to Grief convert:
Strait ſhe ran to ſee,
Who this Man ſhould be,
That ſo like her Love did ſpeak;
And found when as ſhe came,
Her lovely Lord lay ſlain,
Smear'd in Blood which Life did break,
Which when that ſhe eſpyed,
Lord how ſore ſhe cryed,
Her Sorrows could not counted be;
Her Eyes like Fountains running,
While ſhe cry'd out, My Darling,
Would God that I had dy'd for thee.

His pale Lips, alas,
Twenty times ſhe kiſſed,
And his Face did waſh
With her briniſh Tears;
Every bleeding Wound
Her fair Face bedewed,
Wiping of the Blood
With her golden Hair:
Speak, my Love, quoth ſhe,
Speak, dear Prince, to me,
One ſweet Word of Comfort give;
Lift up thy fair Eyes,
Liſten to my Cries,
Think in what great Grief I live:
All in vain ſhe ſued,
All in vain ſhe wooed,
The Prince's Life was fled and gone.
There ſtood ſhe ſtill mourning,
'Till the Sun's approaching,
And bright Day was coming on.

In

In this ſad Diſtreſs,
Quoth this Royal Lady,
Who can now expreſs,
What will become of me?
To my Father's Court
Never will I wander,
But ſome Service ſeek,
Where I may placed be.
Whilſt ſhe thus made her Moan,
Weeping all alone,
In this deep and deadly Fear,
A Forreſter all in green,
Moſt comely to be ſeen,
Ranging the Wood did find her there,
Round be ſet with Sorrow,
Fair Maid, quoth he, good Morrow,
What hard Hap has brought you here,
Harder Hap did never
Chance to Maiden ever,
Here lies ſlain my Brother dear.

Where might I be plac'd,
Gentle Forreſter tell me,
Where might I procure
A Service in my Need?
Pains will I not ſpare,
But will do my Duty,
Eaſe me of my Care,
Help my extream Need.
The Forreſter all amazed,
On her Beauty gazed,
'Till his Heart was ſet on fire:
If, fair Maid (quoth he)
You will go with me,
You ſhall have your Heart's deſire;
He brought her to his Mother,
And above all other
He ſet forth this Maiden's Praiſe;
Long was his Heart inflamed,
At length her Love he gained,
So Fortune did his Glory raiſe.

Thus

Thus unknown he match'd
With the King's fair Daughter,
Children ſeven he had,
E'er ſhe to him was known:
But when he underſtood
She was a Royal Princeſs,
By this Means at laſt
He ſhew'd forth her Fame:
He cloath'd his Children then
Not like to other Men,
In Party-colours ſtrange to ſee,
The Right ſide Cloth of Gold,
The Left ſide to behold,
Of Woollen Cloth ſtill framed he:
Men thereat did wonder,
Golden Fame did thunder
This ſtrange Deed in every Place:
The King of *France* came thither,
Being pleaſant Weather,
In theſe Woods the Hart to chaſe.

The Children there did ſtand,
As their Mother willed,
Where the Royal King
Muſt of force come by;
Their Mother richly clad
In fair Crimſon Velvet,
Their Father all in Grey,
Moſt comely to the Eye.
When this famous King,
Noting every thing,
Did ask how he durſt be ſo bold,
To let his Wife to wear,
And deck his Children there,
In coſtly Robes of Pearl and Gold:
The Forreſter boldly replied,
And the Cauſe deſcried,
And to the King he thus did ſay,
Well may they, by their Mother,
Wear rich Cloaths with other,
Being by Birth a Princeſs gay.

The King, upon theſe Words,
More heedfully beheld them,
'Till a crimſon Bluſh
His Conceit did croſs:
The more I look, quoth he,
On thy Wife and Children,
The more I call to Mind
The Daughter whom I loſt.
I am that Child, quoth ſhe,
Falling on her Knee,
Pardon me my Sovereign Liege.
The King perceiving this,
His Daughter dear did kiſs,
'Till joyful Tears did ſtop his Speech.
With his Train he turned,
And with her ſojourned;
Strait he dubb'd her Husband Knight,
He made him Earl of *Flanders*,
One of his chief Commanders.
Thus were their Sorrows put to flight.

The

# The Life and Death of the famous *Thomas Stukely*, an *Engliſh* Gallant in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*, who ended his Life in a Battle of three Kings of *Barbary*.

To the Tune of, *King* Henry's *going to* Bulloign, &c.

*The former Part of this Song is ſo confin'd to Particulars, that it cannot be expected Hiſtorians ſhould have taken Notice of any of theſe Facts; but I am ſurpriz'd that amongſt the Crimes our Poet has charg'd* Stukely *with, he has not taken Notice of the moſt heinous; Treaſon againſt his Queen and Country: For the King of* Spain *enrag'd that Queen* Elizabeth *ſhould protect the* Dutch, *who had lately revolted from the* Spaniſh *Government, took Care to encourage the Rebels in* Ireland, *and Pope* Gregory XIII. *enter'd into a ſtrict League with him, deſiring to ſet the Marquis of* Vincola, *his Baſtard Son, upon the Throne of* Ireland. Thomas Stukely, *who for ſome Reaſon, (but what is not recorded) had fled from* England, *his Native Country, joyn'd*

joyn'd the Pope, and pretended such Interest in Ireland, that his Holiness gave him the Title of Marquis of Lemster, Earl of Wexford and Cartelogh, Viscount Morogh, and Baron of Rosse, and Command of Eight hundred Italian Soldiers, who were to be employ'd in the Conquest of that Kingdom. As Religion was made the Pretence, the Expedition was to be commanded in chief by the great Bigot of those Days Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, a Priest-ridden Monarch, whose Education had been intrusted to a Jesuit, and who had been taught, that to plant the Roman Religion with Fire and Sword was the grand Business of a believing Prince. Stukely therefore with his Eight hundred Men sail'd to Portugal to joyn his Commander, but he was at that time taken up with other Views, and design'd an Expedition nearer Home; for he was raising an Army to preach the Gospel in Morocco. Nor was there a Pretence wanting for carrying on this War; for after the Death of Abdalla, King of Morocco, Muley Mahomet his Son, had caus'd himself to be proclaim'd King; upon this Muley Moluc, his Uncle, rais'd an Army against him, alledging, that pursuant to the Laws of the Cheriffs the King's Brothers ought to ascend the Throne before his Sons, and Mahomet being overthrown in three pitch'd Battles, fled to Portugal, where having represented his Case

to

*to Don* Sebaſtian, *and promis'd that his Subjects ſhould turn Chriſtians, that Monarch, contrary to the Advice of all his Council, imbark'd with* 13,000 *Men, of whom* Stukely *and his* 800 *Soldiers made a part, upon Promiſe, that this Expedition ended, he would immediately ſail for* Ireland. *A pitch'd Battle, and that a bloody one too, was fought, during which* Moluc, *who had lain lingring, dy'd in his Litter,* Sebaſtian *was ſlain, and* Mahomet *flying, was drowned in paſſing the River* Mucazen. *The Particulars of this Battle are foreign to my Purpoſe, I ſhall therefore refer thoſe who are Curious of ſeeing them to Monſieur* Vertot's *Hiſtory of the* Revolutions in Portugal.

IN the Weſt of *England*,
Born there was, I underſtand,
A famous Gallant was he in his Days,
By Birth a wealthy Clothier's Son,
Deeds of Wonders hath he done,
To purchaſe him a long and laſting Praiſe.

If I would tell his Story,
Pride was all his Glory,
And luſty *Stukely* he was call'd in Court,
He ſerv'd a Biſhop in the *Weſt*,
And did accompany the beſt,
Maintaining of himſelf to gallant Sort.

Being thus eſteemed,
And every where well deemed,
He gain'd the Favour of a *London* Dame,

Daughter

Daughter to an Alderman,
*Curtis* ſhe was called then,
To whom a Suitor gallantly he came.

When ſhe his Perſon ſpyed,
He could not be denyed,
So brave a Gentleman he was to ſee;
She was quickly made his Wife,
In Weal or Woe to lead her Life,
Her Father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in State and Pleaſure,
Full many Days they meaſure,
'Till cruel Death with his regardleſs Spight,
Bore old *Curtis* to the Grave,
A thing that *Stukely* wiſh'd to have,
That he might revel all in Gold ſo bright.

He was no ſooner tombed,
But *Stukely* he preſumed,
To ſpend a Hundred Pounds a Day in waſte;
The greateſt Gallants in the Land
Had *Stukely*'s Purſe at their Command,
Thus merrily the time away he paſs'd.

Taverns and Ordinaries,
Were his chief Braveries,
Golden Angels there flew up and down;
Riots were his beſt delight,
With ſtately feaſting Day and Night,
In Court and City thus he won Renown.

Thus waſting Lands and Living,
By this lawleſs giving,
At length he ſold the Pavements of the Yard,
Which cover'd were with Blocks of Tin,
Old *Curtis* left the ſame to him,
Which he conſumed lately as you have heard.

Whereat

Whereat his Wife ſore grieved
Deſiring to be relieved,
Make much of me dear Husband, ſhe did ſay.
I'll make much more of thee (ſaid he)
Than any one ſhall verily,
I'll ſell thy Cloaths, and ſo I'll go my way.

Cruelly this Hard-hearted,
Away from her parted,
And travell'd into *Italy* with ſpeed;
There he flouriſh'd many a Day,
In his Silks and rich Array,
And did the Pleaſures of a Lady feed.

It was the Lady's Pleaſure,
To give him Goods and Treaſure,
For to maintain him in great Pomp and Fame;
At laſt came News aſſuredly
Of a fought Battel in *Barbary*,
And he would valiantly go ſee the ſame.

Many a noble Gallant,
Sold both Land and Talent
To follow *Stukely* in his famous Fight,
Whereas three Kings in Perſon would
Adventurouſly with Courage bold,
Within this Battel ſhew themſelves in Fight.

*Stukely* and his Followers all
Of the King of *Portugal*,
Had Entertainment like to Gentlemen:
The King affected *Stukely* ſo,
That he his Secrets all did know,
And bore his Royal Standard now and then.

Upon this Day of Honour,
Each Man did ſhew his Banner,
*Morocco*, and the King of *Barbary*,

*Portugal*, and all his Train.
Bravely glittering on the Plain,
And gave the Onſet there moſt valiantly.

The Cannons they rebounded,
Thund'ring Guns redounded,
Kill, kill, was all the Soldiers cry;
Mangled Men lay on the Ground,
And with Blood the Earth was drown'd,
The Sun likewiſe was darkned in the Sky.

Heaven was ſo diſpleaſed,
And would not be appeaſed,
But Tokens of God's Wrath did ſhow,
That he was angry at this War,
He ſent a fearful Blazing Star,
Whereby the Kings might their Misfortunes know.

Bloody was the Slaughter,
Or rather wilful Murder,
Where Sixſcore thouſand Fighting Men were ſlain
Three Kings within this Battle dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beſide,
The like will never more be fought again.

With woeful Arms infolding,
*Stukely* ſtood beholding
The bloody Sacrifice of Souls that Day:
He ſighing ſaid, I woeful Wight,
Againſt my Conſcience here do fight,
And brought my Followers all unto decay.

Being thus moleſted,
And with Grief oppreſſed,
Thoſe brave *Italians* that did ſell their Lands,
With *Stukely* for to travel forth,
And venture Life for little Worth,
Upon him all did lay their murd'ring Hands.

Unto Death thus wounded,
His Heart with Sorrow ſwooned,
And to them thus he made his heavy Moan;
Thus have I left my Country dear,
To be thus vilely murder'd here,
E'en in this Place, whereas I am not known.

My Wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly ſpent in idle Courſe of Life;
What I have had is paſt I ſee,
And bringeth nought but Grief to me,
Therefore grant me Pardon, gentle Wife.

Life I ſee conſumeth,
And Death I ſee preſumeth,
To change this Life of mine into a new:
Yet this my greateſt Comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd in Love of Kings,
And ſo brave *Stukely* bid the World adieu.

*Stukely*'s Life thus ended,
Was after Death befriended,
And like a Soldier buryed gallantly
Where now there ſtands upon the Grave,
A ſtately Temple builded brave,
With Golden Turrets piercing to the Sky.

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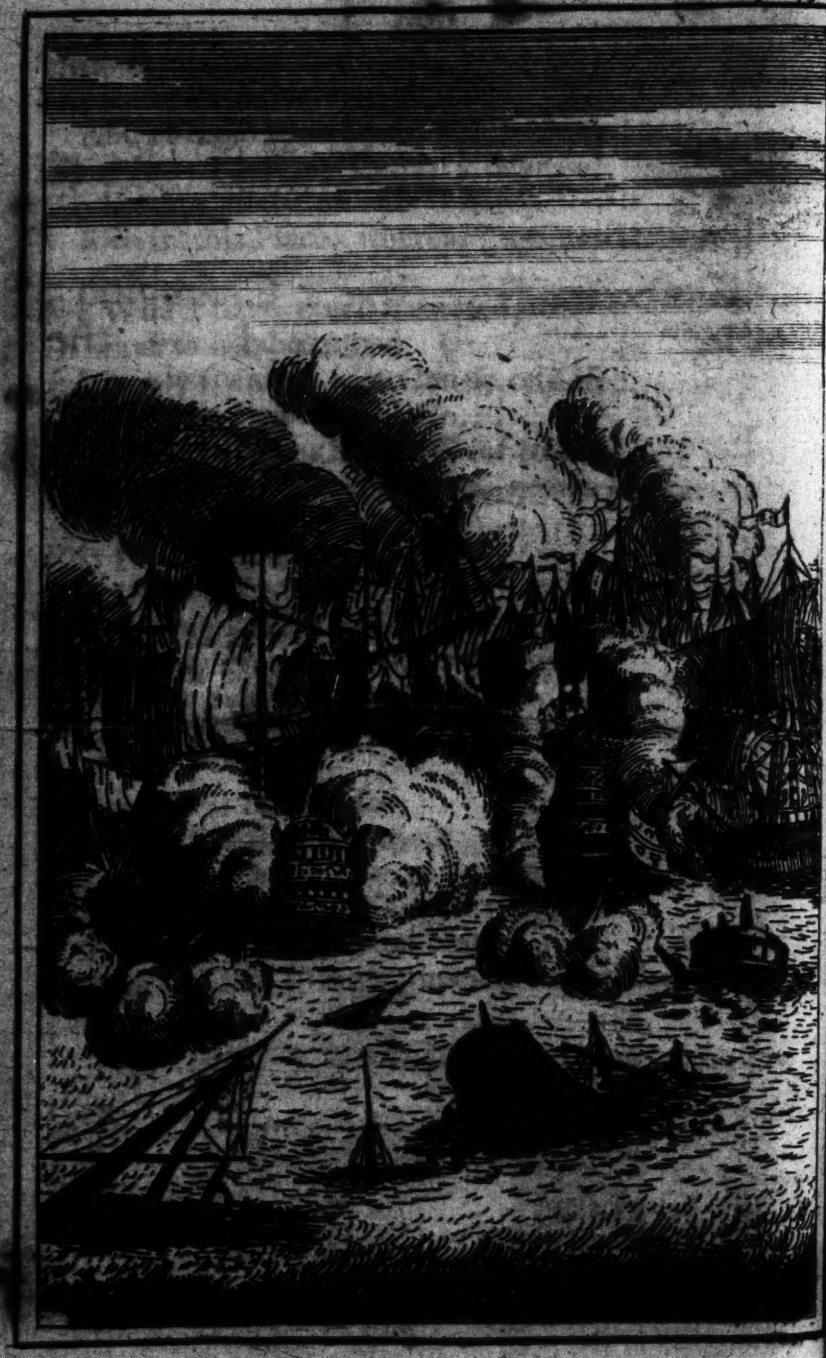

## XXV. Queen *Elizabeth*'s Champion: Or, A Victory obtained by the Young Earl of *Essex*, over the Old Emperor of *Germany*, by Sea; in which he took the Emperor's Son, and brought him Prisoner to Queen *Elizabeth*.

*I will not trouble my Reader with a tedious Introduction to this Ballad. The Earl of* Essex, *the Heroe of the Song, fought several times, and with good Success, against the* Spaniards; *which of his Battles this was writ upon, I shall leave those who are better acquainted with History to determine.*

COME sound up your Trumpets, and beat up your Drums,
And let's go to Sea with a valiant good Cheer,
In search of a mighty vast Navy of Ships,
The like has not been for this fifty long Years,
*Radever two, tandaro te*
*Radever, tadover, tan do re.*

The Queen she provided a Navy of Ships,
With sweet flying Streamers so glorious to see,

Rich Top and Top-gallants, Captains and Lieutenants
Some forty, ſome fifty Braſs Pieces and three,
*Raderer two*, &c.

They had not ſail'd paſt a Week on the Seas,
Not paſſing a Week and Days two or three,
But they were aware of the proud Emperor,
Both him and all his proud Company,
*Raderer two*, &c.

When he beheld our powerful Fleet,
Sailing along in their Glory and Pride,
He was amaz'd at their Valour and Fame,
Then to his warlike Commanders he cry'd,
*Raderer two*, &c.

Theſe were the Words of the Old Emperor,
Saying, *Who's this that is ſailing to me,*
*If he be a King that weareth a Crown,*
*Yet am I a better Man than he,*
*Raderer two*, &c.

It is not a King nor Lord of a Crown,
Which now to the Seas with his Navy is come,
But the young Earl of *Eſſex*, the Queen's Lieutenant,
Who fears no Foes in *Chriſtendom*,
*Raderer two*, &c.

Oh! Is that young Lord then come to the Seas,
Then let's tack about, and be ſteering away,
I have heard ſo much of his Father before,
That I will not fight with young *Eſſex* to Day,
*Raderer two*, &c.

Oh! then beſpoke the Emperor's Son,
As they were tacking and ſteering away,
Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of Ships,
And I will go fight with young *Eſſex* to Day,
*Raderer two*, &c.

Take

Take them with all my Heart, loving Son,
Moſt of them are of a Capital Size,
But ſhould he do as his Father has done,
Farewel thine Honour and mine likewiſe.
*Raderer two*, &c.

With Cannons hot, and thundering Shot,
Theſe two Gallants fought on the Main,
And as it was young *Eſſex*'s Lot,
The Emperor's Son by him was ta'n,
*Raderer two*, &c.

Give me my Son, the Emperor cry'd,
Which thou this Day has taken from me,
And I'll give to thee three Keys of Gold,
The one ſhall be of *High Germany*,
*Raderer two*, &c.

I care not for thy three Keys of Gold,
Which thou haſt proffer'd to ſet him free,
But thy Son he ſhall to *England* ſail,
And go before the Queen with me,
*Raderer two*, &c.

Then have I fifty good Ships of the beſt,
As good as ever were ſent to the Sea,
And e'er my Son into *England* ſhall ſail,
They ſhall go all for good Company,
*Raderer two*, &c.

They had not fought this famous Battle,
They had not fought it Hours were three,
E'er ſome loſt Legs, and ſome loſt Arms,
And ſome lay tumbling in the Sea,
*Raderer two*, &c.

*Eſſex* he got this Battle likewiſe,
Tho' 'twas the ſharpeſt that ever was ſeen,

Home he return'd with a wonderful Prize,
And brought the Emperor's Son to the Queen,
*Raderer two*, &c.

Oh! then beſpoke the 'Prentices all,
Living in *London* both proper and tall,
In a kind Letter ſent ſtrait to the Queen,
For *Eſſex*'s ſake they would fight all,
*Raderer two, Tandarote*;
*Raderer, tadorer, tan do re.*

XXVI. A true

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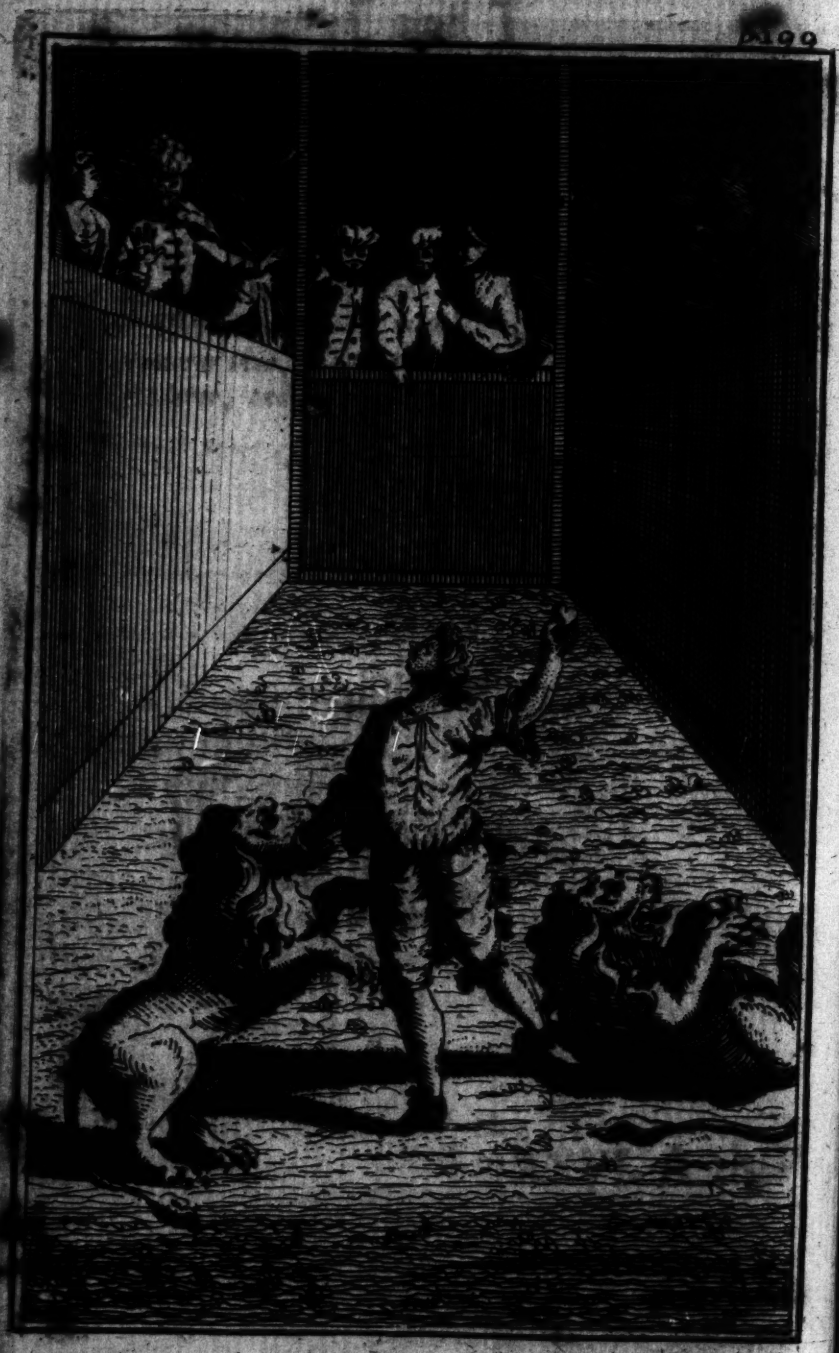

## XXVI. The Honour of a *London* 'Prentice. Being an Account of his matchleſs Manhood and brave Adventures done in *Turkey*, and by what Means he marry'd the King's Daughter, *&c.*

To the Tune of, *All you that love good Fellows*, &c.

*The following Song alſo relates to a noble Piece of Chivalry perform'd in Queen* Elizabeth's *Days, and therefore claims a Place here; but I muſt acknowledge my ſelf ſo ignorant of the Hiſtory of that Reign, that I cannot yet diſcover who this famous 'Prentice was, nor yet any particular Account of the Fact; I ſhall therefore leave the Poet to tell his own Story.*

OF a worthy *London* 'Prentice,
My Purpoſe is to ſpeak,
And tell his brave Adventures
Done for his Country ſake;
Seek all the World about,
And you ſhall hardly find,
A Man in Valour to exceed
A 'Prentice gallant Mind.

He was born in *Cheſhire*,
The chief of Men was he,
From thence brought up to *London*,
A 'Prentice for to be;
A Merchant on the Bridge,
Did like his Service ſo,
That for three Years his Factor,
To *Turkey* he ſhould go.

And in that famous Country
One Year he had not been,
E'er he by Tilt maintained
The Honour of his Queen,
*Elizabeth* his Princeſs,
He nobly did make known,
To be the Phœnix of the World,
And none but ſhe alone.

In Armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a Steed,
One Score of Knights moſt hardy,
One Day he made to bleed;
And brought them all unto the Ground,
Who proudly did deny,
*Elizabeth* to be the Pearl
Of Princely Majeſty.

The King of that ſame Country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his Son, there preſent,
To pull this Youngſter down;
Who at his Father's Words
Theſe boaſting Speeches ſaid,
Thou art a Traytor, *Engliſh* Boy,
And haſt the Traytor play'd.

I am no Boy, nor Traytor,
Thy Speeches I defy,
For which I'll be revenged
Upon thee by and by,

A *London* 'Prentice ſtill
Shall prove as good a Man,
As any of your *Turkiſh* Knights,
Do all the beſt you can.

And therewithal he gave him
A Box upon the Ear,
Which broke his Neck aſunder,
As plainly doth appear.
Now know, proud *Turk*, quoth he,
I am no *Engliſh* Boy,
That can with one ſmall Box o'th' Ear
The Prince of *Turks* deſtroy.

When as the King perceived
His Son ſo ſtrangely ſlain,
His Soul was ſore afflicted
With more than mortal Pain;
And in Revenge thereof,
He ſwore that he ſhould dye
The cruel'ſt Death that ever Man
Beheld with mortal Eye.

Two Lyons were prepar'd
This 'Prentice to devour,
Near famiſh'd up with Hunger,
Ten Days within the Tower,
To make them far more fierce
And eager of their Prey,
To glut themſelves with humane Gore,
Upon this dreadful Day.

The appointed time of Torment
At length grew near at hand;
When all the noble Ladies
And Barons of the Land,
Attended on the King,
To ſee this 'Prentice ſlain;
And bury'd in the hungry Maws
Of thoſe fierce Lyons twain.

Then in his Shirt of Cambrick,
With Silks moſt richly wrought,
This worthy *London* 'Prentice
Was from the Priſon brought,
And to the Lyons given
To ſtaunch their Hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten Days ſpace
Not one ſmall Bit of Meat.

But God, that knows all Secrets,
The Matter ſo contriv'd,
That by this young Man's Valour
They were of Life depriv'd;
For being faint for Food,
They ſcarcely could withſtand
The noble Force, and Fortitude,
And Courage of his Hand:

For when the hungry Lyons,
Had caſt on him their Eyes,
The Elements did thunder
With the Eccho of their Cryes;
And running all amain
His Body to devour,
Into their Throats he thruſt his Arms,
With all his Might and Power:

From thence by manly Valour
Their Hearts he tore in ſunder,
And at the King he threw them,
To all the People's Wonder:
This I have done, quoth he,
For lovely *England*'s ſake,
And for my Country's Maiden Queen
Much more will undertake.

But when the King perceived
His wrothful Lyons Hearts,
Affliſted with great Terror,
His Rigour ſoon reverts,

And

And turned all his Hate
  Into Remorſe and Love,
And ſaid, It is ſome Angel
  Sent down from Heav'n above.

No, no, I am no Angel,
  The courteous young Man ſaid,
But born in famous *England*,
  Where God's Word is obey'd;
Aſſiſted by the Heavens,
  Who did me thus befriend,
Or elſe they had moſt cruelly
  Brought here my Life to end.

The King, in Heart amazed,
  Liſt up his Eyes to Heaven,
And for his foul Offences
  Did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no Land
  Like *England* may be ſeen,
No People better governed
  By virtue of a Queen.

So taking up this young Man,
  He pardon'd him his Life,
And gave his Daughter to him
  To be his wedded Wife;
Where then they did remain,
  And live in quiet Peace,
In ſpending of their happy Days,
  In Joy and Love's Increaſe.

## XXVII. The true Lovers Knot untied: Being the right Path whereby to adviſe Princely Virgins how to behave themſelves, by the Example of the Renowned Princeſs, the Lady *Arabella*, and the Second Son of the Lord *Seymour*, late Earl of *Hertford*.

To the Tune of *Frog's Galliard*, &c.

*The Lady* Arabella Stuart, *the Heroine of the following Song (whoſe Adventures none of our general Hiſtorians have at length recorded, few have touch'd upon) was doubly related to King* James *the Firſt, in whoſe Reign ſhe dy'd, for they both ſprang from* Margaret, *the eldeſt Daughter of King* Henry *the Seventh, who by her firſt Husband King* James *the Fourth of* Scotland, *had* James *the Fifth, Father to* Mary *Queen of* Scots, *the Mother of* James *the Firſt of* England, *and ſeveral other Children, whoſe Names, being foreign to my Purpoſe, I ſhall take no Notice of; after the Death of her firſt Husband ſhe marry'd* Archibald Douglaſs, *Earl of* Agnus, *by whom*

whom she had a Daughter call'd Margaret, who taking to Husband Matthew Earl of Lenox, bore him three Sons, of whom the youngest, Charles (afterwards Earl of Lenox) was Father to Lady Arabella. Nor was this all, for Mary Queen of Scots, after the Death of her first Husband Francis the Second, of France, was marry'd to Henry Lord Darley, (second Son of Matthew Earl of Lenox, by the Lady Margaret, an elder Brother of Charles Stuart, the Lady Arabella's Father) by whom she had King James. When this Monarch came to the Crown of England, he had some Reason to be jealous of this Lady, not only because of her near Relation to him, but the very first Conspiracy, form'd against King James, was in favour of this Lady, tho' utterly ignorant of it, for the Papists hoping for a Change of Religion, and the disgraced Statesmen for a Change of Government, secretly plotted to make away with King James, and to proclaim the Lady Arabella Queen: However, the Conspiracy was discover'd, the Chief executed, and Arabella prov'd Innocent; but certain it is, their Design might have rais'd some ambitious Thoughts in her, which otherwise would not have had Birth; and it was good Policy to take Care she should not strengthen her self by too powerful an Alliance. Mean while Sir William Seymour, Son to the Lord Beauchamp, and

Grand-

Grandſon to the Earl of Hertford, privately wooed and marry'd this Lady; but as this Family was alſo related to the Crown, young Seymour was the moſt dangerous Perſon ſhe could marry; for a diſtant Claim to the Throne, in good Politicks, is Treaſon. The Match was no ſooner diſcover'd, but Seymour was committed to the Tower, and Lady Arabella confined in her own Houſe at Highgate. However, they were not ſo ſtrictly obſerv'd but they found Means of correſponding together, and concluded to make their Eſcape beyond Sea. Accordingly Sir William diſguiſing himſelf, and leaving his Man in his Bed, that the Keeper might not miſs him till the next Day, came to the Place appointed, and ſhe alſo found the Means of eſcaping from her Houſe in Man's Apparrel, but ſtaying long beyond the limited time, and he apprehenſive that ſhe was taken, and would diſcover him too, made the beſt of his way, leaving Word for her that he was gone to Dunkirk, where he would wait her coming; but her very fears betray'd her, and hinder'd her following him ſo faſt as ſhe ought to have done, ſo that being retaken ſhe was committed to the Tower, where, on the 27th of September, 1615. ſhe dy'd, and was privately bury'd at Weſtminſter, in the ſame Vault with Mary Queen of Scots. She dead, Sir William Seymour having obtain'd leave to return home, was marry'd to

*to* Frances, *Daughter of the Earl of Eſſex, and after his Grandfather's Death he inherited the Title of Earl, and was afterwards created Marquis of* Hertford, *and from him is deſcended one of our preſent nobleſt Families.*

AS I to *Ireland* did paſs,
I ſaw a Ship at Anchor lay,
Another Ship likewiſe there was,
Which from fair *England* took her way.

This Ship that ſail'd from fair *England*,
Unknown unto our Gracious King,
The Lord Chief Juſtice did command,
That they to *London* ſhould her bring.

I then drew near, and ſaw more plain,
Lady *Arabella* in Diſtreſs,
She wrung her Hands, and wept amain,
Bewailing of her Heavineſs.

When near fair *London* Tower ſhe came,
Whereas her landing Place ſhould be,
The King and Queen with all their Train,
Did meet this Lady gallantly.

How now, *Arabella*, ſaid our good King,
Unto this Lady ſtrait did ſay,
Who hath firſt ty'd thee to this thing,
That you from *England* took your way?

None but my ſelf, my Gracious Liege,
Theſe ten long Years I've been in Love
With the Lord *Seymour*'s ſecond Son,
The Earl of *Hertford* ſo we prove.

Full

Full many a Hundred Pound I had
In Goods and Livings in the Land,
Yet I have Lands us to maintain,
So much your Grace doth underſtand:

My Lands and Livings ſo well known
Unto your Books of Majeſty,
Amount to Twelveſcore Pound a Week,
Beſides what I do give, quoth ſhe.

In gallant *Derbyſhire* likewiſe,
I Nineſcore Beadſmen maintain there,
With Hats and Gowns and Houſe Rent free,
And every Man five Marks a Year.

I never raiſed Rent, ſaid ſhe,
Nor yet oppreſs'd the Tennant poor,
I never did take Bribes for Fines,
For why, I had enough before.

Whom of your Nobles will do ſo,
For to maintain the Commonalty?
Such Multitudes would never grow,
Nor be ſuch ſtore of Poverty.

I would I had a Milk-Maid been,
Or born of ſome more low Degree,
Then I might have lov'd where I like,
And no Man could have hinder'd me.

Or would I were ſome Yeoman's Child,
For to receive my Portion now,
According unto my Degree,
As other Virgins whom I know.

The higheſt Branch that ſoars aloft,
Needs muſt beſhade the Myrtle-tree,
Needs muſt the Shadow of them both,
Shadow the third in his Degree.

But when the Tree is cut and gone,
And from the Ground is bore away,
The loweſt Tree that there doth ſtand,
In time may grow as high as they.

Once too I might have been a Queen,
But that I ever did deny,
I knew your Grace had right to th' Crown,
Before *Elizabeth* did dye.

You of the eldeſt Siſter came,
I of the ſecond in Degree,
The Earl of *Hartford* of the third,
A Man of Royal Blood was he.

And ſo Good-night, my Sovereign Leige,
Since in the Tower I muſt lye,
I hope your Grace will condeſcend,
That I may have my Liberty.

Lady *Arabella*, ſaid the King,
I to your Freedom would conſent,
If you would turn and go to Church,
There to receive the Sacrament.

And ſo Good-night, *Arabella* fair,
Our King reply'd to her again,
I will take Counſel of my Nobility,
That you your Freedom may obtain.

Once more to Priſon muſt I go,
Lady *Arabella* then did ſay,
To leave my Love breeds all my Woe,
The which will be my Life's decay.

Love is a Knot none can unknit,
Fancy a liking of the Heart,
Him whom I love I can't forget,
Though from his Preſence I muſt part.

The meaneſt People enjoy their Mates,
But I was born unhappily,
For being croſs'd by cruel Fates,
I want both Love and Liberty.

But Death, I hope, will end the Strife;
Farewel, farewel, my Love, quoth ſhe,
Once I had thought to have been thy Wife,
But now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this ſad Meeting ſhe had Cauſe,
In Heart and Mind to grieve full ſore,
After that time *Arabella* fair,
Did never ſee Lord *Seymour* more.

XXVIII. The

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## XXVIII. The *Northern* Ditty: Or, The *Scotchman* outwitted by the Country Damsel.

To a new *Scotch* Tune.

*Now I am got into the Reign of King* James *the First, I shall chuse to insert the following Song, said to be written much about his time on an amorous Intrigue of a certain Great Man. One would not chuse to insert bare Conjectures, without being able to second 'em with good Arguments; or at least very great Probabilities; my Reader will therefore excuse me, I hope, from relating the Particulars I have heard; and I shall make no Observation on the Song, save, that the* Scottish *Dialect pretty plainly intimates that it was written on some Person of that Nation.*

COld and Raw the *North* did blow,
Bleak in the Morning early,
All the Trees were hid with Snow,
Cover'd with Winter Yearly:
As I was riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a Farmer's Daughter,
Rosy Cheeks and a bonny Brow,
Good Faith my Mouth did water.

Down

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
Meaning to ſhow my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful Bow,
Her Viſage far exceeding:
I ask'd her where ſhe was going ſo ſoon,
And long'd to hold a Parley,
She told me to the next Market-Town,
On purpoſe to ſell her Barley.

In this Purſe, ſweet Soul, ſaid I,
Twenty Pounds lies fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For Iſe take all thy Barley:
Twenty Pound more ſhall purchaſe Delight,
Thy Perſon I love ſo dearly,
If thou wilt lig with me all Night,
And gang Home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pound would buy the Globe,
This thing I'd not do, Sir,
Or were my Friends as Poor as *Job*,
I'd never raiſe 'em ſo, Sir,
For ſhould you prove one Night my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone e'er nine Month's end,
Then where ſhould I find the Father?

Pray what would my Parents ſay,
If I ſhould be ſo ſilly,
To give my Maidenhead away,
And loſe my true Love *Billy*?
Oh, this would bring me to Diſgrace,
And therefore I ſay you nay, Sir;
And if that you would me embrace,
Firſt marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her I had wedded been
Fourteen Years, and longer,
Elſe I'd chuſe her for my Queen,
And tye the Knot more ſtronger.

She bid me then no farther come,
But manag'd my Wedlock fairly,
And keep my Purſe for poor Spouſe at home,
For ſome other ſhould buy her Barley.

Then as ſwift as any Roe,
She rode away and left me;
After her I could not go,
Of Joy ſhe quite bereft me:
Thus I my ſelf did diſappoint,
For ſhe did leave me fairly;
My Words knock'd all things out of joynt,
I loſt both the Maid and the Barley.

Riding down a narrow Lane,
Some two or three Hours after,
There I chanc'd to meet again,
This Farmer's bonny Daughter:
Although it was both Raw and Cold,
I ſtay'd to hold a Parley,
And ſhew'd once more my Purſe of Gold,
When as ſhe had ſold her Barley.

Love, ſaid I, pray do not frown,
But let us change Embraces,
I'll buy thee a ſilken Gown,
With Ribbons, Gloves and Laces;
A Ring and Bodkin, Muff and Fan,
No Lady ſhall have neater;
For, as I am an honeſt Man,
I ne'er ſaw a ſweeter Creature.

Then I took her by the Hand,
And ſaid, my deareſt Jewel,
Why ſhouldſt thou diſputing ſtand,
I prithee be not cruel.
She found my Mind was fully bent,
To pleaſure my fond Deſire,
Therefore ſhe ſeemed to conſent,
But I wiſh I had never come nigh her.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I do,
If I commit this Evil,
And yield my ſelf in Love with you;
I hope you will prove civil?
You talk of Ribbons, Gloves and Rings,
And likewiſe Gold and Treaſure:
Oh, let me firſt enjoy thoſe things,
And then you ſhall have your Pleaſure.

Sure thy Will ſhall be obey'd,
Said I, my own dear Honey,
Then into her Lap I laid
Full Forty Pounds in Money;
We'll to the Market Town this Day,
And ſtraightway end this Quarrel,
And deck thee like a Lady gay
In flouriſhing rich Apparel.

All my Gold and Silver there
To her I did deliver;
On the Road we did repair,
Out-coming to a River,
Whoſe Waters are both deep and wide,
Such Rivers I ne'er ſee many;
She leapt her Mare on the other ſide,
And left me not one Penny.

Then my Heart was ſunk full low,
With Grief and Care ſurrounded,
After her I could not go,
For fear of being drowned;
She turn'd about, and ſay'd, Behold,
I am not for your Devotion,
But, Sir, I thank you for my Gold.
'Twill ſerve to inlarge my Portion.

I began

I began to ſtamp and ſtare,
To ſee what ſhe had acted;
With my Hands I tore my Hair,
Like one that was quite diſtracted.
Give me my Money then I cry'd,
Good Faith, I did but lend it,
But ſhe full faſt away did ride,
And vow'd ſhe did not intend it.

## XXIX. The famous Flower of Serving-Men: Or, The Lady turn'd Serving-Man.

To the Tune of *Flora's Farewel: Or, Summer time: Or, Love's Tide.*

*Having now inſerted all the Hiſtorical Ballads which I had deſign'd for this Collection, I will give my Readers a few of the beſt old Fabulous Songs, for ſo I am oblig'd to call 'em; not that I think the Subject of them all the Invention of the Poet, but becauſe I have not hitherto been able to trace them out in Hiſtory. Perhaps, tho' written on Perſons of Note, yet being confin'd to Particulars, the Facts they treat of may have eſcaped the Hiſtorians; or perhaps, that being chiefly founded on amorous Intrigues, they would not, or durſt not, take Notice of 'em; or, which is as probable as any of the former Conjectures, perhaps I may have paſſed 'em over. Nor can this always be accounted a Fault, for I believe it very poſſible to read a Song, and the Story on which it is written at the ſame time, yet not know that they both treat of the ſame Thing; for being moſtly compos'd in the Days of*

*thoſe*

*those Persons of whom they speak, our Poets have, to disguise Truth, blended Truth and Fiction so much together, that without having been Personally acquainted with the Heroes and Heroines, 'tis impossible to know them. Perhaps some Persons who are better acquainted with antique Stories, or have more Leisure upon their Hands, may, upon the perusing of this Story, discover and bring the World acquainted with the King and fair* Elise, *whose Praises are here recorded.*

YOU beauteous Ladies great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffer'd in this Land:

I was by Birth a Lady fair,
My Father's chief and only Heir,
But when my good old Father dy'd,
Then I was made a young Knight's Bride.

And then my Love built me a Bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant Flower;
A braver Bower you never did see,
Than my true Love did build for me.

But there came Thieves late in the Night,
They robb'd my Bower, and slew my Knight,
And after that my Knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

My Servants all from me did flye,
In the midst of my Extremity,
And left me by my self alone,
With a Heart more Cold than any Stone.

Yet though my Heart was full of Care,
Heaven would not ſuffer me to deſpair;
Wherefore in haſte I chang'd my Name,
From fair *Eliſe* to ſweet *William*.

And therewithal I cut my Hair,
And dreſs'd my ſelf in Man's Attire,
My Doublet, Hoſe and Beaver Hat,
And a Golden Band about my Neck;

With a Silver Rapier by my ſide,
So like a Gallant I did ride;
The thing that I delighted on,
It was to be a Serving-Man.

Thus in my ſumptuous Man's Array,
I bravely rode along the Way;
And at the laſt it chanced ſo,
That I to the King's Court did go;

Then to the King I bow'd full low,
My Love and Duty for to ſhow;
And ſo much Favour I did crave,
That I a Serving-man's Place might have.

Stand up, brave Youth, the King reply'd,
Thy Service ſhall not be deny'd;
But tell me firſt what thou canſt do,
Thou ſhalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be Uſher of my Hall,
To wait upon my Nobles all?
Or wilt thou be Taſter of my Wine,
To wait on me when I do dine?

Or wilt thou be my Chamberlain,
To make my Bed both ſoft and fine?
Or wilt thou be one of my Guard,
And I will give thee thy Reward?

Sweet *William* with a ſmiling Face,
Said to the King, If't pleaſe your Grace,
To ſhew ſuch Favour unto me,
Your Chamberlain I fain would be.

The King then did the Nobles call,
To ask the Counſel of them all;
Who gave Conſent ſweet *William* he,
The King's own Chamberlain ſhould be.

Now mark what ſtrange thing came to paſs,
As the King one Day a Hunting was,
With all his Lords and noble Train,
Sweet *William* did at Home remain.

Sweet *William* had no Company then
With him at Home but an old Man;
And when he ſaw the Houſe was clear,
He took a Lute which he had there;

Upon the Lute ſweet *William* play'd,
And to the ſame he ſung, and ſaid,
With a ſweet and noble Voice,
Which made the old Man to rejoyce:

*My Father was as brave a Lord,*
*As ever* Europe *did afford;*
*My Mother was a Lady bright,*
*My Husband was a valiant Knight;*

*And I my ſelf a Lady gay,*
*Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich Array,*
*The braveſt Lady in the Land*
*Had not more Pleaſure at Command.*

*I had my Muſick every Day,*
*Harmonious Leſſons for to play;*
*I had my Virgins fair and free,*
*Continually to wait on me.*

*But now, alas! my Husband's dead,*
*And all my Friends are from me fled;*
*My former Joys are past and gone,*
*For I am now a Serving-Man.*

At last the King from Hunting came,
And presently upon the same,
He called for this good old Man,
And thus to speak the King began.

What News, what News, old Man, quoth he,
What News hast thou to tell to me?
Brave News, the old Man he did say,
Sweet *William* is a Lady gay.

If this be true thou tell'st to me,
I'll make thee a Lord of high Degree;
But if thy Words do prove a Lye,
Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.

But when the King the Truth had found,
His Joys did more and more abound:
According as the old Man did say,
Sweet *William* was a Lady gay.

Therefore the King without delay,
Put on her glorious rich Array;
And upon her Head a Crown of Gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

And then for fear of further Strife,
He took sweet *William* for his Wife:
The like before was never seen,
A Serving-Man to be a Queen.

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## XXX. The Children in the Wood: Or, The *Norfolk* Gentleman's laſt Will and Teſtament: Who on his Death-Bed, committed the Keeping of his two Children, a Boy and Girl, to his own Brother, who moſt wickedly cauſed them to be deſtroy'd that he might himſelf poſſeſs the Children's Eſtate.

To the Tune of, *Rogero*, &c.

*This Song is ſo very Popular, and all that can be ſaid of it ſo generally known, that an Introduction would be ſuperfluous and impertinent.*

NOW ponder well, you Parents dear,
These Words which I ſhall write,
A doleful Story you ſhall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A Gentleman of good Account,
In *Norfolk* dwelt of late,
Who did in Honour far ſurmount
Moſt Men of his Eſtate.

Sore ſick he was, and like to dye,
No Help his Life could ſave;
His Wife by him as ſick did lye,
And both poſſeſs'd one Grave:
No Love between theſe two was loſt,
Each was to other kind,
In Love they liv'd, in Love they dy'd,
And left two Babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty Boy,
Not paſſing three Years old,
The other a Girl more young than he,
And fram'd in Beauty's Mould:
The Father left his little Son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect Age ſhould come,
Three hundred Pounds a Year.

And to his little Daughter *Jane*,
Five hundred Pound in Gold,
To be paid down on Marriage-day,
Which might not be controul'd;
But if the Children chanc'd to dye,
E'er they to Age ſhould come,
Their Uncle ſhould poſſeſs their Wealth,
For ſo the Will did run.

*Now Brother* (ſaid the dying Man)
*Look to my Children dear,*
*Be good unto my Boy and Girl,*
*No Friends elſe I have here:*
*To God and you I recommend*
*My Children Night and Day,*
*But little while be ſure we have*
*Within this World to ſtay.*

*You muſt be Father and Mother both,*
*And Uncle all in one;*
*God knows what will become of them,*
*When I am dead and gone.*

With

With that beſpoke their Mother dear,
*O Brother kind*, (quoth ſhe)
*You are the Man muſt bring our Babes*
*To Wealth or Miſery.*

*If you do keep them carefully,*
*Then God will you reward;*
*But if you otherwiſe ſhould deal,*
*God will your Deeds regard.*
With Lips as cold as any Stone,
He kiſs'd the Children ſmall,
God bleſs you both my Children dear;
With that the Tears did fall.

Theſe Speeches then their Brother ſpoke,
To this ſick Couple there,
The keeping of your Children dear,
Sweet Siſter do not fear;
God never proſper me nor mine,
Nor ought elſe that I have,
If I do wrong your Children dear,
When you are laid in Grave.

The Parents being dead and gone,
The Children home he takes,
And brings them ſtrait unto his Houſe,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept theſe pretty Babes
A Twelvemonth and a Day,
But for their Wealth he did deviſe,
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two Ruffians ſtrong,
Which were of furious Mood,
That they ſhould take the Children young,
And ſlay them in a Wood:
And told his Wife, and all he had,
He did the Children ſend
To be brought up in fair *London*,
With one that was his Friend.

Away then went theſe pretty Babes,
Rejoycing at that Tide,
Rejoycing with a merry Mind,
They ſhould on Cock-horſe ride:
They prate and prattle pleaſantly,
As they rode on the Way,
To thoſe that ſhould their Butchers be,
And work their Lives decay.

So that the pretty Speech they had,
Made Murtherers Hearts relent,
And they that undertook the Deed,
Full ſore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of Heart,
Did vow to do his Charge,
Becauſe the Wretch that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fell to Strife,
With one another they did fight,
About the Childrens Life:
And he that was of mildeſt Mood,
Did ſlay the other there,
Within an unfrequented Wood,
Where Babes did quake for fear.

He took the Children by the Hand,
When Tears ſtood in their Eye,
And bad them ſtraitway follow him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long Miles he led them thus,
While they for Bread complain,
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring ye Bread,
When I do come again.

Theſe pretty Babes with Hand in Hand
Went wand'ring up and down,
But never more did ſee the Man
Approaching from the Town:

Their

Their pretty Lips with Black-berries,
Were all beſmear'd and dy'd,
And when they ſaw the darkſome Night,
They ſat them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd theſe two pretty Babes,
Till Death did end their Grief,
In one another's Arms they dy'd,
As Babes wanting Relief:
No Burial theſe pretty Babes
Of any Man receives,
Till *Robin Red-breaſt* painfully
Did cover them with Leaves.

And now the heavy Wrath of God,
Upon their Uncle fell;
Yea, fearful Fiends did haunt his Houſe,
His Conſcience felt an Hell:
His Barns were fir'd, his Goods conſum'd,
His Lands were barren made,
His Cattle dy'd within the Field,
And nothing with him ſtaid.

And in the Voyage of *Portugal*,
Two of his Sons did dye;
And to conclude, himſelf was brought
Unto much Miſery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his Land,
E'er ſeven Years came about;
And now at length this wicked Act,
Did by this Means come out.

The Fellow that did take in hand
Theſe Children for to kill,
Was for a Robbery judg'd for to dye,
As was God's bleſſed Will:
Who did confeſs the very Truth,
The which is here expreſs'd;
Their Uncle dy'd, while he for Debt
Did long in Priſon reſt.

You that Executors be made,
And Overseers eke,
Of Children that be Fatherless,
And Infants Mild and Meek;
Take you Example by this thing,
And yield to each his Right,
Lest God with such like Misery,
Your wicked Minds requite.

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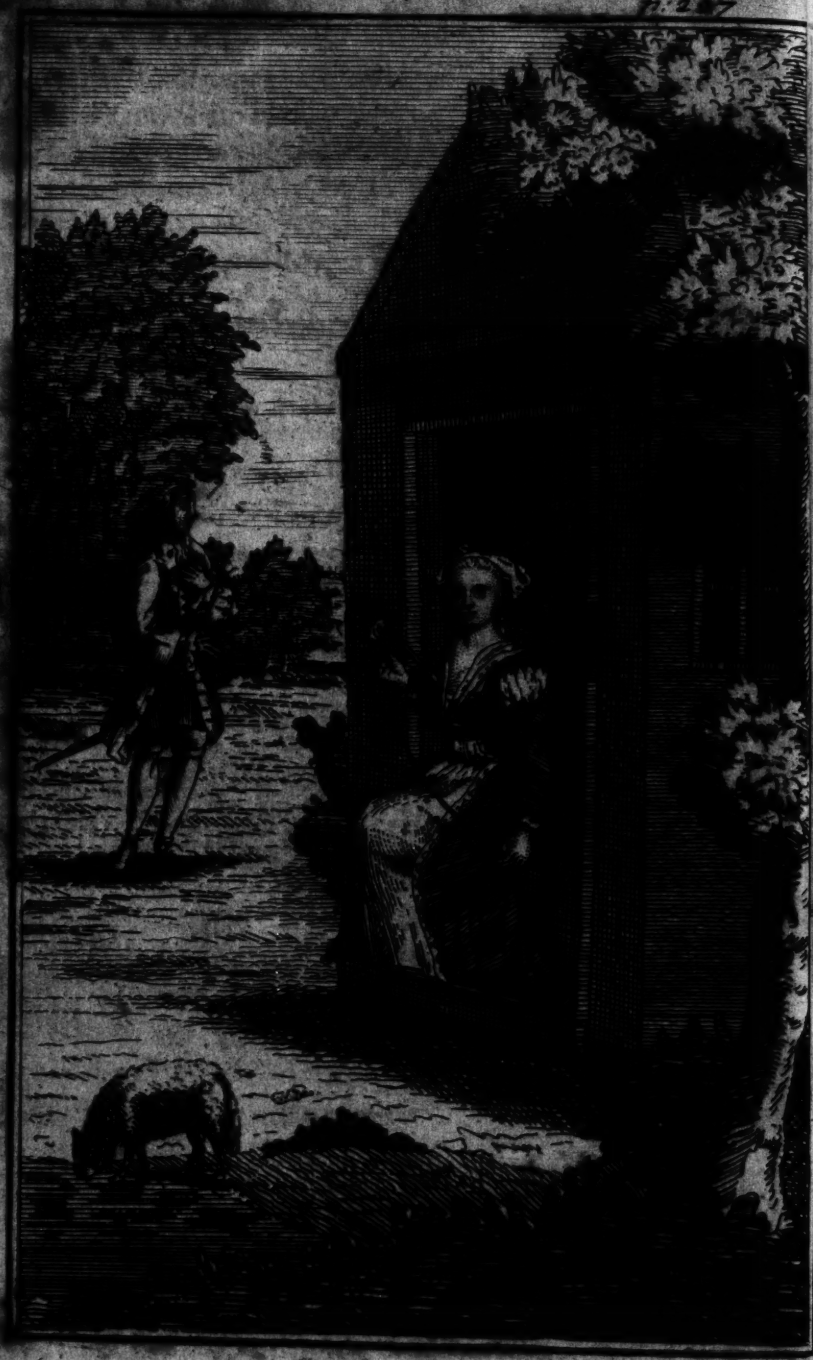

## XXXI. The *Devonshire* Nymph: Or, The Knight's happy Choice. Shewing how a young rich Knight fell in Love with the Daughter of a poor Weaver of *Devonshire*, and for her Beauty and Virtue marry'd her.

To the Tune of, *Tender Hearts of* London *City*.

*The many Beauties, as well as Scarcity of this Song, justly entitles it to a Place in this Collection; for having heard of it, I made it my Business to search the whole Town over for it, but all in vain, till meeting with a Gentlewoman who us'd to sing it, she favour'd me with a Copy of it. Its Beauties I will not pretend to point out; they are so obvious, and indeed so frequent, that we have not time to admire one, before another presents itself to our Eyes; and I believe those who are acquainted with Nature and easy Poetry, will acknowledge they have them here in their utmost Perfection.*

How

*However, I cannot forbear taking Notice of a beautiful Imitation of one of* Martial's *beſt Epigrams, in the three firſt Lines of the ſecond Stanza: The Epigram is this:*

Quicquid agit *Rufus*, nihil eſt, niſi *Nævia Rufo*
Si gaudet, ſi flet, ſi tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poſcit, negat, annuit, una eſt
*Nævia*: Si non ſit *Nævia*, mutus erit.
Scriberet heſternâ Patri, cum luce ſalutem,
*Nævia* lux, inquit, *Nævia* numen, ave.

*For the Benefit of my Female Readers, I ſhall give a Tranſlation of this Epigram by a famous modern Hand, or rather an Imitation of it, for it is impoſſible to tranſlate the Beauties of the ſecond Line.*

Let *Rufus* weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit or walk,
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask Queſtions, or diſpute,
Still he muſt ſpeak of *Nævia*, or be mute.
He writ to's Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my lovely *Nævia*, ever thine.

IN the Weſt of *Devonſhire*,
Liv'd a Maid of Beauty rare,
Pretty *Peggy* was her Name;
Ev'ry Creature lov'd her Nature,
*Peggy* there had all the Fame.

Whereſoever I am walking,
Or of whatſoever talking,
Pretty *Peggy* muſt come in,
She has ſo much Duty, and ſo much Beauty,
Not to worſhip were a Sin.

Fame

Fame that oftentimes doth flatter,
Told the Truth of all the Matter
To a young and worthy Knight,
One lov'd Pleaſure, more than Treaſure,
Beauty was his ſole Delight.

Strait in Love he was involved,
And to try he was reſolved,
Whether *Peggy* would be kind
But he did never meet with ever
Such a Face, and ſuch a Mind.

When he firſt beheld the Creature,
All her Charms were lent by Nature,
Neither Spots nor Tower ſhe wore,
But ſhe was ſinging, and a ſpinning,
At her poor old Father's Door.

When ſhe ſaw him ſhe reti:ed,
But his Senſes all were fired
At the little Interview:
Oh! ſtay, he ſaid, thou lovely Maid,
For now I ſwear Report is true.

Straightway then he did purſ ue her,
And with all his Art did woe her,
Kiſs'd her Hands, and bleſs'd her Eyes,
Proffer'd Treaſure for his Pleaſure,
But, alas, ſhe all denies.

Golden Promiſes he made her,
And with Vows he did perſwade her,
But her Virtue was ſo ſtrong,
That all his Art ne'er touch'd her Heart,
Altho' poor *Peggy* was but young.

Deareſt Charmer be not cruel,
To your ſelf, and me my Jewel,
Leave your homely rural Sport,
And be but mine, and thou ſhalt ſhine
Amongſt the glorious Stars at Court.

All

All the Pride of *London* City,
That can make young Ladies pretty,
And what the Change affords that's rare,
All ſhall be, my Dear, for thee,
And none with *Peggy* ſhall compare.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, do not endeavour:
The poor Daughter of a Weaver
Has a Heart of Vertuous Mould,
Which no Pride can draw aſide,
To be corrupted by your Gold.

Then, ſaid he, Dear *Peggy*, may be
You'll deny to be a Lady,
How does that now ſuit your Mind?
Sir, ſaid ſhe, my low Degree
Is ſtill to humble Thoughts confin'd.

For that, ſays he, I never will fault thee,
But for Humbleneſs exalt thee,
Thou this Day my Bride ſhalt be,
No longer they tarry'd, but ſtrait were marry'd,
And Lady *Margaret* was ſhe.

You may think her Friends conſented,
And that ſhe was well contented,
And I am ſure ſo was the Knight,
For all the Day they ſport and play,
But what they did, God knows, at Night.

# XXXII. The BRIDE's Burial.

To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.

*The four following Songs (for I ſhall not trouble my Reader with an Introduction to every one) are written on Tragical Subjects, and are far from being the moſt deſpicable that ever were printed; I take 'em all, but the laſt eſpecially, to fall under the Number of thoſe which are written on ſome Fact which has eſcaped us.*

COME mourn, come mourn with me,
You loyal Lovers all;
Lament my Loſs in Weeds of Woe,
Whom griping Grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping Vine,
Cut by the Gardener's Knife,
Even ſo my Heart, with Sorrow ſlain,
Doth bleed for my ſweet Wife.

By Death, that griſly Ghoſt,
My Turtle Dove is ſlain,
And I am left, unhappy Man,
To ſpend my Days in Pain.

Her Beauty late ſo bright,
Like Roſes in their Prime,
Is waſted like the Mountain's Snow,
By force of *Phœbus* ſhine.

Her

Her fair red colour'd Cheeks
Now pale and wan; her Eyes,
That late did ſhine like Cryſtal Stars;
Alas, their Light it dies:

Her pretty Lilly Hands,
With Fingers long and ſmall,
In Colour like the earthly Clay,
Yea, Cold and Stiff withal.

When as the Morning-Star
Her golden Gates had ſpread,
And that the glittering Sun aroſe
Forth from fair *Thetis* Bed;

Then did my Love awake,
Moſt like a Lilly-flower,
And as the lovely Queen of Heaven,
So ſhone ſhe in her Bower.

Attired was ſhe then
Like *Flora* in her Pride,
Like one of bright *Diana*'s Nymphs,
So look'd my loving Bride.

And as fair *Helen*'s Face,
Gave *Grecian* Dames the Lurch,
So did my Dear exceed in Sight,
All Virgins in the Church.

When we had knit the Knot
Of holy Wedlock-band,
Like Alabaſter joyn'd to Jet,
So ſtood we Hand in Hand;

Then lo! a chilling Cold
Struck every vital Part,
And griping Grief, like Pangs of Death,
Seiz'd on my true Love's Heart.

Down in a Swoon ſhe fell,
As cold as any Stone,
Like *Venus* Picture, lacking Life,
So was my Love brought home:

And length her roſy Red,
Throughout her comely Face,
As *Phœbus* Beams with watry Clouds
Was cover'd for a Space.

When with a grievous Groan,
And Voice both hoarſe and dry,
Farewel, quoth ſhe, my loving Friend,
For I this Day muſt dye;

The Meſſenger of God,
With golden Trump I ſee,
With many other Angels more,
Which ſound and call for me.

Inſtead of Muſick ſweet,
Go toll my Paſſing-Bell;
And with ſweet Flowers ſtrow my Grave,
That in my Chamber ſmell:

Strip off my Bride's Array,
My Cork Shoes from my Feet,
And, gentle Mother, be not coy
To bring my Winding-ſheet.

My Wedding-Dinner dreſs'd,
Beſtow upon the Poor,
And on the Hungry, Needy, Maim'd,
Now craving at the Door.

Inſtead of Virgins young,
My Bride-Bed for to ſee,
Go cauſe ſome curious Carpenter
To make a Cheſt for me.

My Bride-Laces of Silk,
Beſtow'd on Maiden's meet,
May fitly ſerve, when I am dead,
To tye my Hands and Feet.

And thou, my Lover true,
My Husband and my Friend,
Let me entreat thee here to ſtay,
Until my Life doth end.

Now leave to talk of Love,
And humbly on your Knee,
Direct your Prayers unto God,
But mourn no more for me.

In Love as we have liv'd,
In Love let us depart;
And I, in Token of my Love,
Do kiſs thee with my Heart.

O ſtanch thoſe bootleſs Tears,
Thy weeping is in vain;
I am not loſt, for we in Heaven,
Shall one Day meet again.

With that ſhe turn'd aſide,
As one diſpos'd to ſleep,
And like a Lamb departed Life,
Whoſe Friends did ſorely weep.

Her true Love ſeeing this,
Did fetch a grievous Groan,
As tho' his Heart would burſt in two,
And thus he made his Moan.

O diſmal and unhappy Day,
A Day of Grief and Care,
That hath bereft the Sun ſo high,
Whoſe Beams refreſh the Air.

Now woe unto the World,
And all that therein dwell,
O that I were with thee in Heaven,
For here I live in Hell.

And now this Lover lives
A diſcontented Life,
Whoſe Bride was brought unto her Grave
A Maiden and a Wife.

A Garland freſh and fair
Of Lillies there was made,
In ſign of her Virginity,
And on her Coffin laid.

Six Maidens, all in white,
Did bear her to the Ground;
The Bells did ring in ſolemn ſort,
And made a doleful Sound.

In Earth they laid her then,
For hungry Worms a Prey;
So ſhall the faireſt Face alive,
At length be brought to Clay.

## XXXIII. The Unfortunate Love of a *Lancashire* Gentleman, and the hard Fortune of a fair young Bride.

To the Tune of, *Come follow my Love, &c.*

LOOK you faithful Lovers
On my unhappy State,
See my Tears diſtilling,
But poured out too late:
And buy no fooliſh Fancy
At too dear a Rate;
*Alack for my Love I ſhall dye.*

My Father is a Gentleman,
Well known of high Degree,
And tender of my Welfare
Evermore was he;
He ſought for Reputation,
But all the worſe for me,
*Alack*, &c.

There was a proper Maiden
Of Favour ſweet and fair,
To whom in deep Affection
I cloſely did repair,
In Heart I dearly lov'd her,
Lo, thus began my Care;
*Alack*, &c.

There

For Nature had adorn'd her
With Qualities divine,
Prudent in her Actions,
And in Behaviour fine,
Upon a ſweeter Creature
The Sun did never ſhine;
*Alack*, &c.

Nothing wanting in her,
But this the Grief of all,
Of Birth ſhe was but lowly,
Of Subſtance very ſmall,
A ſimple hired Servant,
And ſubject to each Gall.
*Alack*, &c.

Yet ſhe was my Pleaſure,
My Joy and Hearts delight,
More rich than any Treaſure,
More Precious in my Sight;
At length to one another
Our Promiſe we did plight;
*Alack*, &c,

And thus unto my Father
The thing I did reveal,
Deſiring of his Favour,
Nothing I did conceal,
But he my dear Affection
Regarded ne'er a deal;
*Alack*, &c.

Quoth he, Thou graceleſs Fellow,
Thou art my only Heir;
And for thy own Preferment
Hath thou no better Care?
To marry with a Beggar
That is both poor and bare;
*Alack*, &c.

I charge

I charge thee on my Bleſſing,
That you her Sight refrain,
And that into her Company
You never come again;
That you ſhould be ſo marryed,
I take it in Diſdain;
*Alack*, &c.

Are there ſo many Gentlemen
Of worſhipful Degree,
That have moſt honeſt Daughters
Of Beauty fair and free,
And can none but a Beggar's Brat
Content and pleaſure thee?
*Alack*, &c.

By God, that did all things create,
This Vow to thee I make,
If thou do not this Beggar
Refuſe and quite forſake,
From thee thy due Inheritance
I wholly mean to take;
*Alack*, &c.

Theſe his bitter Speeches
Did ſore torment my Mind,
Knowing well how greatly
He was to Wealth inclin'd,
My Heart was ſlain with Sorrow,
No comfort I could find;
*Alack*, &c.

Then did I write a Letter,
And ſent it to my Dear,
Wherein my firſt Affection
All changed did appear;
Which from her fair Eyes forced
The pearled Water clear;
*Alack*, &c.

For

For Grief unto the Meſſenger
One Word ſhe could not ſpeak,
Thoſe doleful heavy Tidings
Her gentle Heart did break;
Yet ſought not by her Speeches
On me her Heart to wreak;
*Alack*, &c.

This Deed within my Conſcience
Tormented me full ſore,
To think upon the Promiſe
I made her long before,
And for the true Performance
How I moſt deeply ſwore;
*Alack*, &c.

I could not be in quiet
Till I to her did go,
Who for my ſake remained
In Sorrow, Grief and Woe,
And unto her in ſecret
My full Intent to ſhow;
*Alack*, &c.

My Sight rejoyced greatly
Her ſad perplexed Heart,
From both our Eyes on ſudden
The trickling Tears did ſtart,
And in each other's Boſom
We breathed forth our Smart;
*Alack*, &c.

Unknown unto my Father,
Or any Friend beſide,
Our Selves we cloſely married,
She was my only Bride;
Yet ſtill within her Service
I caus'd her to abide;
*Alack*, &c.

But never had two Lovers
More Sorrow, Care and Grief,
No Means in our Extremity
We found for our Relief:
And now what further happened
Here followeth in brief;
*Alack*, &c.

Now you loyal Lovers,
Attend unto the reſt,
See by ſecret Marriage
How ſore I am oppreſs'd,
For why my ſad Misfortune
Herein ſhall be expreſs'd;
*Alack*, &c.

My Father came unto me
Upon a certain Day,
And with a merry Countenance,
And Looks that ſeem'd all gay:
My Son, quoth he, come hither,
And mark what I ſhall ſay;
*Alack*, &c.

Seeing you are diſpoſed
To lead a wedded Life,
I have unto your Credit
Provided you a Wife,
Where thou may'ſt live delightful
Without all Care and Strife;
*Alack*, &c.

Maſter *Senock*'s Daughter,
Moſt Beautiful and Wiſe,
Three hundred Pounds her Portion,
May well thy Mind ſuffice,
And by her Friends and Kindred,
Thou mayſt to Credit riſe;
*Alack*, &c.

This is, my Son, undoubted,
A Mate for thee moſt meet,
She is a proper Maiden
Moſt delicate and ſweet,
Go woe her then and wed her,
I ſhall rejoyce to ſee't;
*Alack*, &c.

Her Friends and I have talked,
And thereon have agreed,
Then be not thou abaſhed,
But ſpeedily proceed,
Thou ſhalt be entertained,
And have no doubt to ſpeed;
*Alack*, &c.

O pardon me, dear Father,
With baſhful Looks, I ſaid,
To enter into Marriage
I ſorely am afraid,
A ſingle Life is lovely,
Therein my Mind is ſtaid:
*Alack*, &c.

When he had heard my Speeches,
His Anger did ariſe,
He drove me from his Preſence,
My Sight he did deſpiſe,
And ſtrait to diſinherit me
All Means he did deviſe;
*Alack*, &c.

When I, my ſelf perceived,
In that ill Caſe to ſtand,
Moſt lewdly I conſented
Unto his fond Demand,
And married with the other,
And all to ſave my Land;
*Alack*, &c.

And at this hapleſs Marriage
Great Coſt my Friends did keep,
They ſpared not their Poultry,
Their Oxen, nor their Sheep;
Whilſt joyfully they danced,
I did in Corners weep:
*Alack*, &c.

My Conſcience ſore tormented,
Did me of Joys deprive;
I for to hide my Sorrow
In Thoughts did always ſtrive.
Quoth I, What Shame will it be
To have two Wives alive;
*Alack*, &c;

O my ſweet *Margaret*,
I did in Sorrow ſay,
Thou know'ſt not in thy Service,
Of this my Marriage-Day,
Tho' here my Body reſteth,
With thee my Heart doth ſtay;
*Alack*, &c.

And in my Meditations
Came in my lovely Bride,
With Chains and Jewels trimmed,
And ſilken Robes beſide,
Saying, Why doth my true Love
So ſadly here abide;
*Alack*, &c.

Yea, twenty lovely Kiſſes
She did on me beſtow
And forth Abroad a walking,
This lovely Maid did go,
Yea, Arm in Arm moſt friendly,
With him that was her Foe,
*Alack*, &c.

But when that I had brought her,
Where no Body was near,
I embraced her most falsely,
With a most feigned Chear,
Unto the Heart I stabbed
This Maiden fair and clear;
*Alack*, &c.

My self in woeful manner
I wounded with a Knife,
And laid my self down by her,
By this my married Wife;
And said, that Thieves to rob us,
Had wrought this deadly Strife;
*Alack*, &c.

Great wailing and great sorrow,
Was then upon each side,
In woeful sort they buried
This fair and comely Bride,
And my Dissimulation
Herein was quickly try'd;
*Alack*, &c.

And for thir cruel Murther,
To Death now I am brought;
For this my aged Father
Did end his Days in nought;
My *Margaret* at these Tidings
Her own Destruction wrought;
*Alack*, &c.

Lo, here the doleful Peril,
Blind Fancy brought me in,
And mark what Care and Sorrow
Forc'd Marriages do bring,
All Men by me take Warning,
And God forgive my Sin;
*Alack, for my Love I shall dye.*

# XXXIV. A Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's FALL.

To the Tune of, *In Pescod Time, &c.*

MArk well my heavy doleful Tale,
You loyal Lovers all,
And heedfully bear in your Breast,
A gallant Lady's Fall:
Long was she woo'd e'er she was won,
To taste a wedded Life,
But Folly wrought her Overthrow,
Before she was a Wife.

Too soon, alas, she gave consent
To yield unto his Will,
Though he protested to be true,
And faithful to her still:
She felt her Body alter'd quite,
Her bright Hue waxed pale,
Her fair red Cheeks turn'd Colour white,
Her Strength began to fail.

So that with many a sorrowful Sigh,
This beauteous Maiden mild,
With grievous Heart perceiv'd herself
To have conceiv'd with Child:
She kept it from her Father's Sight,
As close as close might be,
And so put on her silken Gown,
None might her Swelling see.

Unto

Unto her Lover ſecretly
She did herſelf bewray,
And walking with him Hand in Hand,
Theſe Words to him did ſay:
Behold, ſaid ſhe, a Maid's Diſtreſs,
By Love reduc'd to Woe,
Behold I go with Child by thee,
But none thereof doth know.

The little Babe ſprings in my Womb,
To hear the Father's Voice,
Let it not be a Baſtard call'd,
Sith I made thee my Choice:
Come, come, my Love, perform thy Vow,
And wed me out of Hand;
O leave me not in this Extream,
In Grief always to ſtand.

Think on thy former Promiſe made,
Thy Vows and Oaths each one,
Remember with what bitter Tears
To me thou mad'ſt thy Moan;
Convey me to ſome ſecret Place,
And marry me with ſpeed,
Or with thy Rapier end my Life,
E'er further Shame proceed.

Alas, my deareſt Love, quoth he,
My greateſt Joy on Earth,
Which way can I convey thee hence,
Without a ſudden Death?
Thy Friends they be of high Degree,
And I of mean Eſtate,
Full hard it is to get thee forth
Out of thy Father's Gate.

Oh do not fear to ſave my Fame,
And if thou taken be,
My ſelf will ſtep between the Swords,
And take the Harm on me;

So shall I 'scape Dishonour quite,
If I perchance be slain;
What could they say but that true Love
Had wrought a Lady's Bane.

And dread not any farther Harm,
My self will so devise,
That I will go away with thee,
Unseen of Mortal Eyes:
Disguised like some pretty Page,
I'll meet thee in the Dark,
And all alone I'll come to thee,
Hard by my Father's Park.

And there, quoth he, I'll meet thee,
If God do lend me Life,
And this Day Month without all fail,
I will make thee my Wife:
Then with a sweet and loving Kiss,
They parted presently,
And at their parting brinish Tears
Stood in each other's Eye.

At length the wish'd for Day was come,
On which this beauteous Maid,
With lovely Eyes, and strange Attire,
For her true Lover staid:
When any Person she espy'd,
Come riding o'er the Plain,
She thought it was her own true Love,
But all her Hopes were vain.

Then did she weep, and sore bewail
Her most unhappy State,
Then did she speak these woeful Words,
When Succourless she sat:
O false, forsworn, and faithless Wretch,
Disloyal to thy Love;
Hast thou forgot thy Promise made,
And wilt thou perjur'd prove?

And hast thou now forsaken me
In this my great Distress,
To end my Days in open Shame,
Which thou might well redress.
Woe worth the time I did believe
That flattering Tongue of thine,
Would God that I had never seen,
The Tears of thy false Eyne.

And thus with many a sorrowful Sigh,
Homewards she went again,
No Rest came in her watery Eyes,
She felt such bitter Pain.
In Travail strong she fell that Night,
With many a bitter Throw,
What woeful Pangs she then did feel,
Doth each good Woman know.

She called up her Waiting Maid,
That lay at her Bed's Feet,
Who musing at her Mistress's Woe,
Did strait begin to weep;
Weep not, said she, but shut the Door,
And Windows round about,
Let none bewail my wretched Case,
But keep all Persons out.

O Mistress, call your Mother dear,
Of Women you have need,
And of some skilful Midwife's Help,
The better you may speed.
Call not my Mother for thy Life,
Nor call the Women here,
The Midwife's Help comes now too late,
My Death I do not fear.

With that the Babe sprang in her Womb,
No Creature being nigh,
And with a Sigh, that broke her Heart,
This gallant Dame did dye:

This living little Infant young,
The Mother being dead,
Resign'd his new received Breath,
To him that had him made.

Next Morning came her Lover true,
Affrighted at this News,
And he for Sorrow slew himself,
Whom each one did accuse:
The Mother, with the new born Babe,
Were both laid in one Grave,
Their Parents overcome with Woe,
No Joy of them could have.

Take heed, you dainty Damsels all,
Of flattering Words beware,
And of the Honour of your Names,
Have you a special Care:
Too true, alas, this Story is,
As many one can tell;
By others Harms learn to be wise,
And you shall do full well.

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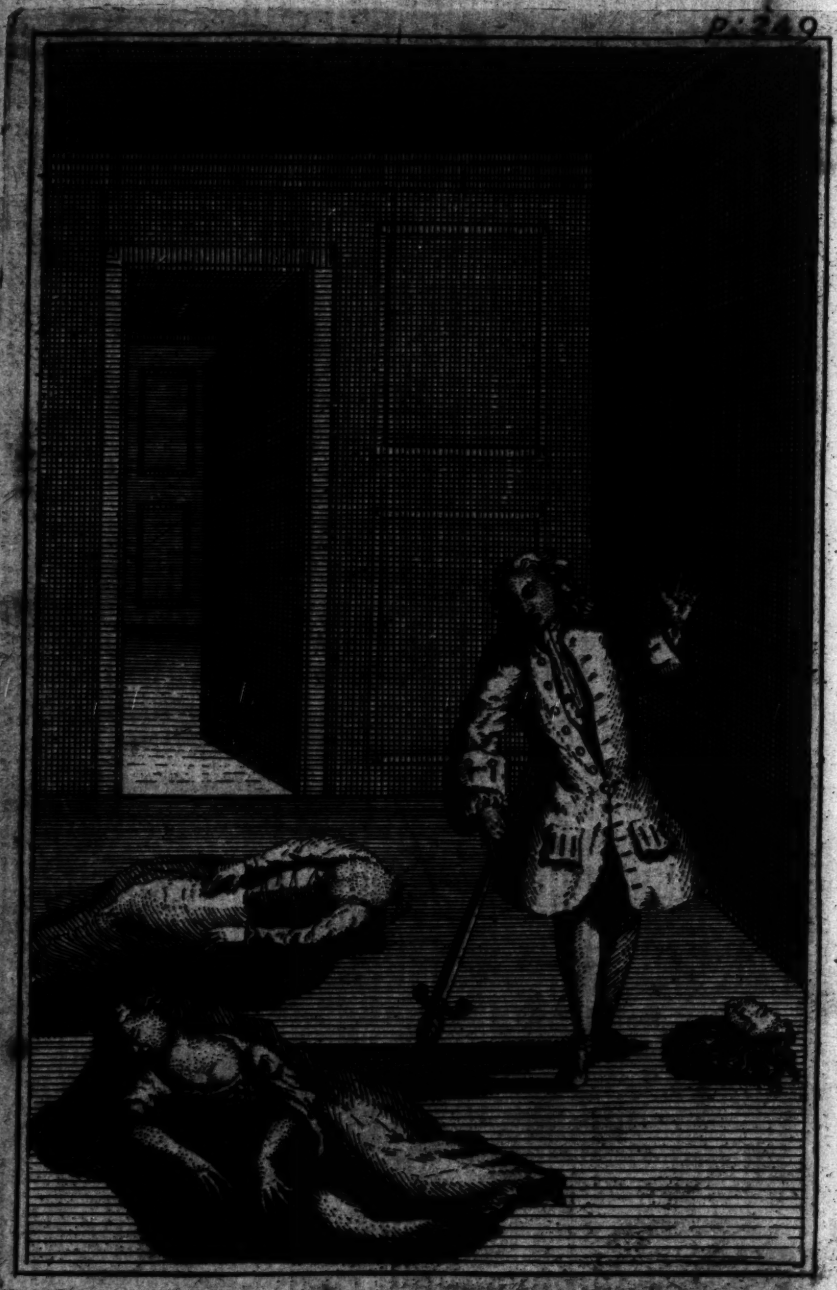
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## XXXV. A Tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord *Thomas* and Fair *Ellinor*, together with the Downfal of the Brown Girl.

Lord *Thomas* he was a bold Forrester,
And a Chaser of the King's Deer;
Fair *Ellinor* was a fine Woman,
And Lord *Thomas* he loved her dear.

Come riddle my Riddle, dear Mother, he said,
and riddle us both as one,
Whether I shall marry with fair *Ellinor*,
And let the Brown Girl alone?

The Brown Girl she has got Houses and Land,
And fair *Ellinor* she has got none;
Therefore I charge you on my Blessing,
Bring me the Brown Girl Home.

As it befel on a high Holiday,
As many did more beside,
Lord *Thomas* he went to fair *Ellinor*,
That should have been his Bride.

But when he came to fair *Ellinor*'s Bower,
He knocked there at the Ring,
But who was so ready as fair *Ellinor*,
For to let Lord *Thomas* in.

What News, what News, Lord *Thomas*, she said,
What News hast thou brought unto me?
I am come to bid thee to my Wedding,
And that is bad News for thee.

O God forbid, Lord *Thomas*, she said,
That such a thing should be done;
I thought to have been thy Bride my own self,
And you to have been the Bridegroom.

Come riddle my Riddle, dear Mother, she said,
And riddle it all in one,
Whether I shall go to Lord *Thomas*'s Wedding,
Or whether I shall tarry at home?

There are many that are your Friends, Daughter,
And many that are your Foe,
Therefore I charge you on my Blessing,
To Lord *Thomas*'s Wedding don't go.

There's many that are my Friends, Mother,
And if a thousand more were my Foe,
Betide my Life, betide my Death,
To Lord *Thomas*'s Wedding I'll go.

She cloathed her self in gallant Attire,
And her merry Men all in green,
And as they rid through every Town,
They took her to be some Queen.

But when she came to Lord *Thomas*'s Gate,
She knocked there at the Ring,
But who was so ready as Lord *Thomas*,
To let fair *Ellinor* in.

Is this your Bride? Fair *Ellinor* said,
Methinks she looks wonderful brown,
Thou might'st have had as fair a Woman,
As ever trod on the Ground.

Despise her not, fair *Ellin*, he said,
Despise her not unto me:
For better I love thy little Finger,
Than all her whole Body.

This brown Bride had a little Penknife,
That was both long and sharp,
And Betwixt the short Ribs and the long,
Prick'd fair *Ellinor* to the Heart.

O Christ now save thee, Lord *Thomas* he said,
Methinks thou look'st wond'rous wan,
Thou us'd to look with as fresh a Colour,
As ever the Sun shin'd on.

Oh, art thou blind! Lord *Thomas*, she said,
Or can'st thou not very well see?
Oh! Dost thou not see my own Heart's Blood
Run trickling down my Knee?

Lord *Thomas* he had a Sword by his Side,
As he walk'd about the Hall,
He cut off his Bride's Head from her Shoulders,
And threw it against the Wall.

He set the Hilt against the Ground,
And the Point against his Heart;
There never were three Lovers met
That sooner did depart.

## XXXVI. An excellent Ballad of a Noble Marquiss and *Patient Grissel.*

To the Tune of, *The Bride's Good-morrow, &c.*

*Had I omitted this Story of* Patient Grissel, *I am afraid the Admirers of old Ballads would accuse me of overlooking one of our most antique Songs. The first Part is entirely written on the same Subject as the* Devonshire Nymph, Page 227, *but which of the Stories is the best related, I shall leave my Readers to determine: I am afraid the Criticks will cavil at* all and some, *and such like Expressions, which they'll be apt to say might as well have been omitted. Another Objection they'll probably make is, that the Character of* Grissel *is out of Nature, and that such an Example of Patience never was. To the first I answer, that it is a Maxim laid down by several, and in the last Place by* Hudibras, *that one Verse for Sense, and another for Rhyme is sufficient at once; and to vindicate our Poet from the other, it may naturally be supposed that he had unfortunately married a Shrew, and was willing to preach up the Doctrine of*

*Patience*

*Patience to Wives, by shewing them the Blessings that attend this great uncommon Virtue; and I have inserted it, thinking, that amongst my Readers, I might have some Husbands, who would be glad of carrying such an excellent Song to their Wives.*

A Noble Marquiss,
As he did ride a Hunting,
Hard by a Forest side,
A fair and comely Maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
His gentle Eye espy'd:
Most fair and lovely,
And of a comely Grace was she,
Although in simple Attire;
She sung full sweetly,
With pleasant Voice melodiously,
Which set the Lord's Heart on fire.
The more he look'd, the more he might,
Beauty was his Heart's Delight;
And to this Damsel
Strait the Noble went,
God speed, quoth he, thou famous Flower,
Fair Mistress of this homely Bower,
Where Love and Virtue
Dwells with sweet Content.

With comely Gesture,
And modest mild Behaviour,
She bids him welcome then:
She entertained him
In faithful friendly manner,
And all his Gentlemen:
The Noble Marquiss
In his Heart felt such a Flame,
Which set his Senses all at Strife,

Quoth

Quoth he, Fair Maiden,
Shew me soon what is thy Name,
I mean to make thee my Wife.
*Griſſel* is my Name, quoth she,
Far unfit for your Degree;
A silly Maiden
And of Parents poor.
Nay, *Griſſel*, thou art rich, he said,
A virtuous, fair and comely Maid:
Grant me thy Love,
And I will ask no more.

At length she consented,
And being both contented,
They married were with speed;
Her Country Russet
Was chang'd to Silk and Velvet,
As to her State agreed:
And when that she
Was trimly tired in the same,
Her Beauty shin'd most bright,
Far staining every other
Fair and Princely Dame,
That did appear in sight:
Many envied here therefore,
Because she was of Parents poor,
And 'twixt her Lord and she
Great Strife did raise:
Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her Beggar's Brat,
And to her Lord
They would her oft dispraise.

O noble Marquis,
Quoth they, why didst thou wrong us,
Thus basely for to wed,
Who might have gotten
An honourable Lady
Into your Princely Bed?

Who will not now
Your noble Issue scorn beside,
Which shall hereafter be born,
That are of Blood so base
Born by the Mothers side,
The which will bring them in Scorn?
But her therefore quite away,
And take to you a Lady gay,
Whereby your Lineage
May renowned be.
Thus every Day they seem'd to prate,
That malic'd *Grissel's* good Estate,
Who all this while
Took it most patiently.
When that the Marquis
Did see they were bent thus,
Against his lawful Wife,
Whom he most dearly,
Tenderly and entirely
Beloved as his Life;
Meaning in secret
For to try her patient Heart,
Thereby her Foes for to disgrace,
Thinking to shew her
A hard discourteous Part,
That Men might pity her Case;
Great with Child the Lady was,
And at last it came to pass,
Two goodly Children
At one Birth she had;
A Son and Daughter God had sent,
Which did their Mother well content,
And which did make
Their Father's Heart full glad.

Great Royal Feasting
Was at these Children's Christening,
And Princely Triumph made;
Six Weeks together
All Nobles that came thither,
Were entertain'd and staid:
And when that all the pleasant
Sporting quite was done,
The Marquis a Messenger sent
For his young Daughter,
And his pretty smiling Son;
Declaring his full Intent
How that the Babes must murthered be,
For so the Marquis did decree:
Come let me have
The Children then he said;
With that fair *Grissel* wept full sore,
She wrung her Hands, and said no more,
But my Gracious Lord
Must have his Will obey'd.

She took the Babes
Even from the Nursing Ladies
Between her tender Arms:
She often wishes,
With many sorrowful Kisses,
That she might save their Harms:
Farewell, farewell,
A thousand times my Children dear;
Never shall I see you again;
'Tis long of me
Your sad and woeful Mother here,
For whose sake both must be slain.
Had I been born of Royal Race,
You might have liv'd in happy Case,
But you must dye
For my Unworthiness;

Come

Come Meſſenger of Death, quoth ſhe,
Take my deareſt Babes to thee,
And to their Father
My Complaints expreſs.

He took the Children
And to his Noble Maſter
He bore them thence with ſpeed,
Who in ſecret ſent them
Unto a noble Lady,
To be brought up indeed:
Then to fair *Griſſel*
With a heavy Heart he goes,
Where ſhe ſat mildly all alone;
A pleaſant Geſture,
And a lovely Look ſhe ſhows,
As if no Grief ſhe had known:
Quoth he, My Children now are ſlain,
What thinks fair *Griſſel* of the ſame?
Sweet *Griſſel* now
Declare thy Mind to me,
Sith you, my Lord, are pleas'd with it,
Poor *Griſſel* thinks this Action fit;
Both I and mine
At your Command will be.

My Nobles murmur,
Fair *Griſſel*, at thy Honour,
And I no Joy can have,
'Till thou be baniſh'd
Both from my Court and Preſence,
As they unjuſtly crave:
Thou muſt be ſtripp'd
Of thy brave Garments all,
And as thou cam'ſt to me,
In homely Grey,
Inſtead of Silk and pureſt Pall,
Now all thy Cloathing muſt be.

My

My Lady thou muſt be no more,
Nor I thy Lord, which grieves me ſore,
The pooreſt Life
  Muſt now content thy Mind:
A Great to thee I dare not give,
Thee to maintain while I do live,
Againſt my *Griſſel*,
  Such great Foes I find.

When gentle *Griſſel*
Did hear theſe woeful Tydings,
  The Tears ſtood in her Eyes,
Nothing ſhe anſwer'd,
No Words of Diſcontentment
  Did from her Lips ariſe.
He Velvet Gown
Moſt patiently ſhe ſtripped off,
  Her Kertle of ſilk with the ſame;
Her Ruſſet Gown
Was brought again with many a Scoff,
  To hear them her ſelf ſhe did frame;
When ſhe was dreſs'd in this Array,
And ready for to paſs away,
God ſend long Life
  Unto my Lord, quoth ſhe;
Let no Offence be found in this,
To give my Lord a parting Kiſs,
With watery Eyes
  Farewel, my Dear, ſaid ſhe.

From Princely Palace
Unto her Father's Cottage,
  Poor *Griſſel* ſhe is gone;
Full fifteen Winters
She lived there contented,
  No Wrong ſhe thought upon:
And at this time through all
The Land the Speeches went,
  The Marquiſs ſhould married be,

Unto a Noble Lady,
Of high Deſcent,
And to the ſame all Parties did agree.
The Marquiſs ſent for *Griſſel* fair,
The Bride's Bed-Chamber to prepare,
That nothing therein
Might be found awry.
The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great Joy to all and ſome;
But *Griſſel* took all this
Moſt Patiently.

And in the Morning
When as they ſhould be wedded,
Her Patience there was try'd,
*Griſſel* was charged,
Herſelf in friendly manner
For to attire the Bride:
Moſt willingly
She gave conſent to do the ſame;
The Bride in Bravery was dreſs'd,
And preſently
The Noble Marquiſs thither came,
With all his Lords at his Requeſt.
O *Griſſel*, I will ask of thee,
If to this Match thou wilt agree?
Methinks thy Looks
Are waxed wond'rous coy:
With that they all began to ſmile,
And *Griſſel* ſhe reply'd the while,
God ſend Lord Marquiſs
Many Years of Joy.

The Marquiſs was moved,
To ſee his beſt beloved
Thus Patient in Diſtreſs;
He ſtept unto her,
And by the Hand he took her,
Theſe Words he did expreſs:

Thou art my Bride,
And all the Brides I mean to have:
These two thine own Children be.
The youthful Lady
On her Knees did Blessing crave,
Her Brother as well as she.
And you that envy her Estate,
Whom I have made my chosen Mate,
Now blush for Shame,
And honour virtuous Life;
The Chronicles of lasting Fame,
Shall evermore extol the Name
Of Patient GRISSEL,
My most constant Wife.

## XXXVII. The

## XXXVII. A Godly Warning to all Maidens, by the Example of God's Judgments shew'd on *Jerman's* Wife of *Clifton* in the County of *Nottingham*, who lying in Child-Bed, was borne away, and never heard of afterwards.

To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.

*Amongst the several Subjects I have hitherto enter'd upon, I have not yet touch'd upon the Miraculous, to the no little Disappointment, I am afraid, of my aged Female Readers, who, like the Justice in the* What d'ye Call it, *doubtless expect in such a Collection a Competency of Ghosts. To comply with their Taste, I have inserted the two following Songs, which, as they are very extraordinary in their Kind, will, I hope, make some Amends for their waiting so long; the former indeed is a very Popular One, and I am well assur'd the latter has its Admirers.*

YOU dainty Dames ſo finely fram'd
In Beauty's chiefeſt Mould,
And you that trip it up and down,
Like Lambs in *Cupid*'s Fold,
Here is a Leſſon to be learn'd,
Moſt wond'rous in its Kind,
For ſuch as will prove falſe in Love,
And bear a faithleſs Mind:

Not far from *Nottingham*, of late,
In *Clifton*, as I hear,
There dwelt a fair and comely Dame,
For Beauty without Peer;
Her Cheeks were like the Crimſon Roſe,
Yet as you may perceive,
The faireſt Face, the falſeſt Heart,
And ſooneſt will deceive.

This gallant Dame ſhe was belov'd
Of many in that Place,
And many ſought in Marriage-Bed
Her Body to embrace:
At laſt a handſome proper Youth,
Young *Bateman* call'd by Name,
In hopes to make a married Wife,
Unto this Maiden came.

Such Love and Liking here was found,
That he from all the reſt,
Had ſtol'n away the Maiden's Heart,
And ſhe did love him beſt:
Then plighted Promiſe ſecretly
Did paſs between them two,
That nothing could but Death itſelf,
This true Love's Knot undo.

He brake a Piece of Gold in twain,
One half to her he gave,
The other as a Pledge, quoth he,
Dear Heart my ſelf will have.

If I do break my Vow, quoth she,
While I remain alive,
May never thing I take in hand,
Be seen at all to thrive.

This passed on for two Month's space,
And then this Maid began
To settle Love and liking too
Upon another Man:
*Ferman*, who a Widower was,
Her Husband needs must be,
Because he was of greater Wealth,
And better in Degree.

He Vows and Promise lately made
To *Bateman*, she deny'd;
And in Despight, both him and his,
She utterly defy'd.
Well then, quoth he, if it be so,
That you will me forsake,
And like a false and forsworn Wretch,
Another Husband take,

Thou shalt not live one quiet Hour;
For, surely, I will have
Thee either now alive, or dead
When I am laid in Grave.
Thy faithless Mind thou shalt repent
Thereof be thou assur'd,
When for thy sake thou hear'st Report,
What Torments I endur'd.

But mark how *Bateman* dy'd for Love,
And finished his Life,
That very Day she marry'd was,
And made old *Ferman*'s Wife.
For with a strangling Cord, God wot,
Great Moan was made therefore,
He hang'd himself in desperate Sort,
Before the Bride's own Door.

Whereat

Whereat ſuch Sorrow pierc'd her Heart,
And troubled ſore her Mind,
That ſhe could never after that
One Day of Comfort find;
And whereſoever ſhe did go,
Her Fancy did ſurmiſe,
Young *Bateman*'s pale and ghaſtly Ghoſt
Appear'd before her Eyes.

When ſhe in Bed at Night did lye
Betwixt her Husband's Arms,
In hope thereby to ſleep and reſt,
In Safety without Harms;
Great Cries and grievous Groans ſhe heard,
A Voice that ſometimes cry'd,
O thou art ſhe that I muſt have,
I will not be deny'd.

But ſhe now being big with Child,
Was for the Infant's ſake,
Preſerved from the Spirit's Power,
No Vengeance could it take:
The Babe unborn did ſafely keep,
As God appointed ſo,
His Mother's Body from the Fiend,
That ſought its Overthrow.

But being of her Burthen eas'd,
And ſafely brought to Bed,
Her Care and Grief began anew,
And farther Sorrow bred;
And of her Friends ſhe did intreat,
Deſiring them to ſtay,
Out of the Bed, quoth ſhe, this Night,
I ſhall be born away.

Here comes the Spirit of my Love,
With pale and ghaſtly Face,
Who till he bear me hence away,
Will not depart this Place.

Alive

Alive or Dead I'm his by Right,
And he will ſurely have,
In ſpight of me and all the World,
What I by Promiſe gave.

O watch with me this Night, I pray,
And ſee you do not ſleep,
No longer than you keep awake,
My Body can you keep.
All promiſed to do their beſt,
Yet nothing could ſuffice,
At middle of the Night to keep
Sad Slumber from their Eyes.

So being all full faſt aſleep,
To them unknown which way,
The Child-bed Woman that woeful Night
From thence was borne away;
And to what Place no Creature knew,
Nor to this Day can tell;
As ſtrange a Thing as ever yet
In any Age befel.

You Maidens that would happy prove,
And would good Husbands chuſe,
The Man whom you did vow to love,
By no Means do refuſe.
For God that hears all ſecret Oaths,
Will dreadful Vengeance take,
On ſuch that of a wilful Vow
Do ſlender Reckoning make.

## XXXVIII. The *Suffolk* Miracle: Or, A Relation of a Young Man, who a Month after his Death appear'd to his Sweetheart, and carry'd her on Horseback behind him for forty Miles in two Hours, and was never seen after but in his Grave.

To the Tune of, *My bleeding Heart.*

A Wonder stranger ne'r was known,
Then what I now shall treat upon,
In *Suffolk* there did lately dwell,
A Farmer rich, and known full well.

He had a Daughter fair and bright,
On whom he plac'd his whole Delight;
Her Beauty was beyond compare,
She was both Vertuous and Fair.

There was a Young Man living by,
Who was so charmed with her Eye,
That he could never be at rest,
He was by Love so much possest:

He

He made Addreſs to her, and ſhe,
Did grant him Love immediately;
But when her Father came to hear,
He parted her, and her poor Dear.

Forty Miles diſtant was ſhe ſent,
Unto his Brother's, with Intent
That ſhe ſhould there ſo long remain,
Till ſhe had chang'd her Mind again.

Hereat this Young Man ſadly griev'd,
But knew not how to be reliev'd;
He ſigh'd and ſob'd continually,
That his true Love he could not ſee.

She by no Means could to him ſend,
Who was her Heart's eſpouſed Friend;
He ſigh'd, he griev'd, but all in vain,
For ſhe confin'd muſt ſtill remain.

He mourn'd ſo much, that Doctor's Art
Could give no Eaſe unto his Heart,
Who was ſo ſtrangely terrified,
That in ſhort time for Love he dy'd.

She that from him was ſent away,
Knew nothing of his Dying-day,
But conſtant ſtill ſhe did remain,
And lov'd the Dead, altho' in vain.

After he had in Grave been laid
A Month or more, unto this Maid
He came in middle of the Night,
Who joy'd to ſee her Heart's Delight.

Her Father's Horſe, which well ſhe knew,
Her Mother's Hood and Safe-Guard too,
He brought with him, to teſtify,
Her Parents Order he came by.

Which when her Uncle underſtood,
He hop'd it would be for her good,
And gave Conſent to her ſtraitway,
That with him ſhe ſhould come away.

When ſhe was got her Love behind,
They paſs'd as ſwift as any Wind,
That in two Hours, or little more,
He brought her to her Father's Door.

But as they did this great Haſte make,
He did complain his Head did ake;
Her Handkerchief ſhe then took out,
And ty'd the ſame his Head about:

And unto him ſhe thus did ſay,
Thou art as cold as any Clay;
When we come Home a Fire we'll have;
But little dream'd he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Father's Door,
And after ſhe ne'r ſaw him more:
I'll ſet the Horſe up, then he ſaid,
And there he left this harmleſs Maid.

She knock'd, and ſtrait a Man he cry'd,
Who's there? 'Tis I, ſhe then reply'd;
Who wonder'd much her Voice to hear,
And was poſſeſs'd with Dread and Fear.

Her Father he did tell, and then
He ſtar'd like an affrighted Man;
Down Stairs he ran, and when he ſee her,
Cry'd out, My Child, how cam'ſt thou here?

Pray Sir, did you not ſend for me,
By ſuch a Meſſenger, ſaid ſhe;
Which made his Hair ſtare on his Head,
As knowing well that he was dead:

Where is he? then to her he ſaid,
He's in the Stable, quoth the Maid.
Go in, ſaid he, and go to Bed,
I'll ſee the Horſe well littered.

He ſtar'd about, and there could he
No Shape of any Mankind ſee,
But found his Horſe all on a Sweat,
Which made him in a deadly Fret.

His Daughter he ſaid nothing to,
Nor none elſe, tho' full well they knew,
That he was dead a Month before,
For fear of grieving her full ſore.

Her Father to the Father went
Of the Deceas'd, with full Intent
To tell him what his Daughter ſaid,
So both came back unto this Maid.

They ask'd her, and ſhe ſtill did ſay,
'Twas he that then brought her away;
Which when they heard, they were amaz'd,
And on each other ſtrangely gaz'd.

A Handkerchief ſhe ſaid ſhe ty'd
About his Head; and that they try'd,
The Sexton they did ſpeak unto,
That he the Grave would then undo:

Affrighted, then they did behold
His Body turning into Mould,
And though he had a Month been dead,
This Handkerchief was about his Head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole Truth they did unfold;
She was thereat ſo terrified
And grieved, that ſhe quickly died.

Part not true Love, you rich Men then,
But if they be right honeſt Men
Your Daughters love, give them their way,
For Force oft breeds their Lives decay.

XXXIX. The

## XXXIX. The *Scotch* Lover's Lamentation: Or, *Gilderoy*'s last Farewell.

*There is nothing wanting to make this Volume a perfect Medly, and to fit some Ballad to the Taste of every Reader; but the adding of a few old* Scotch *Songs, and therefore I shall close my Collection with 'em. The Hero of the following Ballad cannot be recorded very much to his Praise, for besides Robberies and common Murders, he is accus'd of Parricide and Incest. It is somewhere said of him, that he set fire to his Mother's House, cut her Throat, ravish'd his Sisters, fled into* France, *pick'd Cardinal* Richlieu's *Pocket in the King's Presence, return'd to* England, *robb'd* Oliver Cromwell, *hang'd a Judge, and was at length taken and executed in* Scotland, *a little before the Restoration. As most Stories of this Nature are advanc'd without any good Foundation, but barely upon meer Report, I shall not enter into the Particulars of 'em, nor trouble my Readers with any more Introductions, tho' there be a Story belonging to Bonny* Dundee, *for I very much question the Truth of it.*

GILDEROY was a bonny Boy,
Had Roſes tull his Shoon,
His Stockings made of the fineſt Silk,
His Garters hanging down:
It were a comely Sight to ſee,
He were ſo trim a Boy,
He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,
My handſome *Gilderoy*.

Oh! ſike a Charming Eyne he had,
A Breath as ſweet as Roſe,
He never wore a Highland Plad,
But coſtly ſilken Cloaths,
He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,
There's none to him was coy;
Ah, way is me, iſe mourn this Day,
For my dear *Gilderoy*.

My *Gilderoy* and I were born
Both in one Town together,
Not paſſing ſeven Years ago,
Since one did love each other;
Our Daddies and our Mammies both
Were cloath'd with muckle Joy,
To think upon the Bridal-Day,
'Twixt me and *Gilderoy*.

For *Gilderoy*, that Love of mine,
Gued Faith Iſe freely brought,
A Wedding-ſark of *Holland* fine,
With ſilken Flowers wrought,
And he gave me a Wedding-Ring,
Which I receiv'd with Joy,
No Lad or Laſſes e'er could ſing,
Like me and *Gilderoy*.

In muckle Joy we ſpent our time,
Till we were both ſixteen,
Then gently he did lay me down,
Among the Leaves ſo green.

When

When he had done what he could do,
He roſe and gang'd his way,
But ever ſince I love the Man,
My handſome *Gilderoy*.

While we did both together play,
He kiſs'd me o'er and o'er;
Gued Faith it was as Blith a Day
As e'er I ſaw before,
He fill'd my Heart in ev'ry Vein,
With Love and mickle Joy,
But when ſhall I behold again
Mine own ſweet *Guilderoy*.

'T is pitty Men ſhould e'er be hang'd
That take up Women's Geer,
Or for their pilfering Sheep or Calf,
Or ſtealing Cow or Mare.
Had not our Laws been made ſo ſtrict
I'd never loſt my Joy,
Who was my Love and Heart's Delight,
My handſome *Gilderoy*.

'Cauſe *Gilderoy* had done amiſs,
Muſt he be puniſh'd then?
What kind of Cruelty is this,
To hang ſuch handſome Men!
The Flower of the *Scottiſh* Land,
A ſweet and lovely Boy:
He likewiſe had a Lady's Hand,
My handſome *Gilderoy*.

At *Leith* they took my *Gilderoy*,
And there God-wot they bang'd him,
Carry'd him to fair *Edinburgh*,
And there God-wot they hang'd him;
They hang'd him up above the reſt,
He was ſo trim a Boy,
My only Love and Heart's Delight,
My handſome *Gilderoy*.

Thus having yielded up his Breath,
In Cyprus he was laid,
Then for my deareſt, after Death,
A Funeral I made;
Over his Grave a Marble-Stone
I fixed for my Joy,
Now I am left to weep alone
For my dear *Gilderoy*.

## XL. Bonny

BRITISH MUSEUM

## XL. Bonny *Dundee*: Or, *Jockey's* Deliverance. Being the Valiant Escape from *Dundee*, and the Parson's Daughter, whom he had mow'd.

To an Excellent Tune, call'd, *Bonny Dundee*.

WHere gotteſt thou the *Haver-mill Bonnet*,
Blind Booby can'ſt thou not ſee,
Iſe got it out of the *Scotchman's* Woller,
As he lig looſing him under a Tree,
*Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,*
*Come ſaddle my Horſe, and call up my Man,*
*Come open the Gates, and let me go free,*
*For Iſe gang no more to bonny* Dundee.

For I have neither robbed nor ſtole,
Nor have I done any Injury.
But I have gotten a fair Maid with Child,
The Parſon's Daughter of bonny *Dundee*,
*Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,*
*Come ſaddle my Horſe, and call up my Man,*
*Come open the Gates, and let me go free,*
*For Iſe gang no more to bonny* Dundee.

Altho' Iſe gotten her Maiden-head,
Gued Faith Iſe given mine in lieu,
For when at her Daddy's Iſe gang to Bed,
Iſe mow'd her without any more to do;

Iſe

Iſe cuddle her cloſe, and gave her a Kiſs,
Pray tell me now where is the Harm of this,
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,*
*For Iſe gang no more to bonny* Dundee.

All *Scotland* never afforded a Laſs,
So bonny and blith as *Jenny* my Dear,
Iſe gave her a Gown ſo green on the Graſs,
But now Iſe no longer muſt tarry here,
*Then ſaddle my Nag that's bonny and gay,*
*For now it is time to gang hence away,*
*Then open the Gates, and let me go free,*
*She's ken me no more to bonny* Dundee.

In Liberty ſtill I reckon to range,
For why I have done no honeſt Man Wrong,
The Parſon may take his Daughter again,
For ſhe'll be a Mammy before it is long,
And have a young Lad or a Laſs of my Breed,
Iſe think I have done a generous Deed:
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,*
*For Iſe gang no more to bonny* Dundee.

Since *Jenny* the fair was willing and kind,
And came to my Arms with ready good Will,
A Token of Love Iſe leave her behind,
That I have requited her Kindneſs ſtill,
Tho' *Jenny* the fair I often have mow'd,
Another may reap the Harveſt I ſow'd,
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,*
*She's ken me no more to bonny* Dundee.

Her Daddy would have me to make her my Bride,
But Have and to Hold I ne'er could endure,
From bonny *Dundee* this Day I will ride,
It being a Place not ſafe and ſecure;
Then *Jenny* farewell my Joy and my dear,
With Sword in my Hand the Paſſage Iſe clear,
*Then open the Gates and let me go free,*
*For Iſe gang no more to bonny* Dundee.

My Father he is a muckle good Laird,
My Mother a Lady bonny and gay,
Then while I have Strength to handle a Sweard,
The Parſon's Requeſt Iſe never obey,
Then *Sawny* my Man be thou of my Mind,
In bonny *Dundee* weſe ne'er be confin'd,
*The Gates we will force to ſet our ſelves free.*
*And never come more to bonny* Dundee.

Then *Sawny* reply'd, Iſe never refuſe
To fight for a Laird ſo valiant and bold,
While I have a Drop of Blood for to loſe,
E'er any fickle Loon ſhall keep us in hold,
This Sweard in my Hand I'll valiantly weild,
To fight by your ſide to kill or be kill'd,
*To force open the Gates and ſet our ſelves free,*
*And ſo bid Adieu to bonny* Dundee.

With Sweards ready drawn they rid to the Gate,
Where being deny'd a free Paſſage through,
The Maſter and Man they fought at that rate,
That ſome ran away, and others they ſlew;
Thus *Jocky* the Laird, and *Sawny* the Man,
They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can,
*In ſpite of the Looans they ſat themſelves free,*
*And ſo bid Adieu to bonny* Dundee.

## XLI. Slighted *Jocky*: Or, Coy *Moggy's* unſpeakably Cruelty.

COME ſweet Laſs,
This bonny Weather,
Let's together;
Come ſweet Laſs
Let's trip it on the Graſs,
Every where
Poor *Jockey* ſeeks his Dear,
And unleſs you appear,
He ſees no Beauty here.

On our Green
The Loons are ſporting,
Piping, courting,
On our our Green
The blitheſt Lads are ſeen;
There all Day
Our Laſſes dance and play,
And every one is gay,
But I, when you're away.

How can I
Have any Pleaſure
While my Treaſure
Is not by?
The Rural Harmony
Ise not mind,
But Captive like confin'd
Ise lig in Shades behind,
'Cauſe *Moggy* proves unkind.

There

There is none
That can delight me,
If you ſlight me,
All alone,
Ile ever make my moan;
Life's a Pain
Since by your coy Diſdain,
Like an unhappy Swain,
I ſigh and weep in vain.

I could be
Right Blith and Jolly;
Melancholly
Ne'r ſhould be
My fatal Deſtiny,
If I might
But have my Love in ſight,
Whoſe Angel-beauty bright
Was ever my Delight.

Have I not,
In *Moggy*'s Dances
Seen thoſe Glances,
Which have ſhot,
And, like a Fowler, caught
My poor Heart,
Yes, and I feel the Smart
Of *Cupid*'s fatal Dart,
Since we have been apart.

*Jemmy* can,
With pretty *Nancy*
Have his Fancy,
*Jemmy* can,
Tho' not ſo blith a Man,
Have his Will,
Kiſs and enjoy her ſtill,
While I on each green Hill,
Weep and lament my ſill.

I'll not wear,
The Wreath of Willow,
*Floramella*
Charming fair,
Shall eaſe me of my Care;
Who can tell,
But ſhe may pleaſe as well?
No longer will I dwell
In Love's tormenting Cell.

## XLII. *Jockey* and *Jenny*: Or, The Yielding Maid.

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcel.*

'TWAS in the Month of *May*, *Jo.*
When *Jocky* firſt I ſpy'd,
He look'd as fair as Day too,
Gud gin I'd bin his Bride:
With Cole black Eyne, and Milk white Hand,
Iſe ne'er yet ſaw the like,
I wiſh I had gin aw my Land,
Iſe ne'er had ſeen the Dike.

He fix'd his Eyne upon me,
With aw the Signs of Love,
Iſe thought they would gang thro' me,
So fiercely they did move.
He tuke me in his eager Arms,
Iſe made but faint Denials,
Iſe then, alas, found aw his Charms,
Woe worth ſuch fatal Tryals.

The bonny Lad at laſt *Jo*,
Was forc'd tell gang away,
But Iſe had eane ſtuck faſt tho',
Full nine Months from that Day.
And now poor *Jenny*'s Maidenhead,
Shame on't, they find is loſt,
The little Brat has aw betray'd,
Was ever Laſs thus croſs'd.

The

## *The Second* PART.

One Day young *Jenny*, with her Son,
She to the Fields did go,
Unto some pleasant Valley, where,
Sweet smelling Flow'rs did grow:
She sat her self down on the Ground,
With Tears under a Tree,
Crying *Jockey* has me betray'd,
And will not marry me.

Now *Jockey* was a Miller's Son,
Of *Edinborough* Town,
And as she sate lamenting there,
With Tears upon the Ground:
She see *Jockey* upon a Horse,
Come riding on the Way,
And on his Flute, this muckle Lad,
Melodiously did play.

So soon as she beheld his Face,
She straitway did arise,
To go and meet this bonny Lad;
The Tears stood in her Eyes;
But when she came to him, she cry'd,
You've got my Maiden-head,
This Brat has brought my Shame to light,
When will you with me wed.

With that *Jockey* he did alight,
And with a sweet Embrace,
He said to her, My dearest Dear,
To Morrow in this Place,
If you'll be sure to meet me here,
We to the Kirk will hie,
And there, my Dear, the Marriage-Knot,
In Love we then will tye.

Then

Then with a Kiſs they both did part,
And met again next Day,
They were both marry'd after that,
And Home they went their Way,
Unto a Houſe, whereas that Day
In Joy and Mirth was ſpent,
Thus *Jenny* ſhe was made a Wife,
Unto her Heart's content.

## XLIII. *Jockey's*

# XLIII. *Jockey*'s Courtship.

A *Scotch* Song by a Perſon of Quality.

THo' *Jockey* ſu'd me long, he met Diſdain,
His tender Sighs and Tears were ſpent in vain,
Give o'er, ſaid I, give o'er,
Your ſilly fond Amour,
I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er more comply;
At laſt he forc'd a Kiſs,
Which I took not amiſs,
And ſince I've known the Bliſs,
I'll ne'er deny.

My *Jockey* he had ſike a Man-like Face,
And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,
Tho' I cry'd *Jockey*, fie,
Your Suit I muſt deny,
I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield not I.
With that he was amaz'd,
He kiſs'd my Hand and gaz'd,
Which ſo my Paſſion rais'd,
I did comply.

When *Jockey* ſaw me yield, he me embrac'd,
And claſp'd his folded Arms about my Waſte,
My dear, ſaid he, to you,
I'll ever be true,
And ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er you deceive,
But will for ever love you,
And prize none above you,
From you I'll ne'er remove
You may believe.

Then

Then when you court a Laſs that's coy,
Who hears your Love, yet ſeems to ſhun its Joy,
If you preſs her to do ſo,
Ne'er mind her, no, no, no,
But truſt her Eyes:
For Coyneſs gives denyal,
When ſhe wiſhes for the Tryal,
Tho' ſhe ſwears you ſhan't come nigh all,
I am ſure ſhe lies.

## XLIV. The

## XLIV. The *Scotch* Lass's Complaint for the loss of her Maidenhead.

UPON my Way from *Fife* to *Aberdeen*,
Ise met the bonnieſt Lad as e'er was ſeen,
Black Eyne, and Ruby Lip, and on each Brow
Sat Charms, as made me love Ise know not how,
With muckle Joys and Raptures he me embrae'd,
And caſt his folding Arms about my Waſte,
And was ſo lovely brisk and blith that I,
To *Jockey*'s Love was forc'd ſoon to comply.

But he, aweladay, falſe perjured Loon,
No ſooner had enjoy'd me but was gone;
With ſcornful Smiles he left me all alone,
Unto the ſenſeleſs Trees to make my Moan;
For faithleſs *Jockey*'s ſake, Ise henceforth ſware,
Ise never will believe what Loons ſay mare;
But Ise will gang and wander up and down,
And hide my Head where Love is not known.

Ah me! poor ſilly Wretch, how ſoon undone!
Thus for one Moment's Joy to lig alone;
Sigh, ſob, complain, and with vain Hopes beguile
Sad Time away; but he, falſe Loon, the while
Brags o'er his Conqueſt, is with *Jenny* cloy'd,
And now unkindly ſlights what he enjoy'd:
Then Laſſes never truſt, leſt you complain,
'Gainſt Fate, and ſigh, as *Jenny* does, in vain.

For Loons have Wiles, poor Laſſes to undo,
Firſt to enſnare, then make them buckle too,
With thouſand Oaths proteſt that they adore
Thy Beauty more than any ſeen before;

But

But when the Traytors do their End obtain,
What eargerly they courted they'll disdain,
Will with contemptuous Pride insult on her,
That e'er the Knot is ty'd, resigns her Honour.

FINIS

MVSEVM
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